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THE NEW YORKER

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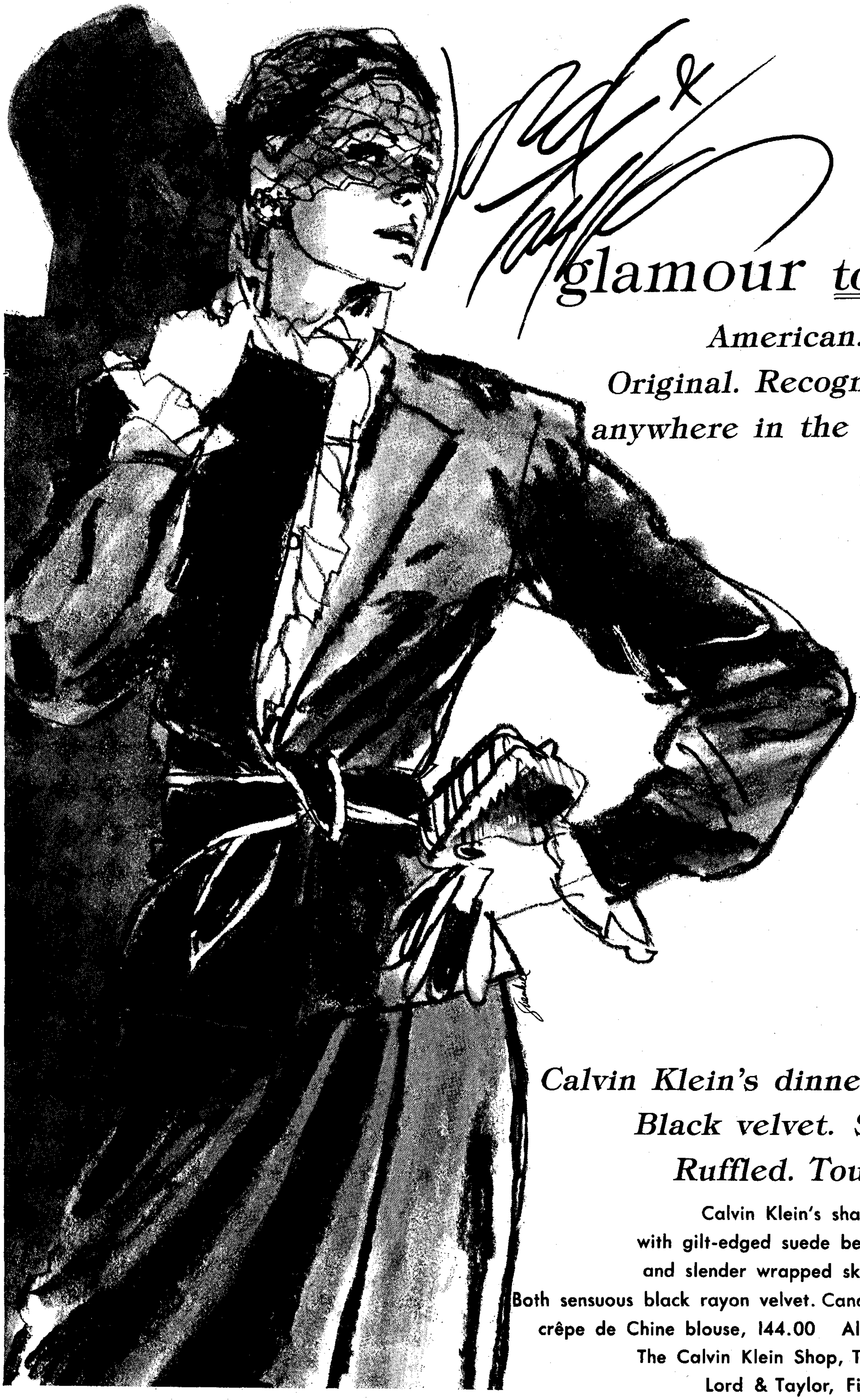

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bedroom Farce—Four married couples collide in and out of bed like electric cars at an amusement park, with much bumpy violence and no harm done to anyone. Mildred Natwick, Robert Coote, and John Lithgow head the cast of Alan Ayckbourn's exceptionally clever play. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Aug. 26, at 7:30.)

Big Bad Burlesque—A musical entertainment conceived and directed by Don Brockett. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, is the author of a comic horror play, **BURIED CHILD.** The setting is a blighted farm in Illinois, and the performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:15. . . . ¶ A play by Marty Martin, **GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN,** with Pat Carroll. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79 and 4/30/70) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Father's Day—Three divorced (and discarded) women invite their ex-husbands to celebrate Father's Day with their children. The trouble with Oliver Hailey's scratchy comedy is just that it is not good enough in any number of ways. One compensation, though, is Graham Beckel's subtle, funny performance as one of the ex-husbands. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 921-9877. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Getting Out—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. Directed by Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gilda Radner–Live from New York—Two stars of the TV show "Saturday Night Live"—Miss Radner and Don Novello—in a series of funny skits, along with some pleasant singing and dancing. (8/13/79) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, Sept. 15.)

Happy Days—Irene Worth is a humorous and intelligent, if somewhat disembodied, Winnie in Samuel Beckett's great play about a woman half buried in a mound of earth, and George Voskovec is good as the husband who sporadically interrupts her monologue. Andrei Serban directed this only partially successful production. (6/18/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 26.)

I Remember Mama—Mother Machree with a Swedish accent in this play about a Norwegian immigrant family in San Francisco. The accent belongs to Liv Ullmann, and the musical in which she stars belongs on the shelf. (6/11/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Knockout—A play by Louis La Russo II about some sad residents of Hoboken. Evil is everywhere, but virtue triumphs. Danny Aiello is the hero, and Edward O'Neill is the villain; both do well. (5/14/79) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, Sept. 2.)

Loose Ends—Michael Weller casts a cold eye on young folk striving to make good in the seventies. Roxanne Hart and Kevin Kline are first-rate in the leading roles. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Madwoman of Central Park West—Phyllis Newman struts her stuff in what is billed as a musical comedy. The rest of the large cast is imaginary. (6/25/79) (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Othello—In this free production, Raúl Juliá is the Moor, Richard Dreyfuss is Iago, Frances Conroy is Desdemona, and John Heard is Cassio. The performance, for all that it is clear and often charming, diminishes the tragedy and somewhat skimps the poetry. (8/20/79) (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

The Price—This revival of Arthur Miller's play is far better than the original 1968 production. Fritz Weaver, Joseph Buloff, Mitchell Ryan, and Scotty Bloch are the talented performers; John Stix directed. (4/30/79)

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COVER: *Arthur Getz*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion—a sadness that is hardly dispelled by the young women whom two of them live with, or by the quantities of pot that all of them smoke. The performance, under Austin Pendleton's skillful direction, is superior. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Scrambled Feet—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Spell #7—Ntozake Shange's new show—a mosaic of screens and recitations and music and dancing, set in a bar frequented by black actors and actresses—is a spellbinder indeed. The performances, under Oz Scott's direction, are very good; those of Mary Alice, Reyno, La Tanya Richardson, and Larry Marshall are even better than that. (7/16/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

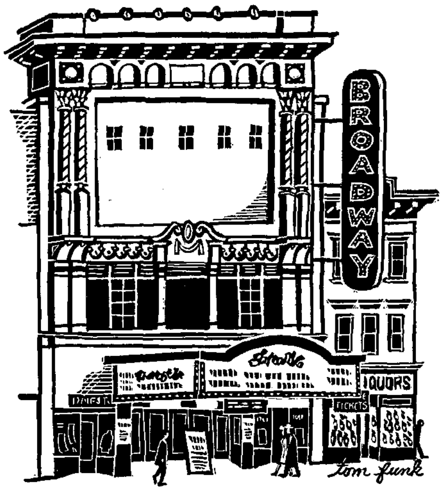
Strider: The Story of a Horse—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and, needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Sweeney Todd—A musical with a book by Hugh Wheeler and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, taken from a nineteenth-century melodrama that has frightened and amused generations of impressionable theatregoers. Twenty-odd Sondheim songs, superlative performances by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, and expert direction by the young old fox, Harold Prince. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

They're Playing Our Song—A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—The question posed in the title is asked by a brilliant young man who, paralyzed from the neck down, is eager to be allowed to die. An extraordinary performance by Tom Conti in a play by Brian Clark which is much warmer-hearted and more high-spirited than you might suppose. (4/30/79) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **ANNIE**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **CHAPTER TWO**: Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Brian Keith his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **DEATHTRAP**: A stunning cast, headed by John Cullum, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **DRACULA**: The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Jean LeClerc heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **EUBIE!**: A revue filled with marvellous singing and dancing by a large assortment of gifted young people, all working in the happy shadow of the composer of the music, Eubie Blake, who is ninety-six and merry as a grig. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,032 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

A New York Summer—A show designed to fill the immense stage of the Radio City Music Hall with wonders, and so fill the six thousand seats with contented tourists. The thirty-six Rockettes are as fascinatingly adroit and as sexless as ever. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 7:30. At the moment, a series of movie musicals is being shown, at 11 A.M. only. This week, through Friday, Aug. 24, "Three Little Words," with Fred Astaire and Red Skelton; Monday through Friday, Aug. 27-31, "The Student Prince," with Ann Blyth and Edmund Purdom. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600.)

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

Bolshoi Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 22-25, at 8: "The Legend of Love.". . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25, at 2: "Swan Lake.". . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 26, at 2: "Romeo and Juliet." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727.)

Pearl Primus—Miss Primus, solo or with her company, performing dances of Africa, the Caribbean, and the United States. Miss Primus solos in "Unique Presentation of the Dances" Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and in "Inner Being of African Sculpture" on Wednesdays at 3. . . . ¶ The company of twelve, including Percival Borde, performs "Earth Theatre" on Fridays at 8 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3 and 8. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-7190.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-7812)—A dark, large room in an enlightened branch of a steakhouse chain. Vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** and guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** team up with bassist **RICK LAIRD** through Saturday, Aug. 25; and on Friday

salvatore ferragamo: the shape-leg boot

california seattle portland phoenix chicago white flint

I. Magnin

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, guitarist JIMMY PONDER will lead a trio. Sets begin Wednesdays and Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Drummer ELVIN JONES and his quartet will trade sets with pianist MC COY TYNER'S sextet Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 23-25; Sunday, Aug. 26, will belong to the Dixie Dregs, a jazz-rock group; on Monday, Aug. 27, Long John Baldry, a British admirer of American blues and gospel music, will lead his blues-and-gospel-influenced band; on Tuesday, Aug. 28, new-wavers the Shirts will appear opposite the A's; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 29-30, L.A.-rock singer Walter Egan will share the stage with a band called Black Jack; and on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, electric jazz-rock violinist MICHAL URBANIAK and his vocalist wife, URSZULA DUDZIAK, will perform with their quintet. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The music is nearly always fine at this often crowded, dark-panelled bar and restaurant. Bassist RED MITCHELL works closely with pianist FRED HERSCH through Saturday, Aug. 25; on Monday, Aug. 27, pianist TOMMY FLANAGAN, a wonderful bop sideman and composer (he wrote a classic, "Freight Trane") and accompanist (Ella Fitzgerald and Tony Bennett) for years, will arrive to work with Red Mitchell. Sundays now belong to pianist Joe Derise. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of authentic Brazilian pop music, which is very good pop music indeed, performed by a trio and vocalist after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—MARIAN MC PARTLAND is at the piano Sundays through Thursdays, at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Dining.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant mostly brown in color, clean-lined in design, and a stone's throw from a famous Russian restaurant, one of the best movie-revival houses in the city, and Carnegie Hall. Pianist ADAM MAKOWICZ has taken over the famous August Förster grand. Music nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—One of the clubs that gave the initial momentum to the reënergized New York rock scene. The audiences get preppier and preppier every week. The bands: DNA, New Americans, and Steve Piccolo and Evan Luri Wednesday, Aug. 22; Steel Tips and Gary Wilson & the Blind Dates Thursday, Aug. 23; Honey Davis and the Blind Dates Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large corner club with a past—it has been known as Nick's, Your Father's Mustache, and Alfredo's Settebello. It is now a country-and-Western hangout, though one needn't arrive in a pickup truck in order to be admitted. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (265-0060)—This redesigned corner bar has brought in singer and pianist RONNY WHYTE, who works with bassist JACK SIX Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The harmonica is at least a hundred and fifty years old, and virtuoso LARRY ADLER celebrates the instrument by performing "I Got Rhythm," "Melancholy Baby," "Our Love Is Here to Stay," "Shenandoah," and cowboy campfire songs on it. Mr. Adler and his pianist, Hal Schaefer, go on at eight-thirty and eleven. Sundays and Mondays are given over to SAMMY PRICE, who plays blues and boogie-woogie piano at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—

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A dark, sleek, carpeted alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand from nine-thirty most nights. Sunday, Aug. 26, will belong to SCOTT HAMILTON, a young tenor player with a fondness for the swing era, and his quintet. They'll begin at eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled, below-stairs jazz room. Super bassist RON CARTER and his super sidemen—pianist KENNY BARRON, drummer BEN RILEY, and bassist BUSTER WILLIAMS—perform through Saturday, Aug. 25; Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 1, trumpeter and composer WOODY SHAW will be leading his quintet. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays; sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays are allotted to ATTILA ZOLLER, a neglected guitarist and one of the best-kept secrets in jazz, and two other fine players, pianist DON FRIEDMAN and bassist HARVIE SWARTZ. On Tuesdays, guitarist CHUCK WAYNE leads a trio. Guitarist JOE PUMA works with pianist HOD O'BRIEN, bassist FRANK LUTHER, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays. Sets from ten; on Sundays from nine. On Sundays, O'Brien and Sherman get a head start at seven. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. The Lou Forestieri trio is present through Saturday, Aug. 25; on Tuesday, Aug. 28, singer and pianist NINA SHELDON will bring in her trio. Music for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Joe Albany alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Convenient to Avery Fisher Hall, the Metropolitan Opera, and the West Side Y.M.C.A., this second-floor loft space—next door to a jazz-dance studio—used to be a disco as in disco music, but now it's a disco as in new-wave rock. It is also one of the best places to hear new-wave bands performing live. The new wave: Gang of Four and Pylon Wednesday, Aug. 22; VHF and D. Ceats Thursday, Aug. 23; VHF and Shades Friday, Aug. 24; and Sylvain, Sylvain and Basics Saturday, Aug. 25. Live music after eleven; taped music from nine. Dancing. (Sneakers welcome.) The club will close after Saturday, Aug. 25, and reopen Wednesday, Sept. 5.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Various jazz players turn up to jam in this jazz loft Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays from nine. Snacks and soft drinks.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. ROY ELDRIDGE is supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, MAX KAMINSKY heads the group. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant in which the dining room, where the piano is located, and the bar area are separated by a shoulder-high partition with café curtains. The management thoughtfully has these curtains opened when the music begins, so that everyone can see as well as hear the musicians. Right now, the musicians are pianist JUNIOR MANCE and bassist MARTY RIVERA, and they work Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A loud, laid-back (only Texans can be loud and laid back at the same time) bar and restaurant. Here's part of the schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 22-23, are devoted to CARL PERKINS, the middle-aged but still lithe rockabilly singer and guitarist who wrote "Blue Suede Shoes" a couple of decades ago. On Sunday and Monday, Aug. 26-27, solo guitarist LARRY CORYELL will be onstage; and on Thursday, Aug. 30, Country Joe and the Fish, the reunited country-rock quintet, will turn up. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. JACKIE CAIN and ROY KRAL, perhaps the most highly lauded vocal team in jazz, have moved in. They go on Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; and Saturdays at eleven-thirty and one. Dining.

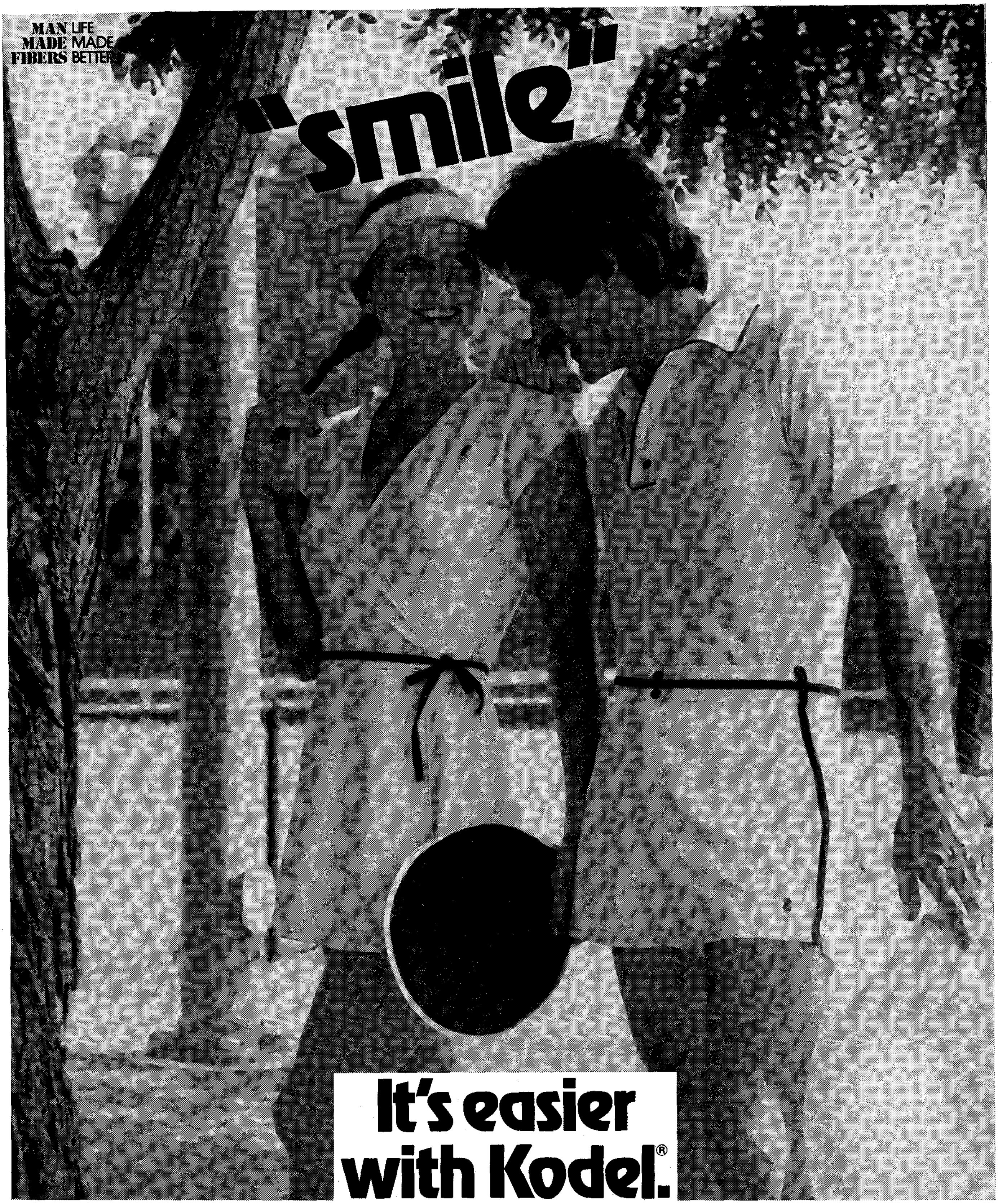
MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. The groups: Sneak Preview and the Vores Wednesday, Aug. 22; Judy Nylon, Walter Steding & the Dragon People, and Dark Day Thursday, Aug. 23; Sorrows and the Billies Friday, Aug. 24; Revelons and the Zantees Saturday, Aug. 25; Terrorists, Crayola, Heat, Panic Squad, and Victims Sunday, Aug. 26; Oleg and Ut, plus a film Monday, Aug. 27; and Dirty Looks, Traitors, and Tyrant Tuesday, Aug. 28. New-wave rock nightly after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—JAY MC SHANN, a pianist who led the last of the great Kansas City bands in the late thirties and early forties, is here through Saturday, Aug. 25. Although McShann no longer has a big band, he still has a bead on Kansas City music—i.e., the blues. Beginning Tuesday, Aug. 28, singer BARBARA LEA will do "Stardust," "Lazybones," "Ole Buttermilk Sky," the official state song of Georgia ("Georgia on My Mind"), and other tunes written by Hoagy Carmichael, who probably should be asked to write forty-nine more state songs. Cornettist DICK SUDHALTER, who organized the Carmichael tribute during the Newport Jazz Festival this year, will support Miss Lea, along with bassist BOB DOROUGH and drummer BUTCH MILES. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Just a little neighborhood place with a solid jazz-and-soul lineup. Trumpeter Hugh Masekela and his band will perform here Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 23-25. Music from ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—AL HAIG, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed since the sixties, when the place was known as the Bitter End. The Rowan Brothers, a



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country-rock band, are onstage on Wednesday, Aug. 22; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 23-25, pianist Barry Miles will head up his jazz-rock band, Silverlight; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 28-29, **RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT**, the Verrazano Narrows cowboy who likes to deliver sleepy, alpha-wave-like monologues and sing tunes by Louis Jordan, Woody Guthrie, and the Grateful Dead, will be here, and so will folkie **BOB GIBSON**; and on Thursday, Aug. 30, rock singer Jimmie Mack will come in for three nights. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. Bob January's band supplies it through Sunday, Aug. 26, and the Russ Morgan orchestra, led by Jack Morgan, will take over on Tuesday, Aug. 28. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be too put off by the shiny, electric-disco-blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. Barbara Cook claims the stage Thursdays through Saturdays, at nine and eleven-thirty. Wednesday, Aug. 22, is the last night **JOSH LOGAN**, the stage and movie director, will perform here. Mr. Logan, assisted by his wife, Nedda, his daughter Harrigan, a couple of other singers, and a pianist, is a combination raconteur and gravel-voiced vocalist. He goes on at nine. Sunday through Wednesday, Aug. 26-29, singer Anne Marie Moss will perform at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz club owned by jazz-rock stars and studio players Mike and Randy Brecker. Various jazz groups are brought in every night but Monday, when the club is closed. Drummer **BOB MOSES** works with a quintet on Wednesday, Aug. 22; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 28-29, have been reserved for saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** and trumpeter **TOM HARRELL** and their quintet; and on Thursday, Aug. 30, the 24th Street Band will move in. Music from ten to two. Dining.

SHERATON CENTRE, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—Live music in a deep-red turn-of-the-century-flavored lounge entitled the French Quarter. Jazz à Cordes, a quintet, revives the hot jazz from the thirties nightly, except Sundays, after nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** and his quartet are present through Saturday, Aug. 25; Sunday and Monday, Aug. 26-27, Janet Lawson will sing with her backing quartet; and on Tuesday, Aug. 28, two **BARRON** brothers—tenor saxophonist **BILL** and pianist **KENNY**—and drummer **BEN RILEY** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** will arrive. Music from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—The audiences here are often as reverential as those at the Village Vanguard: on a recent evening, bassist Art Davis and saxophonist Arthur Blythe were playing duets before about forty-five people, none of whom conversed during the music. Saxophonist **MONTY WATERS** and pianist **JAKI BYARD** are here through Thursday, Aug. 23; Friday through Sunday, Aug. 24-26, John Ore, Tommy Turrentine, Shirley Scott, and C-Sharpe will join forces; and on Wednesday, Aug. 29, alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE**, a moving and powerful soloist, will perform with pianist **STANLEY COWELL**, drummer **STEVE MC CALL**, and bassist **FRED HOPKINS**. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—The club has been turned into one big long room; the ambience is a lot looser, and the music a lot bluesier. **KOKO TAYLOR**, a Chicago blueswoman, will sing with her tight, competent backing crew, the Blues Machine, on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25; Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 21-Sept. 1, will be given over to blues singer Willie Guy Rainey. Shows at nine and eleven Sundays through Thursdays; at nine, eleven, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining and dancing.

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TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. Music every night but Sunday, usually after eleven.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Vibraharpist Roy Ayers heads up his band through Sunday, Aug. 26; on Tuesday, Aug. 28, the current quintet of **DIZZY GILLESPIE**, the master, will move in along with drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his Class of '79 **JAZZ MESSENGERS** for a two-week visit. Sets begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Singer **ABBEY LINCOLN** is singing here through Sunday, Aug. 26; on Tuesday, Aug. 28, tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH** will begin a rare New York club appearance. Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts forth. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens. Another asset is pianist Sadik Hakim, who is on hand Thursdays through Sundays; another pianist, Esther Blue, works Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing musicians; enthusiastic students. Blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** heads a quintet called Two Tenor Boogie, through Saturday, Aug. 25; Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 29-31, saxophonist and clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** will lead his quartet; and on Saturday, Sept. 1, George Kelly's Jazz Sultans will take over. Music from nine. On Sunday, Aug. 26, from noon to 3 A.M. on Monday, a benefit marathon concert will take place. Participants will include Two Tenor Boogie, George Kelly and his Jazz Sultans, Snags Allen Guitar Boogie, the Victor Lesser quintet, and other swing groups.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

KANSAS—With Mahogany Rush. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, Aug. 28, at 8.)

TIM CURRY—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Aug. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

SALSA FESTIVAL—A two-day event. Saturday, Sept. 1, at 8: Eddie Palmieri, Charlie Palmieri, Celia Cruz, Johnny Pacheco, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 2, at 8: Miss Cruz, Ray Barretto, Willie Colon, and others. (Madison Square Garden.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—This artist's distinctive, incisive line is seen at its best in the thirty drawings and watercolors in this exhibit, and especially in his portrayal of yachts gliding along in the distance under a towering Cubist arrangement of sail. Through Sept. 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1.)

DON GUMMER—A six-sided painted-wood sculpture. Through Sept. 23. (Castle Clinton, Battery Park. Open daily until 4:30.)

MICHAEL HEIZER—A disc of pink Laurentian granite, fourteen feet in diameter and twenty inches thick, and four lesser discs cut into segments—eleven pieces in all, commissioned by the late Thomas Hess for the Metropolitan Museum—are being shown on the plaza in front of the Seagram Building, Park Avenue at Fifty-second Street.

LINDA HOWARD—"Maya," a sixteen-and-a-half-foot, thousand-pound brushed-aluminum sculpture, is on display in City Hall Park until Sept. 28.

VANESSA JAMES—Costumes created from discarded and recycled materials without the use of needle and thread. The exhibit, which also includes photographs, sketches, and drawings, documents the preparation of these costumes for a recent theatrical production. Through Friday, Aug. 24. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

MARY PETTY (1899-1976)—Twenty-six watercolors that became *New Yorker* covers and were bequeathed by the artist to Syracuse University. Through Sept. 10. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St.)

ITALIAN RENAISSANCE PAINTINGS FROM THE HERMITAGE—A show of eleven paintings from the period, including Leonardo da Vinci's "Madonna and Child" ("Benois Madonna"), and works by Correggio and Titian. Through Sept. 30. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. Open daily.)

U.S. CUSTOM HOUSE—A sixteen-foot painted-muslin ceremonial tepee, mounted on a platform in the rotunda here, is the focal point of a show of crafts selected from the collections of the Museum of the American Indian. In addition, ethnographic films are shown daily. Through Oct. 31. (Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: A scallop shell eight feet tall, made of laminated mahogany, a lifelike marble robe hanging on a rack, and a gigantic mahogany bug, all by Peter Robbie, dominate this show, which also offers large oils that look like abstract needlepoint by Mark Schlesinger, and colorful abstract collages on rice paper by Catharine Warren. Through Friday, Aug. 31. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts on the theme of musical instruments, including Lyonel Feininger's "Virtuoso" and Jim Dine's "Cellist." Through Sept. 8. . . . **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: William Merritt Chase's "The Kimono" (1895), Georgia O'Keeffe's "Yellow Calla Lily" (1927), and Richard Pousette-Dart's "Untitled (Presence)" (1974) are three of the paintings in a show of works by Americans. Through Friday, Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30.). . . **DROLL-KOLBERT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A summery exhibition of paintings and constructions, including a screen painted with a panorama of Martha's Vineyard, by Susan Crile; pastels with American Indian motifs by a New Mexico artist named Jane Quick-to-See Smith; and a colored-pencil drawing incorporating figures taken from Matisse and Picasso by Jane Kaplowitz. Through Friday, Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.). . . **SEAPORT GALLERY**, 215 Water St.: A show of cityscapes, in prints and photographs, from the twenties and thirties, by Louis Lozowick, Berenice Abbott, Max Weber, and others. Through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.). . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures produced by Americans in the forties. The artists include Mary Callery, Alice Trumbull Mason, and Charles Shaw. Through Friday, Aug. 31.

Many galleries are closed for the summer. Some of those that are open show, often on a rotating basis, works by their own artists. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 2.). . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broad-

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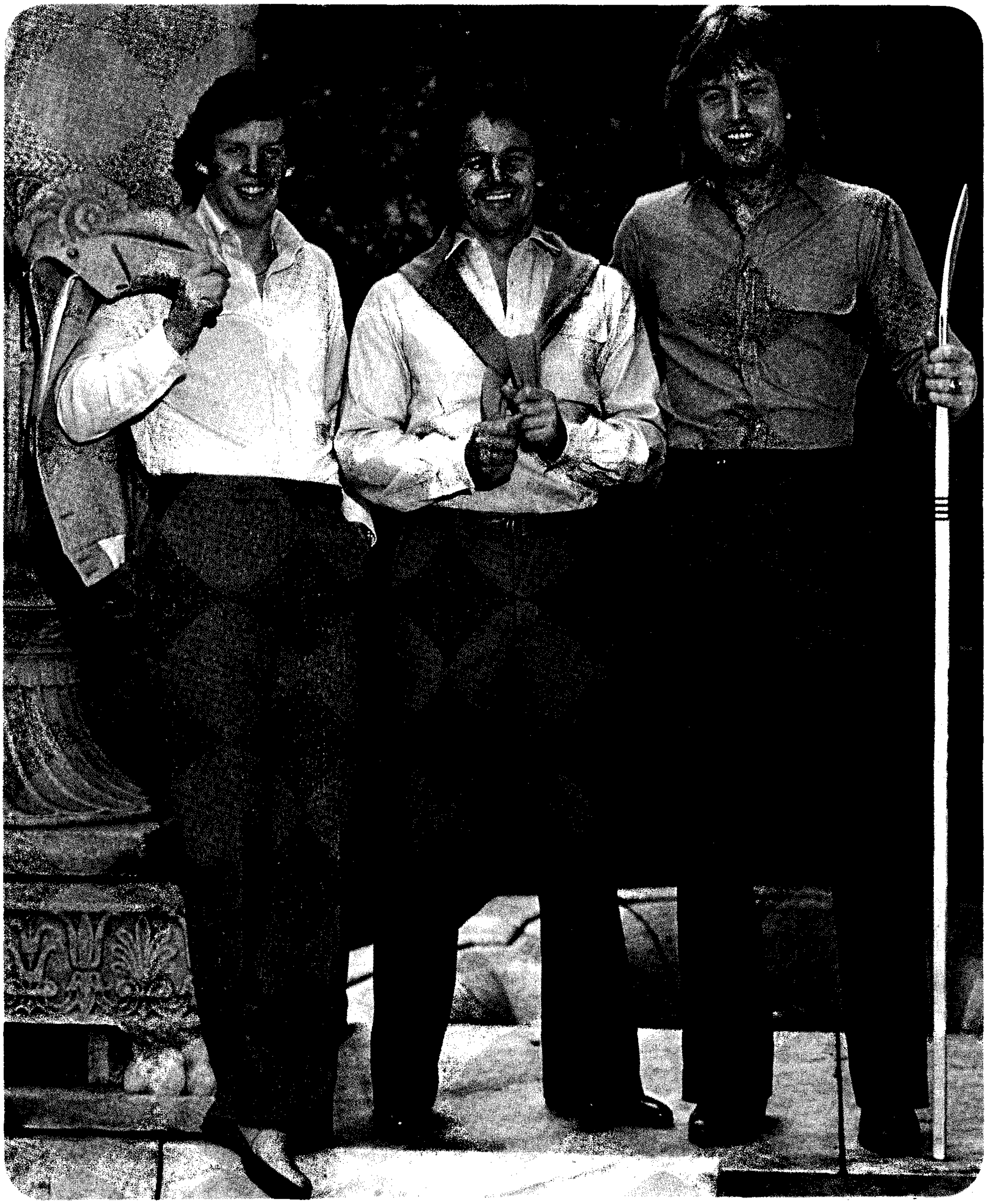

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

way. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway. . . . **KNOWLTON**, 19 E. 71st St. (Open Mondays through Thursdays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **LONG**, 7 W. 57th St. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

LARRY FINK—The Museum of Modern Art has a show of his black-and-white photographs of social gatherings in New York City and rural Pennsylvania. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

JAMES VAN DERZEE—Studio portraits of women dating from 1925 to 1945. Through Friday, Aug. 24. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway: More than a hundred photographs from the museum's collection—Abbott, Erwitt, Hine, Genthe, Weston, and others. Through Sept. 3. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **FRENCH EMBASSY**, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.: "Six Looks" is the title of an exhibit of photographs of the Paris cultural center Beaubourg, by Robert Doisneau, Martine Franck, Marc Riboud, and three others. Through Friday, Aug. 31. . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A historical survey (1839 to the present) of Polish photography. Through Sept. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.) . . . **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works by four New York State photographers. Through Wednesday, Aug. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SEAGRAM BUILDING**, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St. (fourth floor): Thirty-seven photographs, including Steichen's "Sunday Night on 40th Street" and Ben Shahn's "Linworth, Ohio." Through Sept. 7. (Closes at 4.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—"Treasures from the Kremlin," an exhibit of about a hundred objects made by Russian craftsmen from the twelfth century to the twentieth. Among the works are icons, arms and armor, and coronation regalia; one highlight is Fabergé's fourteen-inch-high stylized representation of the Kremlin in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A sampling of major twentieth-century art movements can be seen in a show of eighty-five paintings and sculptures on loan (mostly) from private New York collections. Among the works: Picasso's "Bather," Brancusi's "Kiss," and an untitled painting by Nabil Nahas. Among the collectors are Ethel Redner Scull, Clement Greenberg, and Christophe de Menil. Through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Eighty European landscape drawings, spanning five centuries from the Lehman Collection. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Not all the galleries are open all the time during the summer, but in general the hours are Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The museum's Department of Architecture and Design has recently acquired a number of objects, including a glass pitcher and a silver tureen and ladle by the nineteenth-century English designer Christopher Dresser; a hanging lamp by Louis Tiffany (made for his own dining room); a folding screen composed of black lacquer plaques by Eileen Gray; and lamps by Isamu Noguchi. Through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ A show of still-lifes by Patrick Henry Bruce (1880-1936), an American modernist neglected in his lifetime. Through Oct. 21. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Black-and-white prints by Larry Fink. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE**: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts Fridays and Saturdays at 8: dance, jazz, new music, and so forth.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Matisse and Master Drawings from the Baltimore Museum of Art," a show of seventy-three Matisse paintings, drawings, and sculptures as well as ninety-one drawings and watercolors by other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Starts Friday, Aug. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

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WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A survey of the sculptures of George Segal, ranging from early life-size white-plaster figures to the more recent solid-color pieces. Also early pastels. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ "The Decade in Review: Selections from the 1970's," a show of some of the paintings, sculptures, photographs, and works on paper that were added to the collection in the seventies. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A bequest of Reginald Marsh works has provided a show of early paintings not previously exhibited and of works on paper, including some done in Chinese inks. Through Sunday, Aug. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of paintings and drawings by seven Israeli artists. Through Sept. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

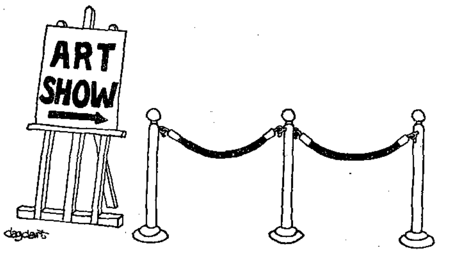
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—In the Hall of Late Dinosaurs, an exact polyester-resin-and-fibreglass replica of the museum's triceratops skeleton is being assembled, and the skeleton itself, dismantled for the reproduction, is being reassembled. (Open daily, 10 to 5, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century textiles from the Indonesian archipelago. These multicolored fabrics, many of which carry designs unique to the island where the cloth was made, functioned as ceremonial cloths, wearing apparel, and decoration. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of architectural drawings by Alvar Aalto (1898-1976), along with furniture, glassware, fabrics, and other articles designed by him. Through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ "Fantastic Illustration and Design in Britain, 1850-1930," a loan show of book illustrations (Rossetti, Beardsley, Arthur Rackham, Beatrix Potter), interspersed with decorative objects of the period, including a christening set (a silver cup, knife, fork, and spoon), which Kate Greenaway adapted from her illustrations for "Under the Window." Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—A display of more than a hundred and thirty unorthodox books made in the past ten years or so by artists using such processes as offset lithography and Xerox reproduction. Included (as a sort of progenitor) is Marcel Duchamp's 1934 pile of lithographed notes spread in a box; among other practitioners are Edward Ruscha, Carl Andre, Sol LeWitt, Don Celender, and Dieter Rot. Through Friday, Aug. 31. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and sculptures—with motifs based on Jewish mysticism—by David Aronson. Further works, these taken from New Testament subjects, are at the National Academy of Design (see listing below). Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)



MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of Hawaiian quilts. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evening until 8.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of close to eighty paintings of the American West in the nineteenth century and the twentieth by, among others, George Catlin, Frederic Remington, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Fritz Scholder. Through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Nineteen paintings by David Aronson. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Artists and Architects of the New York Subway" offers photographs, the new subway-route map, paintings of subway construction, models and plans for new subway projects, and artifacts—signals, ticket choppers, the grille from a change booth—that date back seventy-five years to the original subways. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Opening performances of a week-long engagement of Victor Herbert's "Naughty Marietta," to be followed by a week-long engagement of Lehár's "The Merry Widow," after which the company will move into its regular season, continuing through Sunday, Nov. 11. There will be alternating casts: Elizabeth Hynes, Susanne Marsee, Howard Hensel, and Alan Titus, or Gianna Rolandi, Joanna Simon, Jacque Trussel, and Charles Roe. Conducted variously by John Mauceri and Brian Salesky. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 30-31, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 1, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 2, at 1 and 7.)

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 22: Peter Maag conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano, and Adolph Herseth and Philip Smith, trumpet. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 23: Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Jaime Laredo, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Pierre Pierlot, oboe; and John Steele Ritter, piano and harpsichord. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25: Jean-Pierre Rampal conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Pierlot. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

SANTA FE CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL—A six-day series of concerts. The participants include Edward Auer, Alicia Schacter, and André-Michel Schub, piano; Samuel Baron, flute; James Buswell, Ani Kavafian, Ida Kavafian, and Daniel Phillips, violin; Timothy Eddy and Ralph Kirshbaum, cello; and Heiichiro Ohyama and Walter Trampler, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday through Thursday, Aug. 25-30, at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7.)

IN THE COUNTRY

TANGLEWOOD FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: Malcolm Frager in a piano recital. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 24, at 9: Zubin Mehta conducting the New York Philharmonic in a varied program, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25, at 8:30: Zubin Mehta conducting the New York Philharmonic in a Mozart-Mahler program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 26, at 2:30: Zubin Mehta directing the New York Philharmonic in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Leona Mitchell, soprano; Jennifer Jones, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Paul Plishka, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 31, at 7: Shaun Cassidy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 1, at 7: Keith Jarrett. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

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formances of the season—Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 8:15: Sergiu Comissiona conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in a varied program, with Lorin Hollander, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 23, at 8:15: Gunther Schuller conducting the orchestra in a program of American music; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 24, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting a varied program, with Norman Carol, violin; William Stokking, cello; Richard Woodhams, oboe; and Bernard Garfield, bassoon. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting the final concert by the orchestra, a program entitled "Those Fabulous Philadelphians.". . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 26, at 8:15: Helen Reddy. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 27, at 7: Doobie Brothers. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 28, at 7: Allman Brothers Band and Edgar Winter. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 29, at 7: Shaun Cassidy. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 30, at 7: Arlo Guthrie and Pete Seeger. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 31, at 7: Kansas. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 1, at 7: Charlie Daniels Band and Sea Level. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 2, at 7: Tom T. Hall, Jeannie C. Riley, Porter Wagoner, and Charly McClain. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 3, at 7: Don Williams, Barbara Fairchild, Bobby Bare, and Ed Bruce. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will close with a program by Joyce Cuoco and Youri Vamos, Indrani and Sukanya, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 8:40; Thursday, Aug. 23, at 3; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 24-25, at 3 and 8:40. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Friday, Aug. 24, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 25-26, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Atlanta, Monday, Aug. 27, at 7:05 (to finish the game suspended on June 17, plus the regularly scheduled game); Tuesday, Aug. 28, at 8:05; and Wednesday, Aug. 29, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kansas City, Thursday and Friday, Aug. 30-31, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 1, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Jets, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Aug. 25, at 8.)

RACING—At **SARATOGA**: Daily at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 27. The Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 25; the Spinaway, Sunday, Aug. 26; and the Seneca Handicap, Monday, Aug. 27. . . . **BELMONT**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, Aug. 29, through Monday, Oct. 22. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 29, and the Flower Bowl Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 1. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.). . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 22. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 1. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 3. The Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 25. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.)

SOCCER—Cosmos vs. Tulsa, in the second game in the North American Soccer League's semifinal playoff series. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Aug. 26, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TENNIS—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Center, Flushing Meadow. Tuesday, Aug. 28, through Thursday, Sept. 6, at 11 and 7:30, and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 7-9, at 2. For information about tickets, call 271-5100.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Final night Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 8. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8, from Thursday, Aug. 23, through Wednesday, Oct. 17. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Port Washington. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 22-26.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Final free performances of **OTHELLO**, with Raúl Juliá and Richard Dreyfuss. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NEW YORK DANCE FESTIVAL—The first three in a series of twelve free performances—Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 1-2, at 8: Copacetics, Nobuko Sakamoto, Rachel Lampert and Dancers, Rebecca Wright, and Danny Grossman Dance Company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 2, at 3 (a one-hour program): Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Final concerts in the park. Andrew Davis will be conducting in **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW**, Tuesday, Aug. 28, at 8:30. . . . **MARINE PARK**, Brooklyn, Thursday, Aug. 30, at 8:30. . . . **CUNNINGHAM PARK**, Queens, Friday, Aug. 31, at 8:30. . . . **VAN CORTLANDT PARK**, Bronx, Saturday, Sept. 1, at 8:30.

WOLLMAN RINK—The final performances in the Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 6:30: Dr. Hook and Dixie Dregs. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 24, at 6:30: Cars. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25, at 6:30: Greg Kihn Band and Louise Goffin. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS—A three-week festival of jazz, dance, chamber music, cabaret, country music, Hispanic specials, musical comedy, and street theatre. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA**: Aerial, Wednesday, Aug. 22, at noon. . . . ¶ The Elliot Gillette Trinidad Dance Company, Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 2:30. . . . ¶ The Iron Clad Agreement, Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 5. . . . ¶ Sylvan Wind Quintet (for children), Thursday, Aug. 23, at 11. . . . ¶ Nuestro Teatro (for children), Friday, Aug. 24, at 11. . . . ¶ The David Eyges Quartet, Friday, Aug. 24, at noon. . . . ¶ The Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, Friday, Aug. 24, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Clown's Carnival, Friday, Aug. 24, at 5. . . . ¶ Mini Events, Saturday, Aug. 25, at noon. . . . ¶ The Family, Saturday, Aug. 25, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Saeko Ichinohe Dance Company, Saturday, Aug. 25, at 5. . . . ¶ Mini Events, Sunday, Aug. 26, at noon. . . . ¶ Chinese American Arts Council, Sunday, Aug. 26, at 2:30. . . . ¶ The Free Spirit Theatre, Sunday, Aug. 26, at 5. . . . ¶ The New Heritage Theatre (for children), Tuesday, Aug. 28, at 11. . . . ¶ The Richard Morse Mime Theatre, Tuesday, Aug. 28, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Cameo Productions, Tuesday, Aug. 28, at 5. . . . ¶ Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, Wednesday, Aug. 29, at noon. . . . ¶ Off-Center Theatre, Wednesday, Aug. 29, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Mettawee River Theatre Company, Wednesday, Aug. 29, at 5. . . . ¶ The Judith Scott Dance Theatre, Thursday, Aug. 30, at 11. . . . ¶ Alpha Omega 1-7 Theatrical Dance Company, Thursday, Aug. 30, at 2:30. . . . ¶ *The Mt. Laurel Regional Ballet, Thursday,* Aug. 30, at 5. . . . ¶ The Roadside Theatre, Friday, Aug. 31, at 2:30. . . . ¶ The Baker's Half Dozen, Friday, Aug. 31, at 5. . . . ¶ Mini Events, Saturday, Sept. 1, at noon. . . . ¶ Latino Playwrights' Workshop Reading Series, Saturday, Sept. 1, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Dinizulu & His African Dancers, Singers & Drummers, Saturday, Sept. 1, at 5. . . . **DAMROSCH PARK**: Lionel Hampton's Orchestra, Thursday, Aug. 23, at 8. . . . ¶ Pauline Koner Dance Consort, Friday, Aug. 24, at 8. . . . ¶ Georgie Tapps and Maxine Sullivan, Saturday, Aug. 25, at 8. . . . ¶ A musical show called "On Broadway Tonight," with Mimi Hines, Earl Wrightson & Lois Hunt, and Sandman Sims, Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 1, at 8. (For daily information, call 877-0996.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **THE MUSIC MAN**, with Don Stewart. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000. Closes Sunday, Sept. 2.)

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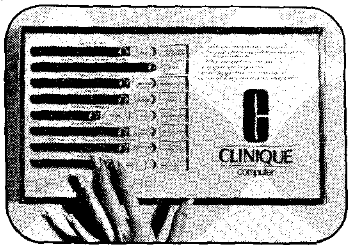
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Aug. 22: "Street Angel."
Aug. 23: "Sunrise."
Aug. 24: "State Fair."
Aug. 25: "Delicious."
Aug. 26: "Sunny Side Up."
Aug. 27: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 28: "An Actor's Revenge."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Aug. 30: "Moonraker."
From Aug. 31: "El Super."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 23: "The Main Event" and "Agatha."
Aug. 24-30: "Dracula" and "Same Time, Next Year."
From Aug. 31: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Aug. 23: "Rocky II."
From Aug. 24: "The Frisco Kid."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"More American Graffiti."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"North Dallas Forty."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 23: "Americathon."
From Aug. 24: "Sunburn."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"More American Graffiti."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Aug. 30: "Escape from Alcatraz."
From Aug. 31: "Nest of Vipers."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Till Marriage Do Us Part."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Rich Kids."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Breaking Away."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Harold and Maude."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Life of Brian."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Orchestra Rehearsal."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Aug. 23: "Sunburn."
From Aug. 24: "Manhattan."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Soldier of Orange."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Rocky II."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Star Wars."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Aug. 23: "Hot Stuff."
From Aug. 24: "Peppermint Soda."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Aug. 23: "The Main Event."
Aug. 24-30: "Meatballs."
From Aug. 31: To be announced.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 18. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Muppet Movie."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"North Dallas Forty."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Amityville Horror."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Moonraker."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Americathon."
Theatre 2: "More American Graffiti."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Muppet Movie."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Aug. 23: "The Amityville Horror."
From Aug. 24: "Wifemistress" and "Bread and Chocolate."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Manhattan."
Theatre 2: "The In-Laws."
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 23: "Americathon." From Aug. 24: "A Little Romance."
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 23: "Nighthawks." From Aug. 24: "Woyzeck."

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Wednesdays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 24: "The Gold Rush."
Aug. 25-26: "Volpone."
Aug. 27-28: Theatre closed.
Aug. 29-31: "The Passion of Joan of Arc."
From Sept. 1: "The Blue Angel."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Sunburn."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Apocalypse Now."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Manhattan."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Peppermint Soda."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Why Not?"

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Meetings with Remarkable Men."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Muppet Movie."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 23: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs."
From Aug. 24: "Woyzeck."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 23: "El Super."
From Aug. 24: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Aug. 23: "A Little Romance."
From Aug. 24: "The Frisco Kid."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Amityville Horror."
Theatre 2: "Moonraker."
Theatre 3: "Manhattan."
Theatre 4: "The In-Laws."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"The Muppet Movie."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 23: "The Main Event" and "Agatha."
Aug. 24-30: "Dracula" and "The Brink's Job."
From Aug. 31: "Escape from Alcatraz" and "King of the Gypsies."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Alien."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Sunburn." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The In-Laws." (†)
Theatre 3: "Bloodline."
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 23: "The Groove Tube" and "The Kentucky Fried Movie." From Aug. 24: "The Frisco Kid." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Escape from Alcatraz." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Star Wars." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"North Dallas Forty." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Hot Stuff." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Moonraker." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Aug. 23: "The Concorde–Airport '79."
From Aug. 24: "More American Graffiti." (†)

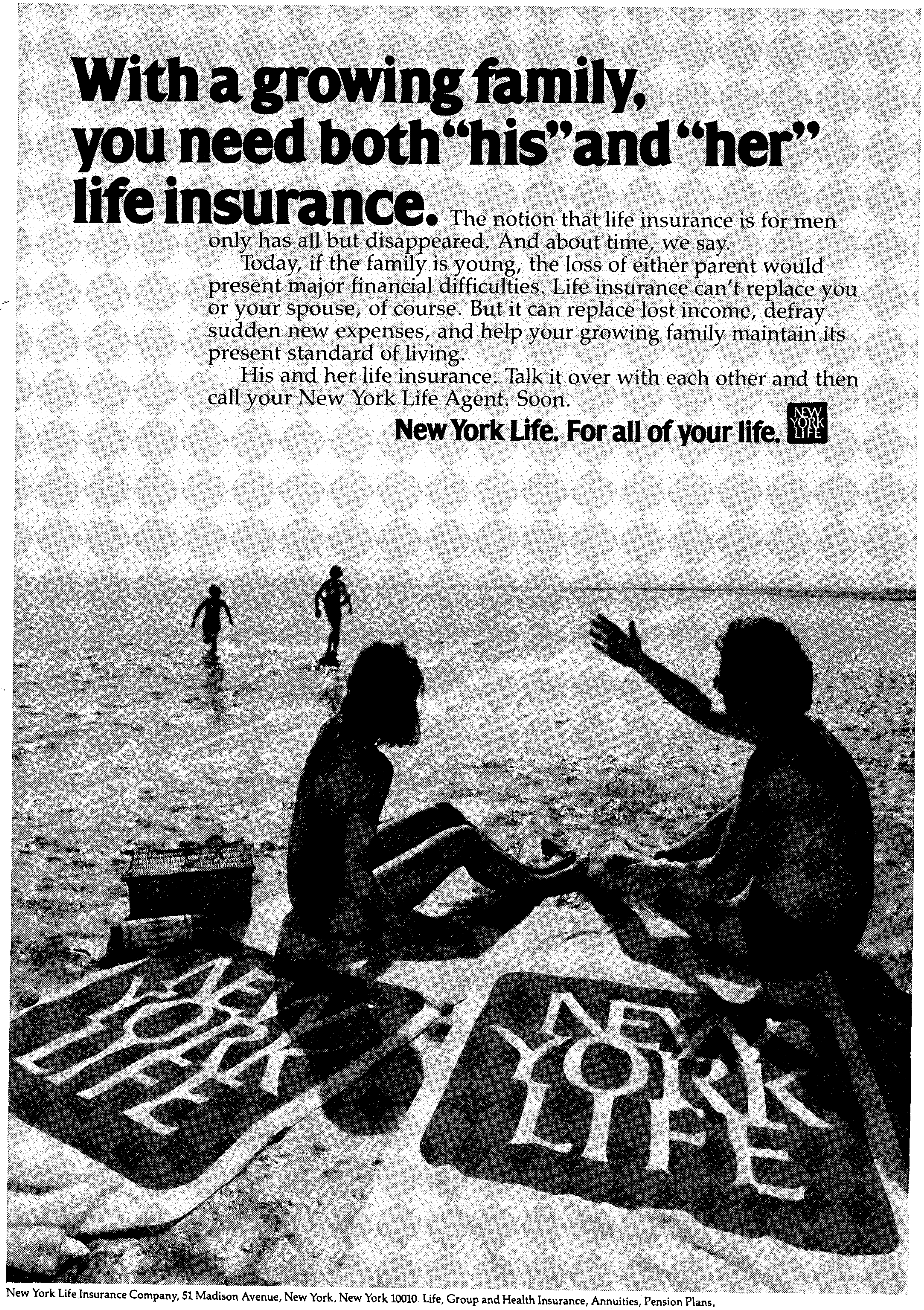
R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Rocky II." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Amityville Horror." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Meatballs." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 22: "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" (1969), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Natalie Wood, Robert Culp, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon; and "Group Marriage" (1972), directed by Stephanie Rothman.
Aug. 23: "The Touch" (1971), directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Elliott Gould, Bibi Andersson, and Max von Sydow; and "Monika" (1952), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson.
Aug. 24: "Flesh" (1968), directed by Paul



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Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro; and four short films.

Aug. 25: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.

Aug. 26: "Valentino" (†) and "The Loves of Isadora." (†)

Aug. 27: "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Luc Léaud; and "Small Change" (1976), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Geory Desmouceaux.

Aug. 28: "Kuroneko" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Kaneto Shindo, with Nobuko Otowa; and "Ugetsu" (1953), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo.

Aug. 29: "Duel in the Sun" (†); and "The Outlaw" (1947), directed by Howard Hughes, with Jane Russell, Jack Buetel, Walter Huston, and Thomas Mitchell.

Aug. 30: "I Am Curious—Yellow" (1969) and "I Am Curious—Blue" (1970), both films in Swedish, directed by Vilgot Sjöman.

Aug. 31: "Barbarella" (1968), directed by Roger Vadim, with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings; and "The Cheerleaders" (1973).

Sept. 1: "The Devil in Miss Jones" (1973) and "Hot Circuit" (1972).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Aug. 22: "The 10th Victim" (1965), in Italian, directed by Elio Petri, with Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress; and "The Working Class Goes to Heaven" (1975), in Italian, directed by Elio Petri, with Gian-Maria Volonte.

Aug. 23: "Some Like It Hot" (1959), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, Jack Lemmon, and Joe E. Brown; and "The Misfits" (1961), directed by John Huston, with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift.

Aug. 24: "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot; and "The Virgin Spring" (1960), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, and Birgitta Valberg.

Aug. 25: "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff; and "Ned Kelly" (1970), directed by Tony Richardson, with Mick Jagger.

Aug. 26: "Gunga Din" (1939), directed by George Stevens, with Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Victor McLaglen, Eduardo Ciannelli, and Sam Jaffe; and "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975), directed by John Huston, with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer.

Aug. 27: "Tora-San Forget-Me-Not" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Yoji Yamada; and "Floating Weeds." (†)

Aug. 28: "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone" (†); and "Boom!" (1968), directed by Joseph Losey, with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Noël Coward, and Michael Dunn.

Aug. 29: "The Lady Eve" (†); and "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948), directed by Preston Sturges, with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, Edgar Kennedy, and Rudy Vallée.

Aug. 30: "Irma la Douce" (†) and "Never on Sunday." (†)

Aug. 31: "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre.

Sept. 1: "East of Eden" (†); and "Splendor in the Grass" (1961), directed by Elia Kazan, with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, Sandy Dennis, Barbara Loden, and Pat Hingle.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 23: "Coming Home" (1978), directed by Hal Ashby, with Jane Fonda, Jon Voight, and Bruce Dern; and "Who'll Stop the Rain" (1978), directed by Karel Reisz, with Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty.

Aug. 24-25: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "THX 1138" (1971), directed by George Lucas, with Donald Pleasence, Robert Duvall, and Maggie McOmie.

Aug. 26-27: "Lifeboat" (†); and "A Royal Scandal" (1945), directed by Otto Preminger, with Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter, William Eythe, and Vincent Price.

Aug. 28: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

Aug. 29-30: "The Story of Joanna" (1975) and "Barbara Broadcast" (1978).

Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 23: "Rock 'n' Roll High School" (1979), with the Ramones.

From Aug. 24: "Rust Never Sleeps" (1979), a documentary about Neil Young.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 22: "Quo Vadis" (1951), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, Leo Genn, and Peter Ustinov.

Aug. 23-25: "Easter Parade" (1948), directed by Charles Walters, with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, Ann Miller, and Peter Lawford; and "The Pirate" (1948), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Walter Slezak, Reginald Owen, and Gladys Cooper.

Aug. 26-27: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1941), directed by Victor Fleming, with Ingrid Bergman, Spencer Tracy, and Lana Turner; and "Night Must Fall." (†)

Aug. 28-29: "Ride the High Country" (†); and "Three Godfathers" (1949), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, Pedro Armendariz, and Harry Carey, Jr.

Aug. 30-Sept 1: "Wife Versus Secretary" (†) and "Too Hot to Handle." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Aug. 23: "Dial M for Murder" (1954), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "I Confess" (1953), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne.

Aug. 24-25: "Dial M for Murder;" and "Strangers on a Train" (1951), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Ruth Roman, Marion Lorne, and Leo G. Carroll.

Aug. 26-28: "Dial M for Murder;" and "The Wrong Man." (†)

Aug. 29: "Crimes at the Dark House" (1940), directed by George King, with Tod Slaughter and Hilary Eaves; and "Murder in the Red Barn" (1936), directed by Milton Rosmer, with Tod Slaughter and Sophie Stewart.

Aug. 30: "The Crimes of Stephen Hawke" (1936) and "Sexton Blake and the Hooded Terror" (1938), both films directed by George King, with Tod Slaughter.

Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street" (1936) and "The Face at the Window" (1939), both films directed by George King, with Tod Slaughter.

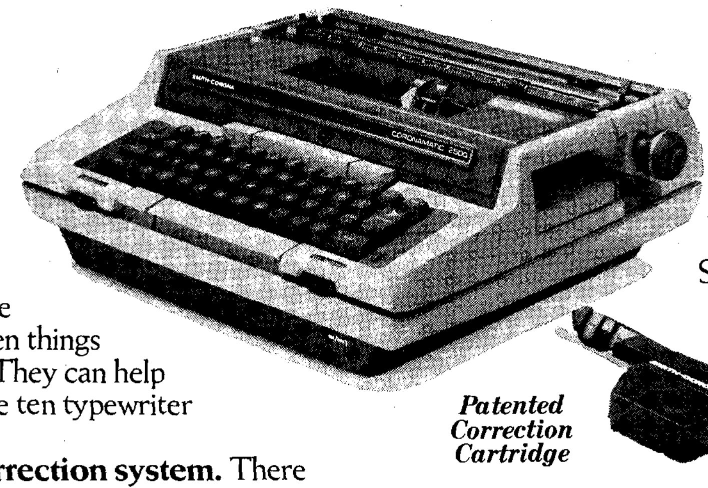
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 22: "A Date with Judy" (1948), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Jane Powell, Wallace Beery, Elizabeth Taylor, and Robert Stack; and "Nancy Goes to Rio" (1950), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Jane Powell, Ann Sothern, Barry Sullivan, and Carmen Miranda.

Aug. 23: "Theatre of Blood" (1973), directed by Douglas Hickox, with Vincent Price and Diana Rigg; and "Twice Told Tales" (1964), directed by Mark Stevens, with Vincent Price and Sebastian Cabot.

Aug. 24-25: "Palm Beach Story" (1942), directed by Preston Sturges, with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée, and "Hail the Conquering

Do you make these 10 common typewriter mistakes?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Note the look of the type. Lines and individual letters should be straight. The impression should be crisp, clean and even. The print quality should not vary over the page.

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Hero" (1944), directed by Preston Sturges, with Eddie Bracken, Ella Raines, and William Demarest.

Aug. 26: "Duck Soup" (1933) and "Monkey Business" (1931), both films with the Marx Brothers.

Aug. 27: "All This, and Heaven Too" (1940), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Bette Davis, Charles Boyer, Jeffrey Lynn, and Barbara O'Neil; and "In This Our Life" (1942), directed by John Huston, with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan.

Aug. 28: "Camille" (1937), directed by George Cukor, with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Henry Daniell; and "Queen Christina." (†)

Aug. 29-30: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Castle in the Desert" (1942), directed by Harry Lackman, with Sidney Toler as the detective, Charlie Chan; and "The Casino Murder Case." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 23 at 2:30: "Cooley High" (1975), directed by Michael Schultz, with Glynn Turman, Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs, Cynthia Davis, and Garrett Morris. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 6: "Rolling Thunder" (1977), directed by John Flynn, with William Devane, Tommy Lee Jones, and Linda Haynes; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 8:30: "Dillinger" (1973), directed by John Milius, with Warren Oates, Ben Johnson, Michelle Phillips, Cloris Leachman, and Richard Dreyfuss. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 2:30: "Black Caesar" (1973), directed by Larry Cohen, with Fred Williamson, Phillip Roye, and Gloria Hendry; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 6: A program of French films made between 1906 and 1913, by Max Linder and Louis Feuillade. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at noon: "The Abominable Dr. Phibes" (1971), directed by Robert Fuest, with Vincent Price, Joseph Cotten, Hugh Griffith, and Terry-Thomas. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 2:30: "Night Tide" (1963), directed by Curtis Harrington, with Dennis Hopper and Luana Anders. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 5: "Rolling Thunder." . . ¶ Aug. 26 at noon: "The Abominable Dr. Phibes." . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 2:30: "The Island of Dr. Moreau" (1977), directed by Don Taylor, with Burt Lancaster, Michael York, Nigel Davenport, and Barbara Carrera. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 5: "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933), directed by Frank Capra, with Barbara Stanwyck and Niles Asther. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at noon: "The Cloak" (1926), a Russian silent film, directed by G. Kozintzev and L. Trauberg; sparse English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 2:30: "Bloody Mama" (1970), directed by Roger Corman, with Shelley Winters, Pat Hingle, Don Stroud, Diane Varsi, and Bruce Dern; and "Boxcar Bertha" (1972), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Barbara Hershey, David Carradine, Barry Primus, and John Carradine. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 6: "Sisters" (1973), directed by Brian De Palma, with Margot Kidder, Jennifer Salt, Charles Durning, and Bill Finley; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at noon: "The Cloak." . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 2:30: "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 6: "Tales of Terror" (1962), directed by Roger Corman, with Vincent Price, Peter Lorre, Basil Rathbone, and Debra Paget; and "The Comedy of Terrors" (1963), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Vincent Price, Peter Lorre, Boris Karloff, Basil Rathbone, and Joe E. Brown. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 2:30: "Aelita" (1924), a Russian silent film, directed by Y. Protazanov; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 6: "The Cigarette Girl from Masselprom" (1924), a Russian silent film, with no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 8:30: "Red Imps" (1923), a Russian silent film, directed by I. Perestiani; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 2:30: "The Cigarette Girl from Masselprom." . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 6: A program of British films made between 1901 and 1911 and United States films made between 1903 and 1907. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at noon: "Hands Up!" (1926), a silent film, directed by Clarence Badger, with Raymond Griffith, Marian Nixon, Montagu Love, and Mack Swain. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 2:30: "Death Ray" (1925), a Russian silent film, directed by L. Kuleshov, with V. I. Pudovkin; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 5: "Aelita." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Entermedia, 2nd Ave. at 12th St. (475-4191)—A series of science-fiction and fantasy films, with a double feature each day, starting in the late afternoon. Among the films showing this week are "War of the Worlds," "Fantastic Voyage," and "The Mask of Fu Manchu." For exact time and film schedules, our best advice is to call the theatre.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

An Actor's Revenge (1963)—Directed by Kon Ichikawa. In Japanese. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Aug. 28.)

Agatha—Vanessa Redgrave has a luminously loony quality as the distraught heroine of this fictional romantic mystery, which purports to be about the eleven days in 1926 when Agatha Christie, whose husband wanted a divorce so he could marry his mistress, took off for a Yorkshire spa, where she used the mistress's name. Dustin Hoffman is furiously theatrical in the role of a preening star journalist from America who trails Agatha to the spa and falls in love with her. The movie has a general air of knowingness, and some of the incidental dialogue is clever, but it seems to be missing the scenes that would explain why it was made. With Timothy Dalton, who gives a strong, funny performance as the husband, exhausted by his wife's high-powered sensitivity, and the curly-mouthed Helen Morse as a friendly woman whom Agatha meets at the spa. Directed by Michael Apted; the script is credited to Kathleen Tynan and Arthur Hopcraft. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/26/79.) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Aug. 23.)

Americathon—With Harvey Korman and John Ritter, directed by Neil Israel. (Reviewed in this issue.) (R.K.O. 86th St. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema; through Aug. 23.)

The Amityville Horror—Based on the book, which should have been called "The Amityville Nuisance." A young couple (James Brolin and Margot Kidder) move into a new house and ascribe everything that goes wrong to demons. Everything that goes wrong in the movie can be ascribed to cheap tricks. With Rod Steiger as the obligatory priest. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (8/13/79) (Loews Ciné, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Aug. 23.)

Apocalypse Now—With Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen; directed by Francis Coppola. (Ziegfeld.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—The director Josef von Sternberg had been working in Hollywood for more than fifteen years when he went to Germany, at Emil Jannings' request, to direct this film; he had directed Jannings in "The Last Command," one of the two American silent films that had won Jannings the Academy Award in 1927-28, and Jannings wanted him to guide his first sound film. They set in motion the Marlene Dietrich myth that was eventually to surpass their fame. Adapted from Heinrich Mann's novel "Professor Unrath," this film deals with the breakdown of an authoritarian personality. Jannings plays the inhibited, tyrannical high-school instructor who is prudishly indignant about his students' visiting Lola Lola (Dietrich), the singer at the Blue Angel; he goes to the café to put a stop to it and instead succumbs to her callous, impassive sexuality. Dietrich's Lola Lola is a rather coarse, plump young beauty; as she sings "Falling in Love Again," her smoldering voice and sadistic indifference suggest sex without romance, love, or sentiment. The pedant becomes her husband, her slave, her stooge; he travels with the café troupe, hawking dirty pictures of his wife. Dietrich is extraordinary, and "The Blue Angel" is a movie you can admire sequence by sequence, because it's made in an imaginative, atmospheric style, yet you may feel that you don't really like it on an emotional level; the sexual humiliation gets very heavy in the scenes in which the teacher, now a clown, returns to his home town and to his old classroom. In German. (Harold Clurman; starting Sept. 1.)

Bread and Chocolate (1974)—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Greenwich; starting Aug. 24.)

Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the Indiana landscape, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Coronet.)

The Brink's Job—With Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Allen Goorwitz, Warren Oates, Gena Rowlands, and Paul Sorvino; directed by William Friedkin. (Olympia; Aug. 24-30.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Casino Murder Case (1935)—One in the Philo Vance series, but with Paul Lukas taking over the role created by William Powell. (Basil Rathbone and Warren William had also appeared in it.) Lukas is smooth, though his Magyar accent blurs some of his *mots*; he's obviously battling with the English language. M-G-M surrounded him with an unusually bright supporting cast, headed by the rising young Rosalind Russell and including Alison Skipworth, Louise Fazenda, Eric Blore, Ted Healy, Leo G. Carroll, Donald Cook, Arthur Byron, Leslie Fenton, Purnell Pratt, Isabel Jewell, and Claudelle Kaye. The plot, which involves a rich family of neurotics, is short on mystery, but Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf, who adapted the S. S. Van Dine novel, supplied an amiable, wisecracking script. Directed by Edwin L. Marin; score by Dimitri Tiomkin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

Delicious (1931)—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in a Fox musical with Ira and George Gershwin songs, including "Delishious" and "Blah Blah Blah," but not enough of them. David Butler directed. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 25.)

Dracula—A decorative, romantic variation on the legend, with roots in a 1927 play. Frank Langella offers a dashing characterization of the popular fiend, opposed in his drive to fulfill himself by Laurence Olivier, who politely plays straight as a Dutch doctor, and Donald Pleasence as the proprietor of a madhouse. Directed by John Badham (who did "Saturday Night Fever") as a melodrama of light and darkness with the emphasis on atmosphere. (7/30/79) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; Aug. 24-30.)

Duel in the Sun (1947)—Hilariously florid, sometimes called "Lust in the Dust." A Wagnerian Western, with Gregory Peck and Jennifer Jones as lovers so passionate they kill each other. She's Pearl Chavez, a half-breed wench, and so, by Hollywood convention, uncontrollably sexy, and Peck actually manages to bestir himself enough to play a hunk of egotistic hot stuff—maybe the name Lewt McCanles got to him, or maybe the producer, David O. Selznick, used electric prods. Set in Texas, it's a lavish, sensual spectacle; the director, King Vidor, can't keep it from being absurdly hammy, but he gives much of it a bravura excitement, and the hokum is irresistibly entertaining. With Joseph Cotten, Charles Bickford, Lillian Gish, Butterfly McQueen, Walter Huston, Herbert Marshall, Lionel Barrymore, Harry Carey, Sidney

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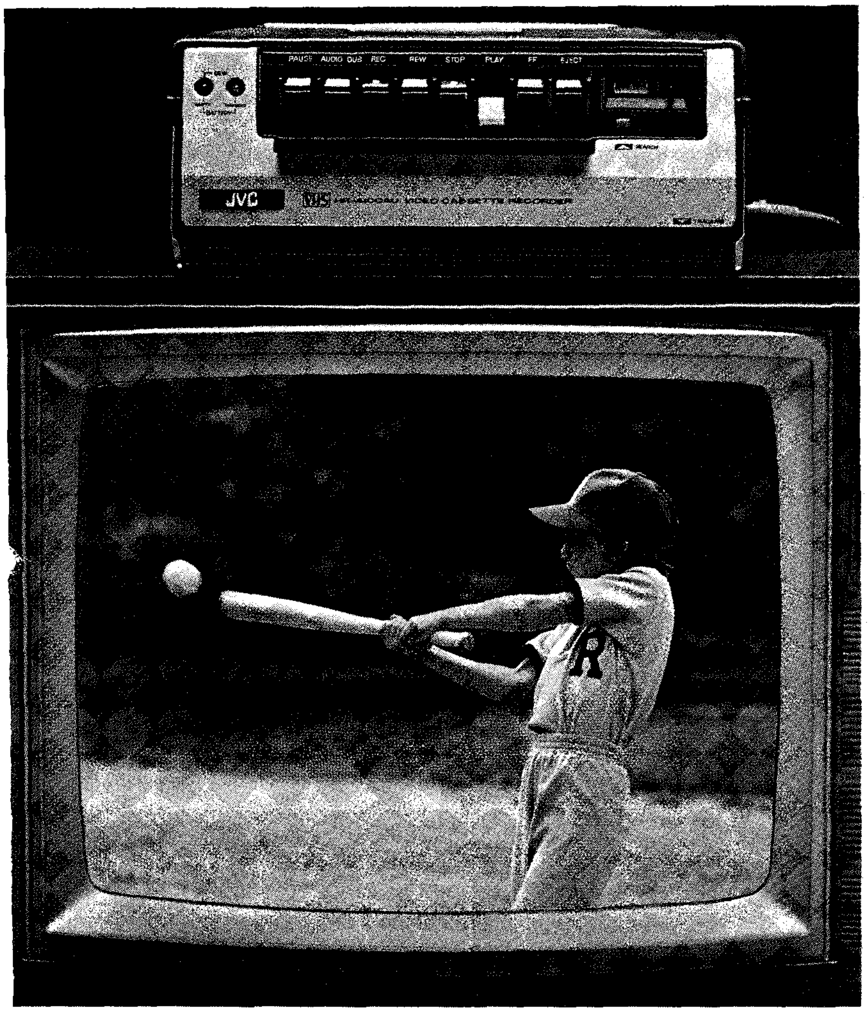

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Blackmer, and many other celebrated names. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 29.)

EAST OF EDEN (1955)—The famous, fevered Kazan movie of Steinbeck's Cain and Abel story, laid in California, with the haunting presences of James Dean and Julie Harris. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 1.)

ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ—Clint Eastwood leads the unprecedented breakout without wasting a word or a grimace. Similar efficiency in the skillful direction, by Don Siegel, sets the movie apart from flashier productions. (7/9/79) (Forum. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Aug. 31.)

FLOATING WEEDS (1959)—Machiko Kyo in a story about the jealousies and liaisons within a troupe of travelling actors. Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 27.)

THE FRISCO KID—Gene Wilder, as a nubile Polish rabbi, and Robert Aldrich, the director, seem to have been set loose in the Wild West with no more to guide them than a bright idea and Wilder's angelic blue eyes. (7/16/79) (Gramercy, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy; starting Aug. 24.)

THE GOLD RUSH (1925)—He enters, "pursued by a bear"—the man who for generations of filmgoers has been the embodiment of "the little fellow," or humanity. In this extraordinarily sweet and graceful comedy, Chaplin is the weak and helpless perfect gentleman in the world of bears and brutes; yet his gallantry wins him the gold and the girl, too. This film was selected by the international jury at Brussels as the second (after "Potemkin") greatest film of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale. (Harold Clurman; through Aug. 24.)

HAROLD AND MAUDE (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (D. W. Griffith.)

HOT STUFF—With Dom DeLuise, Suzanne Pleshette, Jerry Reed, and Ossie Davis; directed by DeLuise. (Loews State 2. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through Aug. 23.)

THE IN-LAWS—An inspired collaboration between Alan Arkin and Peter Falk as the fathers of a prospective suburban bride and groom. Arkin is a moderately amiable dentist who gets tangled up in the machinations of a supposed C.I.A. agent, played by Falk. Script by Andrew Bergman; directed by Arthur Hiller. (7/2/79) (Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

IRMA LA DOUCE (1963)—Abominable, inexplicably popular sex farce, adapted from a stage musical comedy, but with the score omitted. Billy Wilder, the producer-director, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, hit us over the head with the old rotten jest that prostitution is a petit-bourgeois way of life like any other. Shirley MacLaine and Jack Lemmon, vivid and gifted comics, wrestle painfully with the gross dialogue. Sample: MacLaine, showing Lemmon her attic apartment, explains that it once belonged to an artist who cut off his ear. "Oh," says Lemmon. "Was his name van Gogh?" "No," says MacLaine, "Schwartz." With Lou Jacobi and Herschel Bernardi. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 30.)

KING OF THE GYPSIES—Based on the Peter Maas book, with Sterling Hayden, Shelley Winters, Susan Sarandon, Judd Hirsch, Brooke Shields, and Eric Roberts; directed by Frank Pierson. (Olympia; starting Aug. 31.)

THE LADY EVE (1941)—A frivolous masterpiece. Like "Bringing Up Baby," "The Lady Eve" is a mixture of visual and verbal slapstick, and of high artifice and pratfalls. Barbara Stanwyck keeps sticking out a sensational leg, and Henry Fonda keeps tripping over it. She's a cardsharp, and he's a millionaire scientist who knows more about snakes than about women; neither performer has ever been funnier. The film, with screenplay and direction by Preston Sturges, is full of classic moments and classic lines; it represents the dizzy high point of Sturges's comedy writing. With Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, William Demarest, and Eric Blore. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 29.)

LIFEBOAT (1944)—Ham-handed, wartime Hitchcock, highly regarded by many, and a big hit. John Steinbeck and Jo Swerling concocted the symbol-laden script about the ordeal of a group of survivors of a torpedoed ship; the script's chief virtue is that it provides a raucous opportunity for Tallulah Bankhead to strut her comic sexiness. The picture made her, for the first time, a popular movie star. She plays a famous mink-coated journalist who develops a yen for John Hodiak, an oiler from the ship's engine room. Others aboard the small boat include Canada Lee as a pickpocket, Henry Hull as a millionaire manufacturer, Heather Angel as a simpleton mother with a new baby, Mary Anderson as a nurse, Hume Cronyn as the ship's radio operator, and regrettably, in terms of the didactic uses they are put to, Walter Slezak as the U-boat captain, and William Bendix as a wounded seaman. (Cinema Village; Aug. 26-27.)

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LIFE OF BRIAN—With the Monty Python players, including Graham Chapman, Terry Gilliam, John Cleese, Terry Jones, Eric Idle, and Michael Palin; directed by Jones. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

A LITTLE ROMANCE—A very, very little film about very, very little people (played by Diane Lane and Thelonious Bernard) enacting a latter-day Romeo and Juliet. Laurence Olivier lightens the general mediocrity with a performance as a debonair and blithe Frenchman who befriends the children. Directed by George Roy Hill. (5/7/79) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 24.)

THE LOVES OF ISADORA (1969)—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character sense instead of clodhopping chronology. It was wonderfully designed by Jocelyn Herbert and horribly cut around by Universal Pictures, which unwisely overrode Reisz's judgment. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 26.)

THE MAIN EVENT—At the expense of whatever coherence there was to this romantic comedy, Barbra Streisand strives to pack multitudes of diverse and contradictory character traits into her role as a bankrupt parfumeuse who is forced to promote the career of an unwilling boxer, her sole remaining asset. Ryan O'Neal is deferential as the fighter and love object; Howard Zieff is the accommodating director. No singing until the final credits. (7/2/79) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Aug. 23.)

MANHATTAN—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Quad Cinema, Festival, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; starting Aug. 24.)

MEATBALLS—A summer-camp burlesque, tailgating "Animal House." Bill Murray, an ebullient but underripe comedian, plays the counsellor-in-chief. (7/16/79) (Victoria. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Aug. 24-30.)

MEETINGS WITH REMARKABLE MEN—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Much mote-in-the-middle-distance acting, consulting of arcane maps, trekking across Central Asia (the movie was filmed on location in Afghanistan), and discussion of "vibrations," etc. With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest who seems to have the real secret of life but does not stick around long enough to impart it. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (8/20/79) (Cinema 3.)

MOONRAKER—James Bond XI or XII, with Roger Moore vs. the metal-toothed giant Jaws (again) and a quasi-Nixonian mastermind called Drax. The glamour of the usual sex, violence, and amazing technical effects is a matter of taste. (7/9/79) (86th St. East, Loews 83rd Quad, and National. . . . ¶ Art; through Aug. 30.)

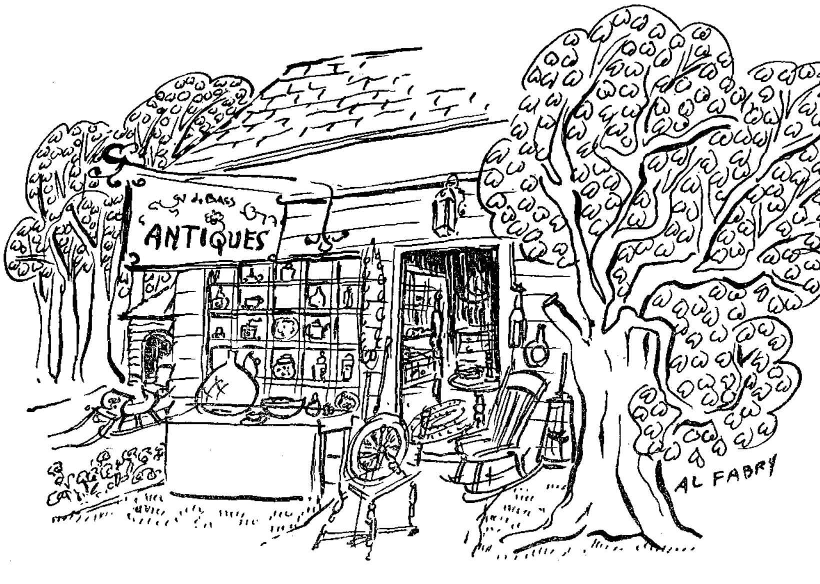
MORE AMERICAN GRAFFITI—A sequel to "American Graffiti" (1973), taking the familiar school-yearbook clucks through the sixties. Be warned: the music is dribbling and incidental, and George Lucas did not direct—B. W. L. Norton did. A visual mess, and disrespectful of its characters, too. Everything from Vietnam to light shows is treated as a series of shrunken fads, all with equal weight. With Paul Le Mat, Cindy Williams, Candy Clark, Charles Martin Smith, Mackenzie Phillips, Bo Hopkins, and Ron Howard in the roles they originated. (8/20/79) (Murray Hill, Sutton, and R.K.O. 86th St. . . . ¶ Rivoli; starting Aug. 24.)

THE MUPPET MOVIE—Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, et al. travel across the country toward Hollywood, pursued by a fried-frogs'-legs entrepreneur. After some scuffles and a few songs, they make it into showbiz and become stars. (7/2/79) (U.A. East, Waverly, Paramount, and New Yorker.)

NEVER ON SUNDAY (1960)—Melina Mercouri as the happy whore who goes to bed only with men she likes, in Jules Dassin's clumsy fable about the joys of amorality and the stupidity of virtue. Pinheaded Shavian ironies and an exhaustingly robust heroine. Made in Greece, with bouzouki music by Manos Hadjidakis. In English and Greek. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 30.)

NIGHTHAWKS—With Ken Robertson, directed by Ron Peck and Paul Hallam. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 23.)

NIGHT MUST FALL (1937)—Robert Montgomery,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the foremost romantic light comedian of the early talkies, startled movie audiences when he took this role of a baby-faced killer—a Cockney psychopath carrying a sinister hatbox. Adapted (just barely) by John Van Druten from the Emlyn Williams play, this shocker, set in an isolated cottage, is stage-bound but very scary. Intelligent, repressed Rosalind Russell is drawn to the smiling, thick-lipped Montgomery but becomes frightened when she sees him wheedling his way into the affections of a silly, spoiled old lady (Dame May Whitty). The direction, by Richard Thorpe, is somewhat ponderous (in the M-G-M manner), but the penny-dreadful theatrics are gruesomely effective. This is one of the rare movies in which the viewer loathes the potential victim (Whitty) and still doesn't want to see her get it. (A later version, directed by Karel Reisz and starring Albert Finney, was insistently cinematic, and a mess.) (Regency; Aug. 26-27.)

North Dallas Forty—A funny, lazy satire about the kind of professional football that turns its players into pieces of equipment. Nick Nolte, as a veteran with a Bad Attitude and the best hands in the game, turns in a virtuoso performance based on respiratory noises, and shows a flair for comedy. He's so cool that the movie uses him as a ready-made moral choice. Mac Davis plays the flashy quarterback. Good football, good supporting cast. Based on the novel by former Dallas Cowboy Peter Gent, and directed by Ted Kotcheff. (8/13/79) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 1.)

Orchestra Rehearsal—Directed by Federico Fellini. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II.)

The Passion of Joan of Arc (1927)—One of the few truly great films. Carl Dreyer based the script on the trial records and, keeping the camera close to the fleshly faces of Joan and her persecutors, subtly—and shockingly—links eroticism and religious persecution. Maria Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Antonin Artaud. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 29-31.)

Peppermint Soda—Adolescence from a woman's point of view. The film is an account of the minor adventures of two French girls, thirteen and fifteen, acted just right by Eleonore Klarwein and Odile Michel. Written and directed with confidence and precision by Diane Kurys. In French. (7/30/79) (57th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; starting Aug. 24.)

Queen Christina (1934)—Garbo great, with John Gilbert, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. She poses as a man, dressed in black velvet, in a famous inn scene in which she is asked to share a bedroom with the Spanish ambassador; no one has ever come near her ability as an actress to suggest opposite emotions at the same time, and her mixture here of the debonair and the bashful is delicately comic. The film ends, historically, with a heartrending closeup of Garbo's face that runs for eighty-five feet. When asked what he told Garbo to think of when she was doing the shot, Mamoulian replied, "Nothing, absolutely nothing." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 28.)

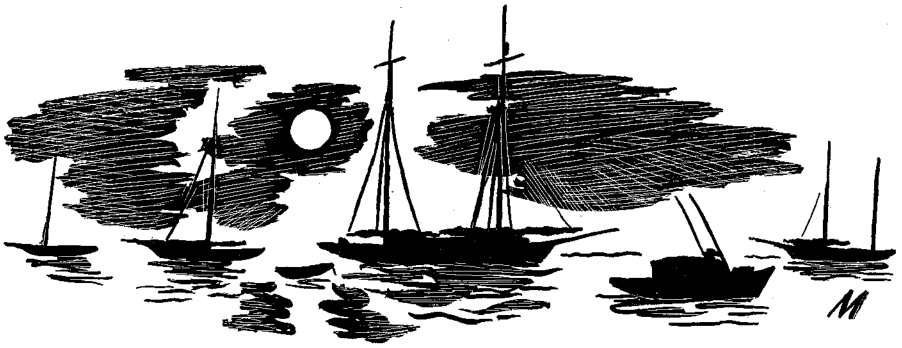
Rich Kids—With Trini Alvarado and Jeremy Levy, directed by Robert M. Young. (Baronet.)

Ride the High Country (1962)—Perhaps the most simple and traditional and graceful of all modern Westerns. Sam Peckinpah's small (and humane) classic is unassuming, and its elegiac poetry is plainer than that of Altman's "McCabe & Mrs. Miller," although the emotional complexity is comparable. That unpublicized fine actor Joel McCrea plays a former marshal who gets a job transporting gold; he signs up another former lawman, Randolph Scott, who has been working as a carnival sharpshooter, to help him. In the film's most astonishing and original sequence, the marriage of an innocent young girl (Mariette Hartley) takes place in a brothel in a mining camp, and the terrified bride realizes that the groom's brothers expect to share her; McCrea and Scott help her escape. The cinematography is by Lucien Ballard at his peerless best. (Regency; Aug. 28-29.)

Rocky II—As the ads say, "the story continues . . ." Practically repeats itself, in fact. Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadelphia). Different ending. "Rocky III" is in the works. (7/2/79) (Loews New York 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Aug. 23.)

The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone (1961)—The Tennessee Williams novella is in the tradition of D. H. Lawrence's "Lovely Lady" stories; it's about an aging widow, a proud, coldhearted bitch without cares or responsibilities, who learns that sex is all that holds her to life—that it's the only sensation that temporarily saves her from the meaningless drift of her existence. And so she picks up young men and pays them. José Quintero, who directed the film version, and Gavin Lambert, who did the adaptation, seem to think this idea so daring and unusual that they fumble around with it almost as much as the doctor in the movie of "Suddenly, Last Summer," who couldn't seem to cope with the simple facts of Sebastian's homosexuality and kept saying, "You *don't* mean *that*?". . . "No, it *can't* be *that*." "The Roman Spring" is so insistent about the "shocking" mechanics of buying love that this is what the film seems to be about, and by trying so diligently to make Mrs. Stone (Vivien Leigh) sympathetic and understandable the moviemakers kill all interest in her. Though the role seems ideal for Vivien Leigh, the director was a novice in films, and she seems parched and monotonous. (She was infinitely superior in a similar role in "The Deep Blue Sea.") The picture is a disappointment, but it's a try at a sexual study, and there are moments—especially when Warren Beatty is on the screen. As the young man Mrs. Stone becomes addicted to, the boyish young Beatty shows his gift for slyness. The cast includes Lotte Lenya, Ernest Thesiger, Coral Browne, Jill St. John, and Jeremy Spenser. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 28.)

Same Time, Next Year—A tepid, sweet meal. Genteel lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. The gimmick is the way that social changes and fashions in dress and ideas are reflected in these two, and the single joke is that adultery can be regulated and celebrated, just like marriage. Of course it can be, if you remove every ounce of passion and sexual tension from it, which is what the writer, Bernard Slade, and the director, Robert Mulligan, have done. If



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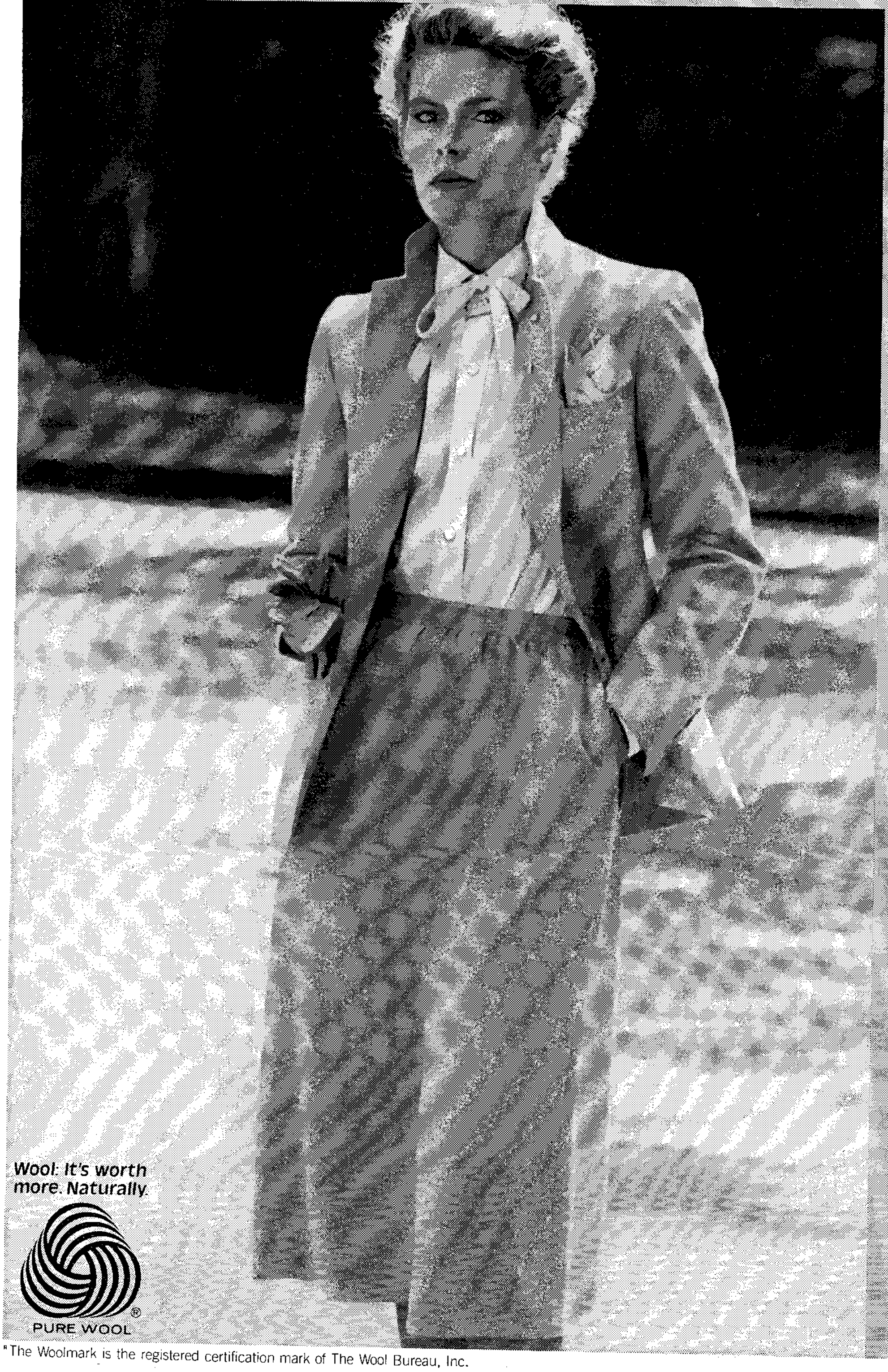

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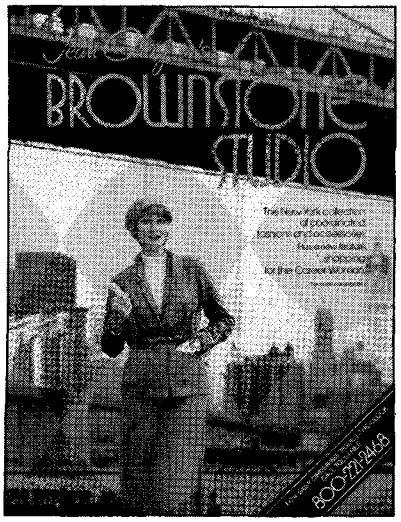
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someone you make the mistake of caring about insists on your going to this movie, take a small flashlight and a book. From Slade's two-character one-set Broadway hit. (12/4/78) (St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 24-30.)

The Seduction of Joe Tynan—An airless, pious study of political corruption (which, it is suggested, goes hand in hand with sleeping with Meryl Streep). The obvious is spelled out, and the interesting processes remain vague. Alan Alda, as Tynan, a young liberal senator, has a tight face and tinny voice that do not express the changes taking place inside the character. Streep and Barbara Harris provide delicious moments, and Melvyn Douglas, as an aging Southern senator, rises above the platitudes around him with touching dignity. Rip Torn is on hand for one of his madman turns, but the movie's schematic respectability domesticates him. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (8/20/79) (Bay Cinema, Gemini 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Little Carnegie.)

Soldier of Orange—With Rutger Hauer, Jeroen Krabbé, and Belinda Meuldijk; directed by Paul Verhoeven. In Dutch and English. (Beekman.)

Star Wars (1977)—Written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), the movie is about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. (The two last trudge across what is actually the Tunisian desert bickering inseparably, like man and wife in Beckett.) Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (Loews New York 2, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

State Fair (1933)—Will Rogers in a homey, good-natured comedy romance that was a huge popular success. He is the farmer who takes his big black-and-white hog, Blue Boy, to compete at the fair. (When the hog feels poorly, Rogers accuses it of shamming.) At the fair, the farmer's daughter, Janet Gaynor, meets a newspaperman, Lew Ayres, and the farmer's son, Norman Foster, encounters a trapeze performer, Sally Eilers; meanwhile the farmer's wife, Louise Dresser, wins prizes for her pickles, jams, and mincemeat. Frank Craven has a leading role, playing a storekeeper, and Victor Jory appears as a barker. The romance of Foster and Eilers is dismal, but the rest is highly satisfying. Henry King directed; based on Phil Stong's novel. Has been remade a couple of times, but this version is the best by far. It's folksy stuff, all right, but Will Rogers and Frank Craven knew how to satirize the characters they embodied, and Janet Gaynor knew how to sneak into the audience's heart. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 24.)

Street Angel (1928)—A silent film, with Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, and Guido Trento; directed by Frank Borzage. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 22.)

Sunburn—With Farrah Fawcett, Charles Grodin, and Art Carney; directed by Richard C. Sarafian. (Guild, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting Aug. 24.)

Sunny Side Up (1929)—This very early musical was an enormous success, and you can still see why. Full of twinkles and dimples and adorableness though it is, it has extraordinary charm. The romantic leads are Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell; the comics are Joe E. Brown and El Brendel. David Butler directed; a lovely score by DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson includes "If I Had a Talking Picture of You," "(I'm a Dreamer) Aren't We All?," and, of course, "Keep Your Sunny Side Up." (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 26.)

Sunrise (1927)—A strange (and silent) failed masterpiece by the great German director F. W. Murnau, who made this stylized, oddly Germanic movie in America. It got rather too self-consciously pictorial, but even in the alien milieu Murnau's direction is frequently masterly, and there are splendid sequences. From a Sudermann story. With Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien, and with Margaret Livingston as the temptress. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Aug. 23.)

El Super—A modest, non-polemical film about the adaptation of a small group of Cuban expatriates to life in New York. The main character is Roberto, a building superintendent beset by cold weather, the English language, and middle-age, who decides to move with his wife and daughter to Miami. Directed by Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal, and based on a play by Ivan Acosta. Roberto is played by Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato. In Spanish. (7/23/79) (Cinema Studio 2; through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Art; starting Aug. 31.)

Till Marriage Do Us Part—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Plaza.)

Too Hot to Handle (1938)—A lively Clark Gable-Myrna Loy comedy based on some very strange notions of heroism and ethics. Gable is a hotshot unscrupulous newsreel cameraman who fakes war stories and will do anything for a scoop. One of his dirty tricks wrecks Loy's reputation, and they carry on a love-hate affair that jumps around from China to the Amazon jungle. At one point, she rescues him by disguising herself as a witch doctor. Laurence Stallings and John Lee Mahin thought up this movie, and it must be meant to be a satire, but who can be sure of what? Jack Conway directed, for speed and wisecracks. With Walter Pidgeon, Walter Connolly, Leo Carrillo, Marjorie Main, and Al Shean. (Regency; Aug. 30-Sept. 1.)

The Tree of Wooden Clogs—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Cinema Studio 1; through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio 2; starting Aug. 24.)

Valentino (1977)—There is no artistry left in the director Ken Russell's work, but by attaching the names of actual people to his sadomasochistic fantasies, he gives the picture a nasty inside-joke appeal. The only redeeming element is Rudolf Nureyev in the title role; he doesn't evoke Valentino, but from time to time he has a captivating, very funny temperament of his own. His eagerness to please is at war with Russell's spitefulness—Russell turns the camera *against* his own performers. (11/7/77) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 26.)

Volpone (1939)—Louis Jouvet is the shameless, swindling Mosca to the crafty, raucous old Volpone of the great Harry Baur, but they both seem tired, and the Ben Jonson satire is weighed down by the lavish production, directed by Maurice Tourneur. The cast includes Jacqueline Delubac and Charles Dullin. In French. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 25-26.)

Why Not!—A beautifully generous, funny, emotionally detailed view of a three-sided love affair. Sami Frey, Mario Gonzalez, and Christine Murillo are the decent, loving three; Nicole Jamet has to decide whether to make it four. Written and directed by Coline Serreau, with the same sense of proportion the characters have about themselves; in her world, the uglier forms of unhappiness are becoming impossible. In French. (8/6/79) (Paris.)

Wifemistress—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Greenwich; starting Aug. 24.)

Wife Versus Secretary (1936)—Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, James Stewart, and Myrna Loy in the kind of hit picture M-G-M was famous for. The Faith Baldwin story still shows, but Norman Krasna, John Lee Mahin, and Alice Duer Miller all worked to give it a brittle shine, and Harlow the comedienne is best when the surface is hard. Clarence Brown directed. (Regency; Aug. 30-Sept. 1.)

Woyzeck—With Klaus Kinski and Eva Mattes, directed by Werner Herzog. In German. (Quad Cinema, and Cinema Studio 1; starting Aug. 24.)

The Wrong Man (1956)—An unusually serious Hitchcock film, based on a true story about an innocent man (Henry Fonda) sent to prison. The picture has an almost Kafka-esque nightmare realism to it, but the story line wanders diffusely instead of tightening, and the developments become tedious (though the final discovery of the right man is chillingly well done). With Vera Miles and Anthony Quayle. (Thalia; Aug. 26-28.)

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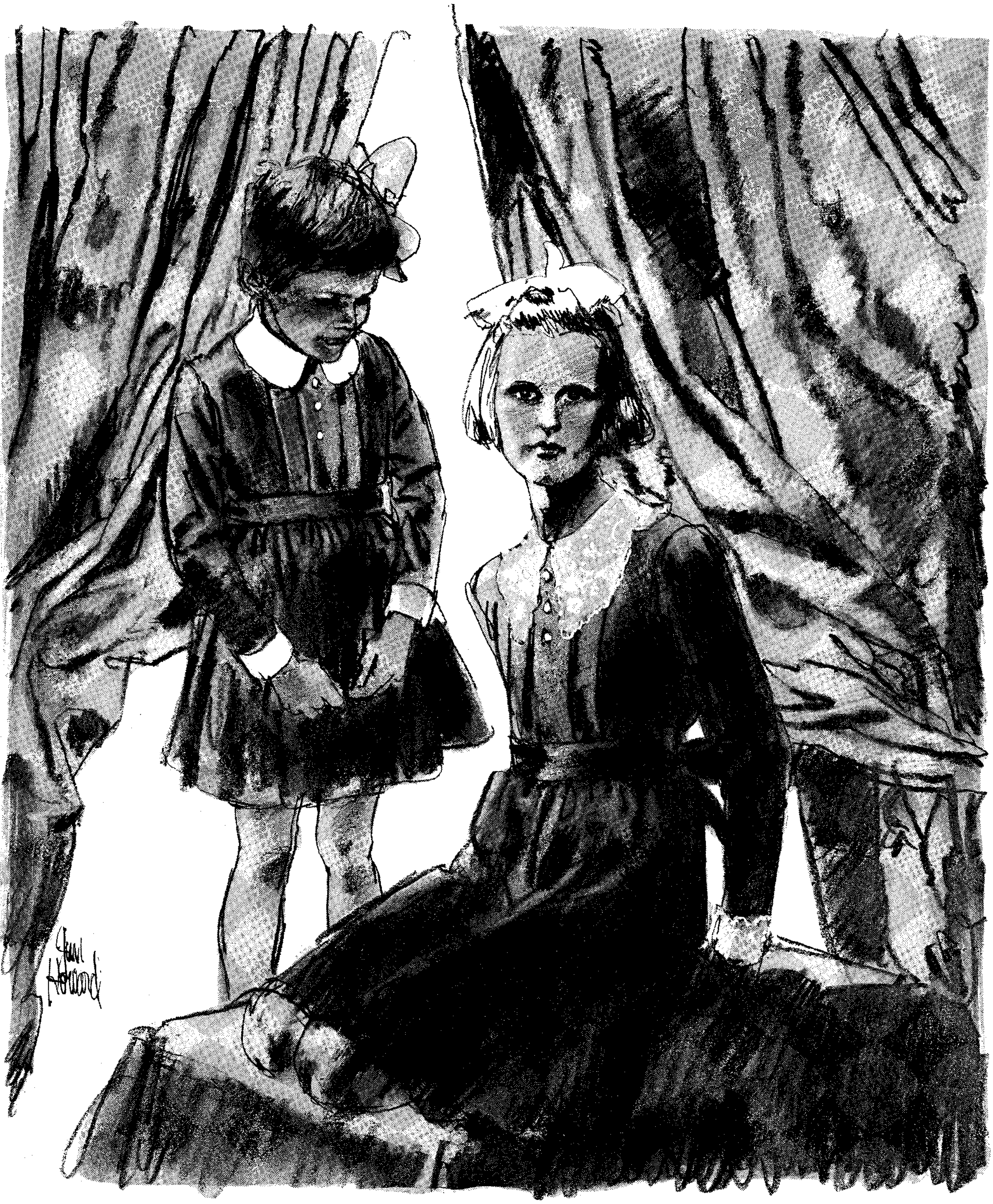

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

An old friend of ours died last week. He was in his nineties, and we had known him for many years. When we were young, we used to play with his grandchildren. We'd go over to their house—a white one, behind a white picket fence—and if we were lucky he would make an appearance. From a distance, he was rather formidable-looking, with a white mustache and solemn bearing. This was totally deceptive; of all the adults we knew, he was by far the most fun. With a little coaxing, he would entertain us; for example, he would tell us what time any train arrived at and departed from any station on any railroad in America. He was a lawyer, and perhaps it was part of his business, but he loved trains and was on excellent terms with railroad people. When the New York, New Haven & Hartford train he took from New York approached a point a couple of miles from his house in the country, it was—so rumor had it—his custom to hail the conductor and say, "Fred, do you smell a hotbox?" The conductor would sniff the air. "I'd better check on that," he would say. He'd stop the train, get out, and make a quick inspection of the axles while our friend disembarked to walk home cross-country.

Our friend would tell us jokes, and he would sing—either a cappella or accompanying himself on the piano. Some of the songs were early vaudeville—one was called "The Bowery," and we regarded it as a sidesplitter—and he also knew Gilbert and Sullivan *in toto*. We liked that, too—especially the patter songs. Sometimes he would give his grandsons haircuts, snipping away in the sunshine on the front lawn. Any of us neighborhood children who wanted to get in line could also have one. For a number of years, that's where we got our haircuts, free.

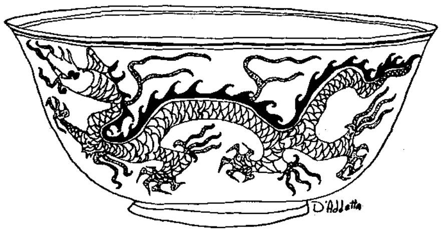
People are like picture puzzles, and when somebody special dies there's a feeling that those particular pieces will never be assembled again—that particular picture is gone. But some of us who were children long ago have become puzzles with certain small, odd pieces: the names of distant railroads; words to songs; the memory of haircuts on a green lawn.

• •

First Suburb

Brooklyn Heights—an area of some forty square blocks at the eastern end of the Brooklyn Bridge—has been at times one of the most popular residential neighborhoods in New York and at other times one of the least popular. Over the past couple of decades—to a great extent because of its historic buildings, its quiet and clean streets, and its felicitous situation only a few minutes from Manhattan—it has regained much of the cachet it had more than a century ago. On a recent Saturday morning, we joined a group that had been brought together by the National Park Service for a walking tour of the Heights. Since last spring, the Service has been scheduling tours of this sort for groups—many of them from foreign countries—who otherwise might not see much of New York City except what can be glimpsed from the windows of taxis and buses. A spokesman for the Service explained to us beforehand, "These groups can come to us and choose among six tours. Then, instead of telling these people, 'Meet at the corner of Such-and-Such Street,' which they may never have heard of, *we* go to *them*. We try to make things as comfortable for them as possible."

At about eleven, we joined a tour guide called Ed Mickens and eight people from the Mexican Foreign Trade Institute, which is a governmental import-export agency, outside the institute's headquarters, on East Fifty-seventh Street, for a tour of Brooklyn Heights. Mr. Mickens told us that while he usually leads tours for the Municipal Art Society, he had taken on this tour and a few others for the National Park Service. The members of the group, we learned, had been in New York for periods ranging from seven months to two years, and none of them had ever been to the Heights. One man and one woman said that they wanted to go by motorcycle, and they rode off on a Honda. Then Mr. Mickens escorted the six other people, and us, to the subway, on which we all travelled out to the Clark Street station, in the heart of the Heights. The two cyclists had already arrived and parked their vehicle, so the group set right off on the tour. Mr. Mickens, who is a tall, brown-haired, animated young fellow, began leading the group along Monroe Place.



"Brooklyn Heights is the highest point in Brooklyn, even though *nothing* is very high in Brooklyn," he told the group as it paused at the corner of Monroe Place and Pierrepont Street. "The Canarsee Indians used this area where we're standing as their central village. They called it Silver Birches. They built their huts here and lived here for centuries—until 1624, when a number of very peculiar large boats began to come up the harbor. In the early eighteenth century, gentlemen farmers began moving over here from Manhattan. They created large estates for themselves, and they used their own boats and barges to transport their produce. In 1814, the first regular steam-ferry service began, and that made the area even more accessible. Brooklyn Heights is generally considered to have been New York City's first suburb, though some people in Greenwich Village might disagree. The next big change came with the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, in 1883. That great structure changed everything. In effect, it ushered in the twentieth century. After it was built, of course, you didn't have the symbolic journey of taking the boat across the East River anymore. Instead, *anybody* could walk into your neighborhood, and that blew the whole game. The neighborhood began to change, because its exclusiveness was destroyed."

Several members of the group asked questions, and Mr. Mickens answered them as the group continued along Pierrepont, Hicks, Remsen, and Henry Streets, pausing from time to time to look at private homes, churches, and public buildings in the Gothic Revival, Romanesque, Italianate, Beaux-Arts, and Queen Anne styles. (Mr. Mickens pointed out that all the styles in this area should be regarded as being in the vernacular, and not the more academic styles of the same names which were once followed by well-known firms like McKim, Mead & White.) As the group walked along Joralemon Street, Mr. Mickens said that artifacts of metal and crockery had recently been dug up there, many of which had been thrown out as trash more than a century ago. The group stopped to pick up refreshments at a Key Food store on Montague Street, and then, as the tour continued, Mr. Mickens told the visitors that Brooklyn Heights went through yet another change of character around the time of the First World War, when it became rather well known for its brothels—and, later, for its speakeasies. During those same years, the St. George Hotel, which for many years was the largest hotel in New York City, became a gathering place for the Brooklyn Dodgers and their fans. In the nineteen-thirties, he said, the neighborhood entered a state of stagnation, from which it began to emerge in the late nineteen-forties, largely through the efforts of the Brooklyn Heights Association. The association, together with other civic organizations, scored a triumph in 1965, when the Heights was declared the first historic district in New York City. (There had been historic buildings and monuments but never an entire historic district.)

At around two o'clock, the group headed for a lookout point on the East River known as the Promenade and affording a magnificent view of the harbor, and on the way there everybody stopped near the corner of Willow and Pierrepont Streets to admire three red brick houses whose austere black doors were bordered by slender Ionic columns. Outside one of the houses was a plaque that read:

LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK
155-157-159 WILLOW STREET

BUILT OF BRICK LAID IN FLEMISH BOND, THESE THREE BUILDINGS, ALL LISTED IN CITY DIRECTORIES PRIOR TO 1830, ARE AMONG THE BEST SURVIVING EXAMPLES OF FEDERAL STYLE ROW HOUSES OF THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY. AN UNDERGROUND TUNNEL, LIGHTED BY A SKYLIGHT IN THE PAVING NEAR THE GATE TO NUMBER 157, LEADS FROM NUMBER 159 TO A POST-CIVIL WAR STABLE.

"We've seen a lot of old buildings today," Mr. Mickens said as the group resumed its walk toward the Promenade, where the tour was to conclude. "And we've seen some new ones, too. Some things have been lost to us forever; for example, none of the Heights' old great-estate houses are left. But we should not regret *all* the losses. People have been making their homes here for hundreds of years, and at different epochs they have had different needs. A neighborhood is a living thing."

Leasan Gaidhlig

A WOMAN we know, Scottish-born, English-speaking, resident in New York, and intrepid all over the map, was stricken recently with a craving to learn Scottish Gaelic. Samuel Johnson might not have approved, but this is the twentieth century and Gaelic is making a comeback. Under "Scottish" in the Manhattan telephone directory our friend found "Scottish National Party Assn 230 Park Av." If anyone wanted to preserve the gutturals of the ancient tongue, she figured, surely it was the S.N.P.A.

Over the phone came a voice gruff, direct, and with a reassuring burr: "Ye can learn it here. Are ye single?"

"What a strange question!" our friend said.

"Well, there are aboot ten men who come here that are lookin' for a wife," the spokesman explained.

When our friend, who is married, turned up at 230 Park, she was directed to Suite 464, where she had no trouble identifying the owner of the voice, for he matched it. His name was John Macree, and he looked as though he could toss the caber all the way to Staten Island. On the door of Suite 464 were gilt letters saying "Blue-Sky Tours." That proved to be his business. His pleasure is a sideline as vice-president of the S.N.P.A., of which his wife, Thea, is also an extremely active member. One phone is the association's link to the outside world, and everything except this line belongs to Blue-Sky.

Mr. Macree provides free space every Monday evening for Gaelic lessons, and sometimes as many as twelve students, along with the Macrees, crowd into one of Blue-Sky's five small rooms. They scrounge for chairs, and huddle like conspirators learning a tongue banned by the Sassenachs. Promptly at five, Larry Siegel, the Gaelic teacher, arrives. Even though he wears a substantial beard, he looks not a day over his age, which is twenty-nine. His pace is relaxed, his voice soft, his manner mild. On occasion, he diffidently suggests homework, whereupon the students mutter ominously, threatening to raise the banner of rebellion, but he gently insists. On other occasions, the class sits in silence for moments at a time while thoughts wander off to the Hebrides, and struggle back reluctantly at his polite suggestion.

"It's basically an oral language," he told our friend. "Very little was written until the eighteenth century. One person will pronounce it and spell it differently from another. Take the word for 'nut.' In Gaelic, it's pronounced 'craw' or 'knaa,' and it's usually spelled c-n-o. *An* is 'the.' *Beag* is 'little.' It'll drive you crazy. When you go through the Hebrides, they're the loveliest people. From Inverness out to Portree, your landladies will be like grandmothers. Some people, even on the islands, think Gaelic is a dying language. It's a reviving language. It's been sick, but it's getting better. If you go to Lewis or Harris or some of the smaller islands, you'll find some people who speak only Gaelic."

Donald C. Ross, whose father came from Avoch, Black Isle, County of Ross and Cromarty, is the most advanced of the students. He began studying the language because he wanted to get closer to his roots. During business hours, he is chief of the computer center at the Psychiatric Institute, on West 168th Street. "I think computer language is easier than Gaelic," he said. "With computers, you learn a rule and it always works. With Gaelic, you learn a rule and it never works again. It's harder than German. There all the changes are at the end of the word, and here they're at the beginning and also at the end, and sometimes in the middle." In recent weeks, our friend learned, Mr. Ross had been absorbed in "Calum agus an

Cat" ("Malcolm and the Cat"), a children's book of lofty morals and defiant orthography. "I've got up to where they're building a snowman," he told his fellow-students. "When I get started on a good book, I just can't put it down." The class listened attentively as Mr. Ross read and translated: "Alasdair chased the cat under the table and Malcolm said Alasdair was not a nice boy at all."

"What is this mysterious calm that has suddenly engulfed me, Miriam?"

To any student who looks like a promising recruit for the S.N.P.A., Mrs. Macree will lend her copy of "*Fichead Leasan Gaidhlig*—Twenty Gaelic Lessons," a text with ten accompanying long-playing records of peerless artistry. Poetry surfaces on Side 3—words and music of the patriotic air "Brochan Lom." *Brochan* means "gruel;" *lom* means "watery." The message is stirring enough to bring tears to the eyes of Mr. Siegel. "I was born in Elkins, West Virginia," he explained. "My name was originally William Aiken Laird III. One of my father's great-grandfathers came from Scotland in the mid-nineteenth century. My mother's people were Scots-Irish and came over in the eighteenth century. They were McClungs, McGees, and Logans. There are thousands of McClungs in West Virginia. My wife is Chinese, and my mother's a hillbilly. She divorced and remarried, and that's how my name changed from Laird to Siegel. My grandparents—my adopted father's parents, that is—spoke in Yiddish when they didn't want me to understand. My maternal grandmother always called me Lairdie, which got corrupted into Larry."

Mr. Siegel lives in Tarrytown and commutes to class by train. Between trains, he writes promotion for I.B.M. and dreams of the day when he will be serving the cause of Gaelic in a large room, a whole school, a great academy, with multitudes clamoring for instruction. "My first trip to Scotland was in 1972," he said. "It was like coming home, and I never wanted to leave. I knew Scottish history, and when I was in graduate school I got caught up in Gaelic as a foreign language. Gaelic is a very difficult language if you don't have native speakers. We do have one native speaker who's associated with this class, but she's very busy and she rarely gets here."

Mr. Macree, who came from Scotland about fifty years ago, learned no Gaelic there. Mrs. Macree has a way with words, though little free time for study. Born in Germany, she mastered her native language, conquered English, French, Latin, and Spanish, and then took on Japanese. "I could ask directions," she said. "I could ask for a cup of hot tea. From Japanese I went to Chinese, and from Chinese I went to Gaelic. I find that Gaelic and Chinese resemble each other."

Blue-Sky is not a cold and sterile, chrome-and-steel travel agency. Papers on the desks look well travelled, and walls are festooned with cozy photographs of Black Watch soldiers in dress kilt and of kilted civilians joining arms and smiling self-consciously as they do the Highland fling.

"We come to work about quarter to eight in the morning and sometimes stay till quarter to eight at night," Mr. Macree said. "Meanwhile, the Party is growing bigger and bigger, and we haven't enough time for it. We have almost fifty members. It's something to give the people at home a boost."

Mrs. Macree's job twelve hours a day is helping her husband run Blue-Sky. Overtime, she is editor-in-chief of the *Scotia News*, a monthly journal redolent of her husband's native heath. "When Mr. Macree started *Scotia*

News, he said I wouldn't have anything to do with it," she said. "Then I put my head in the noose and became the editor. One of my friends says I'm a stouter Scot than any of them."

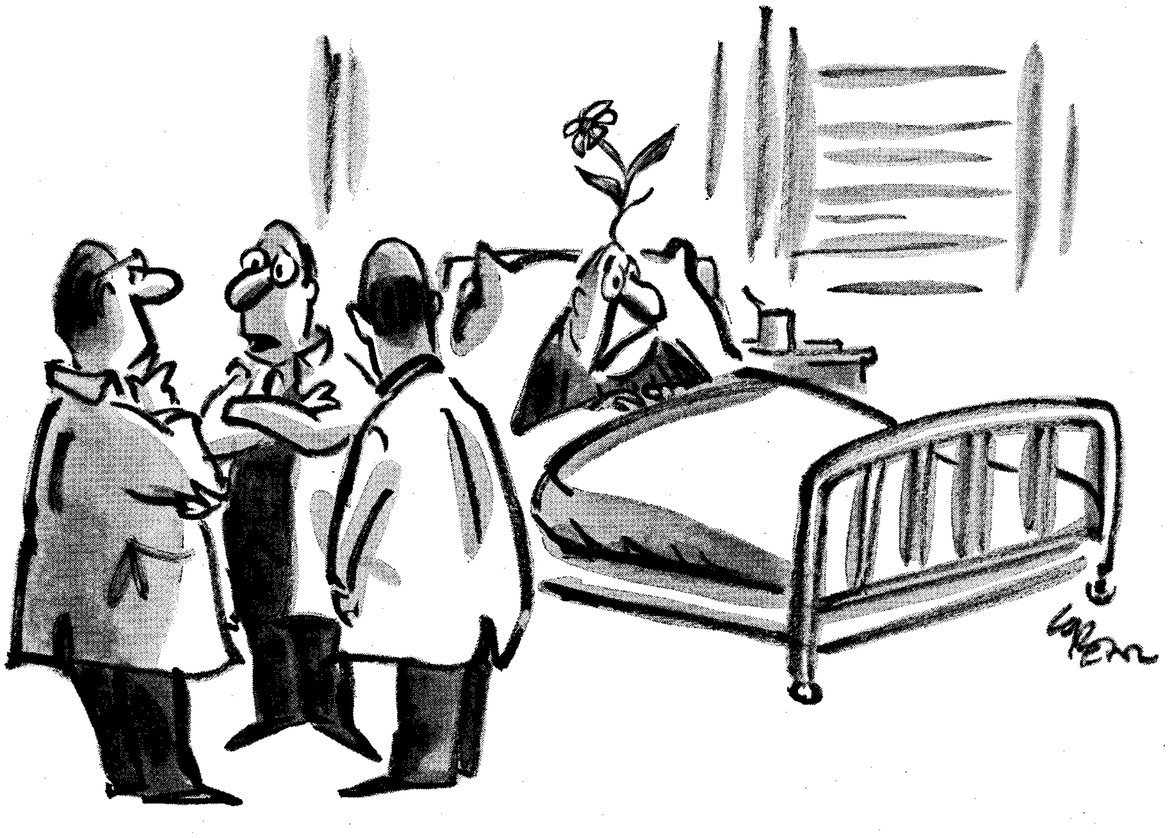
The Tap

HENRY GALIANO tries not to wax evangelical when he describes what it's like to go to the kitchen for a drink of tap water, but lately he has been getting carried away. Lately, it has occurred to him that whenever he gets thirsty and drinks a glass of cold tap water the way he feels is deeply quenched and slightly euphoric. There is nothing unusual about the kitchen faucet in Galiano's apartment—a studio on the upper West Side. There *is*, it turns out, something unusual about the contents of the apartment—several bison skulls, and mounted heads of pronghorn antelope, wildebeest, kudu, Grant's gazelle, Cape buffalo, eland, and bighorn sheep, along with some stuffed animals (tortoise, chipmunk, squirrel) and birds (a mounted Egyptian vulture and two hundred or so smaller ones), all of which make the place seem like a tiny annex of the Museum of Natural History, where Galiano works—but the décor has nothing to do with Galiano's feelings about the local tap water. His job title at the museum is curatorial assistant. He doesn't have a doctorate—or, for that matter, a bachelor's degree. He is an on-the-job-trained vertebrate paleontologist, and he frequently travels around the country on digs and frequently attends scholarly conferences to deliver research papers that have catchy titles like "*Chasmaporthetes kani*, New Species from China, with Remarks on Phylogenetic Relationships of Genera Within the Hyaenidae (Mammalia, Carnivora)." Sometimes when he leaves town he takes a plastic jug of New York City water with him. Although Galiano is twenty-eight years old, his family and friends call him Baby—it has been his nickname since he was hatched. He would like them to come to think of him as the Father of New York Water.

As of just the other day, you can go to the New York, New York shop on the main floor of Macy's and, for two dollars and a half, buy twenty-eight ounces of New York Water. It comes in a slender clear-glass bottle with a metal crimped cap and a gold-and-black Art Deco label bearing a silhouette of the Manhattan skyline, the logotype "Celebrated New York Water," and the slogan "The Drink of Millions." It's the same stuff that comes out of Henry Galiano's faucet and fifteen million others. In this case, it was bottled by a man in Brooklyn named Alvin Schoenfeld. Last February, not long after Galiano was struck with the inspiration for New York Water—which he regards as a perfect marriage of the Pet Rock madness and the bottled-water madness—he consulted two of his friends, John Phufas and Bert Monroy, and they have since become his partners in a company called Water Ventures, Incorporated. Phufas is a lawyer who has made a hobby of getting to know all the Greek coffee shops on Second Avenue. Most of the Water Ventures, Incorporated, product-development and marketing-strategy conferences were held in Second Avenue Greek coffee shops, where the principals usually ordered a round of water and, because they were working within a tight budget, very little else. At a crucial stage, Phufas consulted a mystic reader and adviser in Bohemia, Long Island, who told him, in effect, to draw up papers of incorporation. Monroy, who is a graphic designer, started thinking bottle shapes, label designs, and ad campaigns. One partner found the right bottle; one found Alvin Schoenfeld, who owns a bottling plant; one put them in touch with somebody at Macy's; and one commissioned product research that convinced all of them that New York City water—and, hence, New York Water—really is better than other water.

"Did you ever drink Connecticut water?" Monroy asked us when we met the three partners at Galiano's apartment. "It's wet in your mouth but then you swallow it and it's *gone!* But New York Water—a lot of it's runoff from the Catskills—quenches, it has good mineral content and a sparkling taste, it's our No. 1 natural resource. It's almost too good for this city."

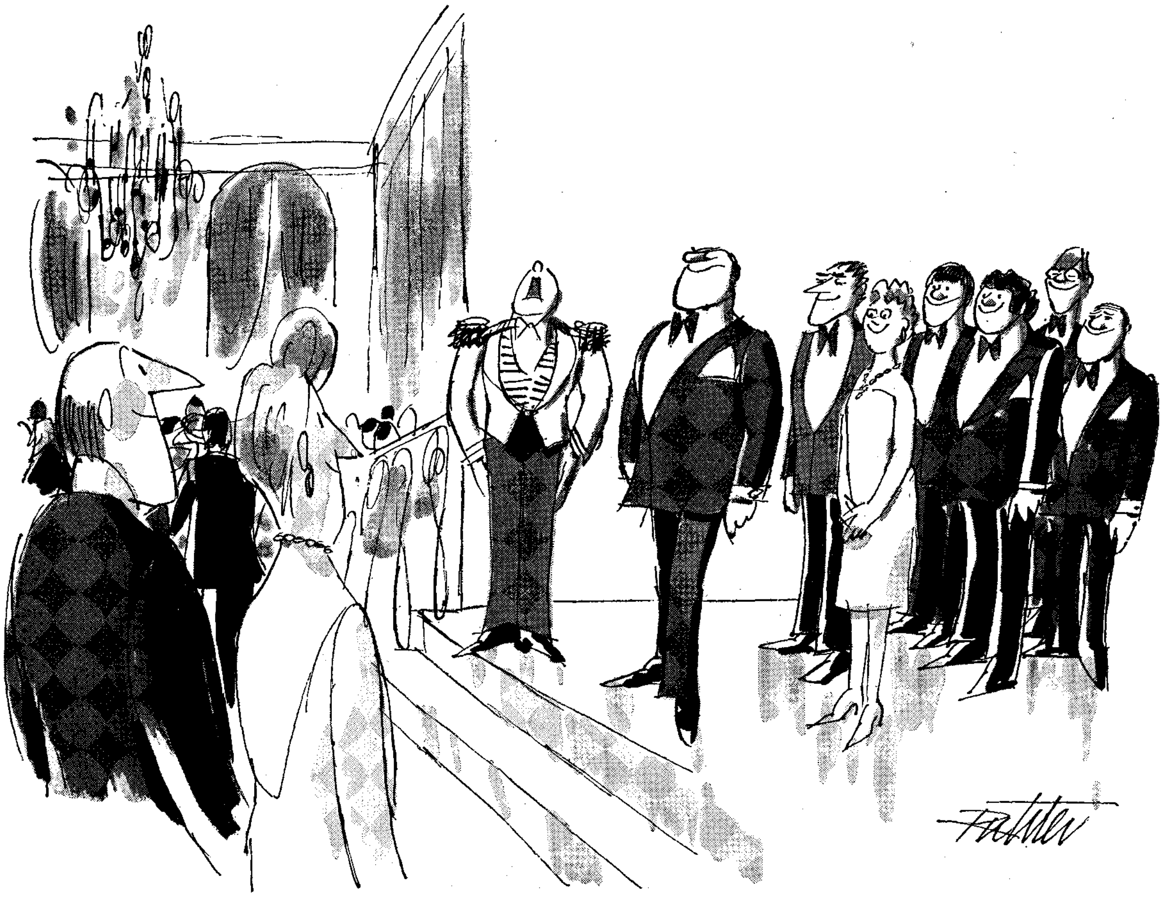
"I wouldn't have minded putting a little carbon dioxide in it, giving it some fizz," said Phufas, "but Bert and Baby voted me down every time, two to one. I think they were right. Macy's liked this from the start, but they were talking a little too fast for us. They started talking ancillary products—shower curtains, baby bottles, towels, some of which we'll go with—and it took us a long time to convince them



"In my opinion, gentlemen, what we have here is a rather extraordinary example of the greenhouse effect."

that *this* is the product." He reached out and patted a bottle of New York Water that stood nearby.

"I have ideas for this that I can't even talk about," said Galiano. "But, just to give you one, we should supply the Olympic team with water. We know how much that would cost per case. We'll send it over to Moscow. But the logistics of the whole enterprise are tough. Like, we wanted to give Mayor Koch the first bottle, but that sort of thing is hard to do, because when you call people up and talk about an idea like this one a lot of them say, 'Who are *you*?' The answer is 'I'm Baby Galiano,' but they don't know what that means." He leaned his chair back against a wooden shelf that was loaded with jars of reptiles preserved in alcohol. "Think about this one: Los Angeles. Just think about it. We should be able to ship this out to Los Angeles, to supermarkets, for New Yorkers living out there. Our water's a light water. You don't feel bloated after you drink it. Out in L.A., I think that New Yorkers would drink this as a legitimate product. At least, the possibility is open. We're going to leave it open."



"Senator William J. Billworth and his team!"

• •

This Concert

A FRIEND has passed on the following from his twenty-three-year-old daughter, who works as a mason on Cape Cod:

We finished a chimney in Chatham ahead of schedule, and even got paid, so my partner Jim and I took the truck to the Berkshires to catch the third day of the 1979 Berkshire Mountains Bluegrass Festival. It was being held on top of a huge mountain in Ancramdale, New York. We drove along curving roads up to a farm, and parked behind the barn, where there were already hundreds of cars and trucks. Then we walked across a field to the base of the mountain, and climbed into a hay wagon with wooden sides. You had to step up onto a bale of hay to get in, and the wagon was full of people with babies and coolers and blankets. A tractor pulled it along a dirt road that went twisting up the mountain. The trip took about twenty minutes, going through enormous wild fields with foggy purple mountains in the distance. It was about 5 P.M. when we got to the top. Three hills made a bowl-shaped area that curved down to a small stage of rough boards at the bottom. There were maybe five thousand people sitting on the grass or on blankets or on folding chairs, but there was plenty of room for everybody, and everybody was in a good mood. We sat down about twenty feet from the stage. Behind us, along the rim of the bowl, there were tents and trailers, and even one tepee, belonging to members of the audience who were camping out for the festival; it looked like a pioneer settlement. We were immediately wiped out by the great music—one group after another, a lot of them in dressed-up-country-boy double knits and cowboy hats, or red shirts with black vests. Guitars and banjos and fiddles, and singing in four-part and five-part harmony. Gradually, it became dusk. All the colors were standing out when suddenly we saw coming up over the edge of the bowl this huge *shape*. Nobody knew what it was or where it came from. It was round, and it was rising. It got bigger and bigger, and seemed to fill the whole sky on that side of the mountain. Everybody was stunned. Then we realized that it was a hot-air balloon, with a wicker basket that had three people in it. It was a beautiful balloon—not a Budweiser ad, or garish; the patterns were geometric and subtle, in blues, purples, and greens—and as it rose it caught the last of the sunlight. The music kept on as the balloon drifted silently over our heads. It seemed as if it were making a mystical statement: "This concert was meant to be." Then it floated off, got smaller and smaller, and disappeared. Later, we climbed to the very tip of the mountain to see the sunset. You could see for miles and miles, and there were bright streaks of red and gold as the sun slid down into the dark mountains. We came back in time to hear Bill Monroe perform. He wore a powder-blue suit and the most beautiful white cowboy hat you ever saw, and after that we walked down the mountain in the dark. There were no lights, and we walked barefoot in the warm dirt, sort of feeling our way with our toes. Stars were out, and we could hear the music all the way down. Then we got in our truck and went home.

HOLIDAYS

I SIT on the porch facing the mountains. I sit on a wicker couch looking out the window at a field of day lilies. I walk into a room where someone—an artist, maybe—has stored some empty canvases. I drink a glass of water. I put the empty glass, from which I have just drunk the water, on a table. I notice two flies, one sitting on top of the other, flying around the room. I scratch my scalp, I scratch my thighs. I lift my arms up and stretch them above my head. I sigh. I spin on my heels once. I walk around the dining-room table three times. I see a book lying on the dining-room table, and I pick it up. The book is called "An Illustrated Encyclopedia of Butterflies and Moths." I leaf through the book, looking only at the pictures, which are bright and beautiful. From my looking through the book, the word "thorax" sticks in my mind. "Thorax," I say, "thorax, thorax," I don't know how many times. I bend over and touch my toes. I stay in that position until I count to one hundred. As I count, I pretend to be counting off balls in an abacus. As I count the balls, I pretend that they are the colors red, green, blue, and yellow. I walk over to the fireplace. Standing in front of the fireplace, I try to write my name in the dead ashes with my big toe. I cannot write my name in the dead ashes with my big toe. My big toe, now dirty, I try to clean by rubbing it vigorously on a clean royal-blue rug. The royal-blue rug now has a dark spot, and my big toe has a strong burning sensation. Oh, sensation. I am filled with sensation. I feel—oh, how I feel. I feel, I feel, I feel. I have no words right now for how I feel. I take a walk down the road in my bare feet. I feel the stones on the road, hard and sharp against my soft, almost pink soles. Also, I feel the hot sun beating down on my bare neck. It is midday. Did I say that? Must I say that? Oh me, oh my. The road on which I walk barefoot leads to the store—the village store. Should I go to the village store or should I not go to the village store? I can if I want. If I go to the village store, I can buy a peach. The peach will be warm from sitting in a box in the sun. The peach will not taste sweet and the peach will not taste sour. I will know that I am eating a peach only by looking at it. I will not go to the store. I will sit on the porch facing the mountains.

I sit on the porch facing the mountains. The porch is airy and spacious. I am the only person sitting on the porch. I look at myself. I can see myself. That is, I can see my chest, my abdomen, my legs, and my arms. I cannot see my hair, my ears, my face, or my collarbone. I can feel them, though. My nose is moist with sweat. Locking my fingers, I put my hands on my head. I see a bee, a large bumblebee, flying around aimlessly. I remove my hands from resting on my head, because my arms are tired. But also I have just remembered a superstition: if you sit with your hands on your head, you will kill your mother. I have many superstitions. I believe all of them. Should I read a book? Should I make myself something to drink? But what? And hot or cold? Should I write a letter? I should write a letter. I will write a letter. "Dear So-and-So, I am . . . and then I got the brilliant idea . . . I was very amusing. . . . I had enough, I said. . . . I saw what I came to see, I thought. . . . I am laughing all the way to the poorhouse. I grinned. . . . I just don't know anymore. I remain, etc." I like my letter. Perhaps I shall keep my letter to myself. I fold up the letter I have just written and put it between the pages of the book I am trying to read. The book is lying in my lap. I look around me, trying to find something on which to focus my eyes. I see ten ants. I count them as they wrestle with a speck of food. I am not fascinated by that. I see my toes moving up and down as if they were tapping out a beat. Why are my toes tapping? I am fascinated by that. A song is going through my mind. It goes, "There was a man from British Guiana, Who used to play a piana. His foot slipped, His trousers ripped . . ." I see, I see. Yes. Now. Suddenly I am tired. I am yawning. Perhaps I will take a nap. Perhaps I will take a long nap. Perhaps I will take a nice long nap. Perhaps, while taking my nap, I will have a dream, a dream in which I am not sitting on the porch facing the mountains.

"I HAVE the most sensible small suitcase in New York.

"I have the most sensible small car in New York.

"I will put my sensible small suitcase in my sensible small car and drive on a sensible and scenic road to the country.

"In the country, I live in a sensible house.

"I am a sensible man.

"It is summer.

"Look at that sunset. Too orange.

"These pebbles. Not pebbly enough.

"A house with interesting angles.

"For dinner I will eat scallops. I love the taste of scallops.

"These are my chums—the two boys and the girl. My chums are the most beautiful chums. The two boys know lumberjacks in Canada, and the girl is fragile. After dinner, my chums and I will play cards, and while playing cards we will tell each other jokes—such funny jokes—but later, thinking back, we will be so pained, so unsettled."

THE deerflies, stinging and nesting in wet, matted hair; broken bottles at the bottom of the swimming hole; mosquitoes; a family of skunks eating the family garbage; a family of skunks spraying the family dog; washing the family dog with cans of tomato juice to remove the smell of the skunks; a not too fast-moving woodchuck crossing the road; running over the not too fast-moving woodchuck; the camera forgotten, exposed in the hot sun; the prism in the camera broken, because the camera has been forgotten, exposed in the hot sun; spraining a finger while trying to catch a cricket ball; spraining a finger while trying to catch a softball; stepping on dry brambles while walking on the newly cut hayfields; the hem of a skirt caught in a barbed-wire fence; the great sunstroke, the great pain, the not at all great day spent in bed.

INSIDE, the house is still. Outside, the blind man takes a walk. It is midday, and the blind man casts a short, fat shadow as he takes a walk. The blind man is a young man, twenty-seven. The blind man has been blind for only ten years. The blind man was infatuated with the driver of his school bus, a woman. No. The blind man was in love with the driver of his school bus, a woman. The blind man saw the driver of his school bus, a woman, kissing a man. The blind man killed the driver of his school bus, a woman, and then tried to kill himself. He didn't die, so now he is just a blind man. The blind man is pale and sickly-looking. He doesn't return a greeting. Everybody knows this, and they stay away from him. Not even the dog pays any attention to his comings and goings.

"BUT things are so funny here."

"But where? But how?"

"We are going to the May fair, but it's July. They are dancing a May dance around a Maypole, but it's July.

They are crowning a May queen, but it's July. At Christmas, just before our big dinner, we take a long swim in the warm seawater. After that, we do not bathe, and in the heat the salt dries on our bodies in little rings."

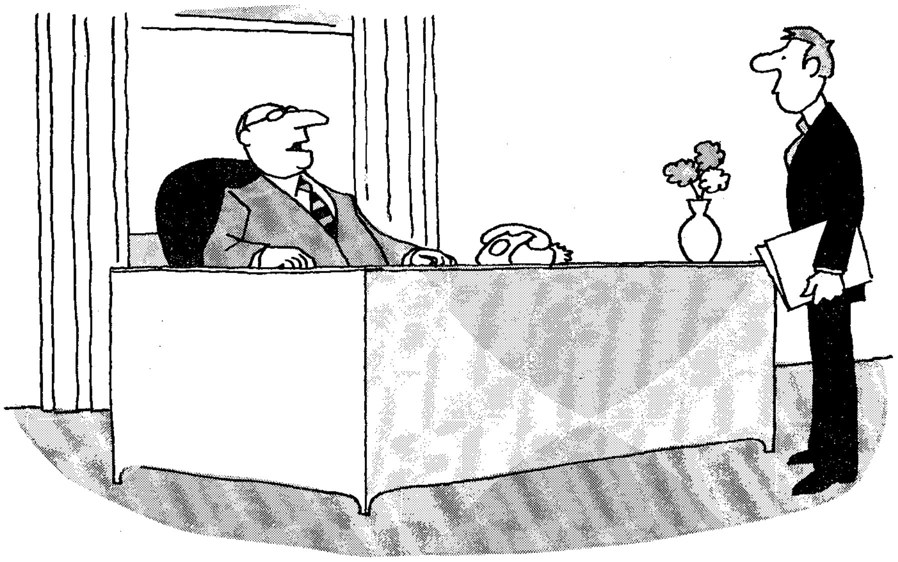
"Aren't things funny here?"

"Yes, things are funny here."

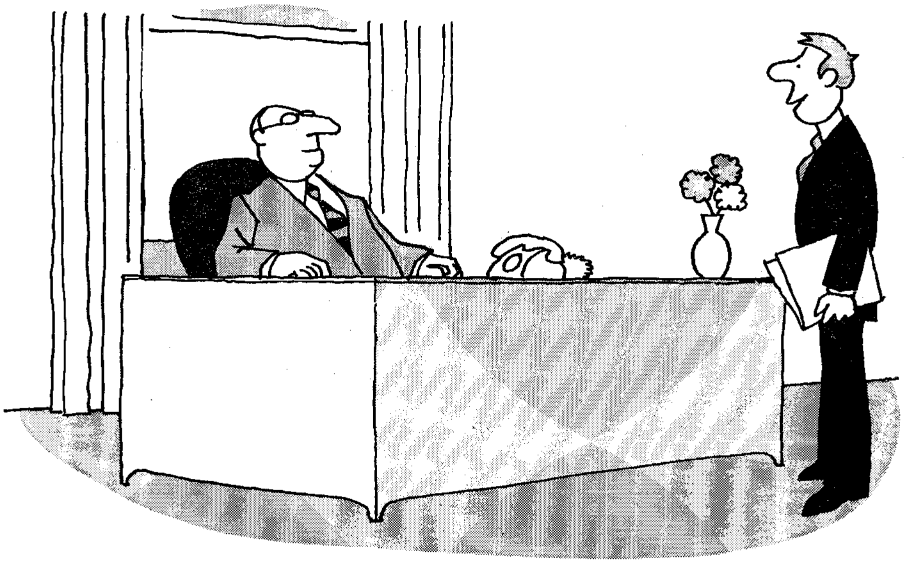
THE two boys are fishing in Michigan, catching fish with live frogs. The two boys do not need a comfortable bed and a nice pillow at night, or newly baked bread for breakfast, or roasted beef on Sundays, or hymns in a cathedral, or small-ankled children wearing white caps, or boxes of fruit from the tropics, or nice greetings and sad partings, or light bulbs, or the tremor of fast motor vehicles, or key chains, or a run-down phonograph, or rubbish baskets, or meek and self-sacrificing women, or inkwells, or shaving kits. The two boys have visited the Mark Twain museum in Missouri and taken photographs. The two boys have done many things and taken photographs. Here are the two boys milking two cows in Wyoming. Here are the two boys seated on the hood of their car just after changing the tire. Here are the two boys dressed up as gentlemen. Here are the two boys dressed up as gentlemen and looking for large-breasted women.

THAT man, a handsome man; that woman, a beautiful woman; those children, such gay children; great laughter; wild and sour berries; wild and sweet berries; pink and blue-black berries; fields with purple flowers, blue flowers, yellow flowers; a long road; a long and curved road; a car with a collapsible top; big laughs; big laughing in the bushes; no, not the bushes—the barn; no, not the barn—the house; no, not the house—the trees; no, not the trees, no; big laughing all the same; a crushed straw hat that now fits lopsided; milk from a farm; eggs from a farm; a farm; in the mountains, no clear reception on the radio; no radio; no clothes; no free-floating anxiety; no anxiety; no automatic-lighting stoves; a walk to the store; a walk; from afar, the sound of great laughing; the piano; from afar, someone playing the piano; late-morning sleepiness; many, many brown birds; a big blue-breasted bird; a smaller red-breasted bird; food roasted on sticks; ducks; wild ducks; a pond; so many wide smiles; no high heels; buying many funny postcards; sending many funny postcards; taking the rapids; and still, great laughter.

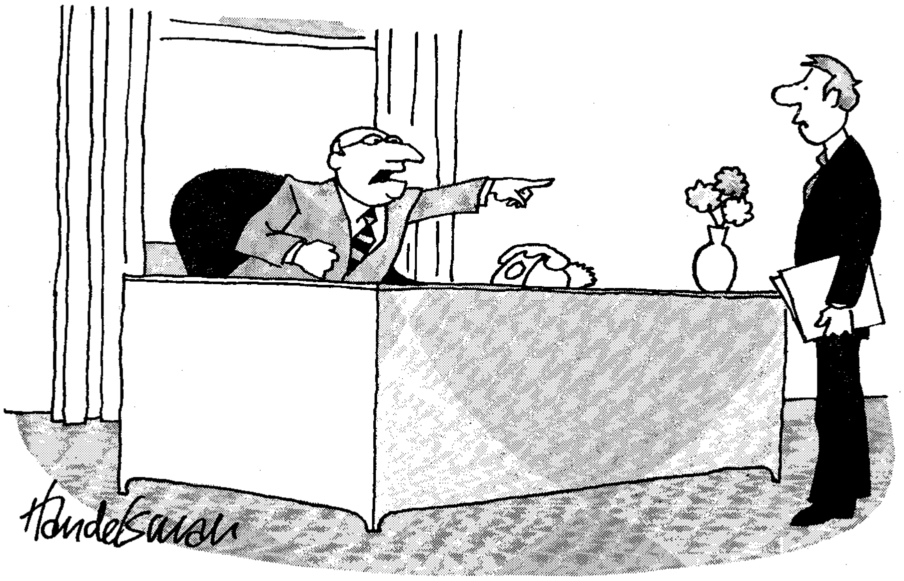
—Jamaica Kincaid



"After all this time, Morgan, I've discovered that your first name is Leonard. May I call you Lennie?"



"Please do, sir."



"Any more loafing around the typing pool and you're out on your duff, Lennie."

ATTITUDE

LONG ago I passed the point in life when major-league ballplayers begin to be younger than yourself. Now all of them are, except for a few aging trigenarians and a couple of quadros who don't get around on the fastball as well as they used to and sit out the second games of doubleheaders. However, despite my age (thirty-seven), I am still active and have a lot of interests. One of them is slow-pitch softball, a game that lets me go through the motions of baseball without getting beaned or having to run too hard. I play on a pretty casual team, one that drinks beer on the bench and substitutes freely. If a player's wife or girlfriend wants to play, we give her a glove and send her out to right field, no questions asked, and if she lets a pop fly drop six feet in front of her, nobody agonizes over it.

Except me. This year. For the first time in my life, just as I am entering the dark twilight of my slow-pitch career, I find myself taking the game very seriously. It isn't the bonehead play that bothers me especially—the pop fly that drops untouched, the slow roller juggled and the ball then heaved ten feet over the first baseman's head and into the next diamond, the routine singles that go through outfielders' legs for doubles and triples with gloves flung after them. No, it isn't our stone-glove fielding or pussyfooted baserunning or limp-wristed hitting that gives me fits, though these have put us on the short end of some mighty ridiculous scores this summer. It's our attitude.

Bottom of the ninth, down 18–3, two outs, a man on first and a woman on third, and our third baseman strikes out. *Strikes out!* In slow-pitch, not even your grandmother strikes out, but this guy does, and after his third strike—a wild swing at a ball that bounces on the plate—he topples over in the dirt and lies flat on his back, laughing. *Laughing!*

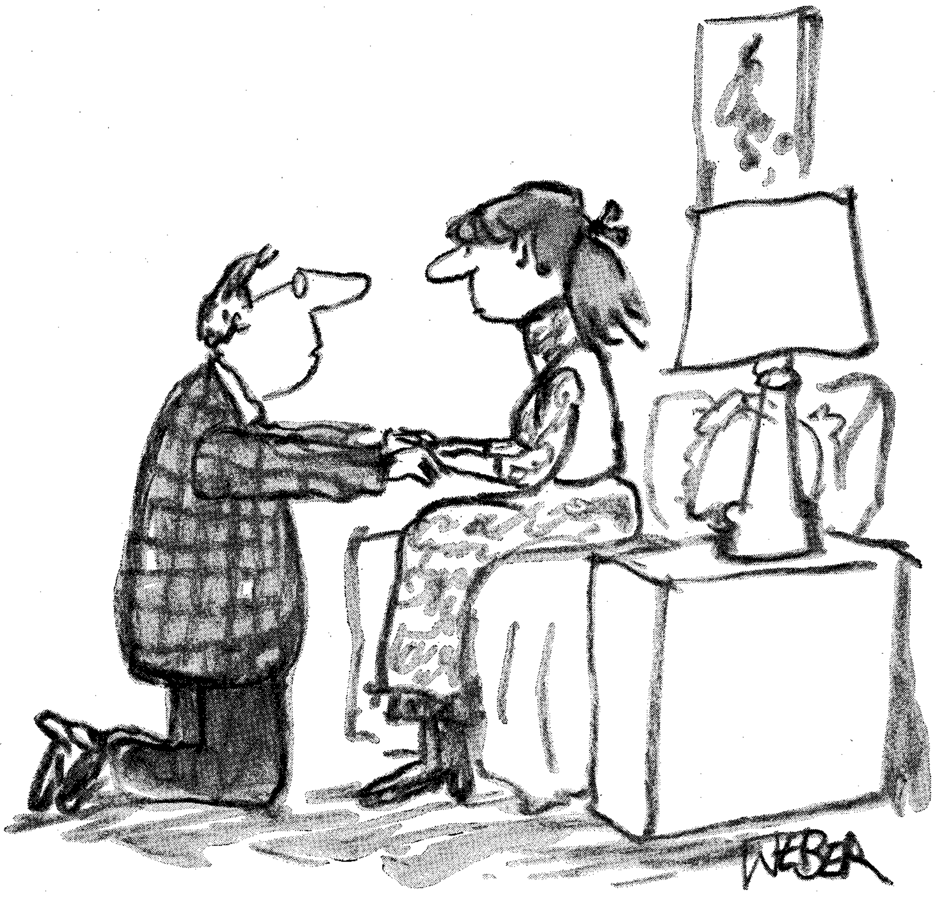
Same game, earlier. They have the bases loaded. A weak grounder is hit toward our second baseperson. The runners are running. She picks up the ball, and she looks at them. She looks at first, at second, at home. We yell, "Throw it! Throw it!," and she throws it, underhand, at the pitcher, who has turned and run to back up the catcher. The ball rolls across the third-base line and under the bench. Three runs score. The batter, a fatso, chugs into second. The other team hoots and hollers, and what does she do? She shrugs and smiles ("Oh, silly me"); after all, it's only a game. Like the aforementioned strikeout artist, she treats her error as a joke. They have forgiven themselves instantly, which is unforgivable. It is *we* who should forgive them, who can say, "It's all right, it's only a game." They are supposed to throw up their hands and kick the dirt and hang their heads, as if this boner, even if it is their sixteenth of the afternoon—*this* is the one that really and truly breaks their hearts.

That attitude sweetens the game for everyone. The sinner feels sweet remorse. The fatso feels some sense of accomplishment; this is no bunch of rumdums he forced into an error but a team with some class. We, the sinner's teammates, feel momentary anger at her—dumb! dumb play!—but then, seeing her grief, we sympathize with her in our hearts (any one of us might have made that mistake or one worse), and we yell encouragement, including the shortstop, who, moments before, dropped an easy throw for a force at second. "That's all right! Come on! We got 'em!" we yell. "Shake it off! These turkeys can't hit!" This makes us all feel good, even though the turkeys now lead by ten runs. We're getting clobbered, but we have a winning attitude.

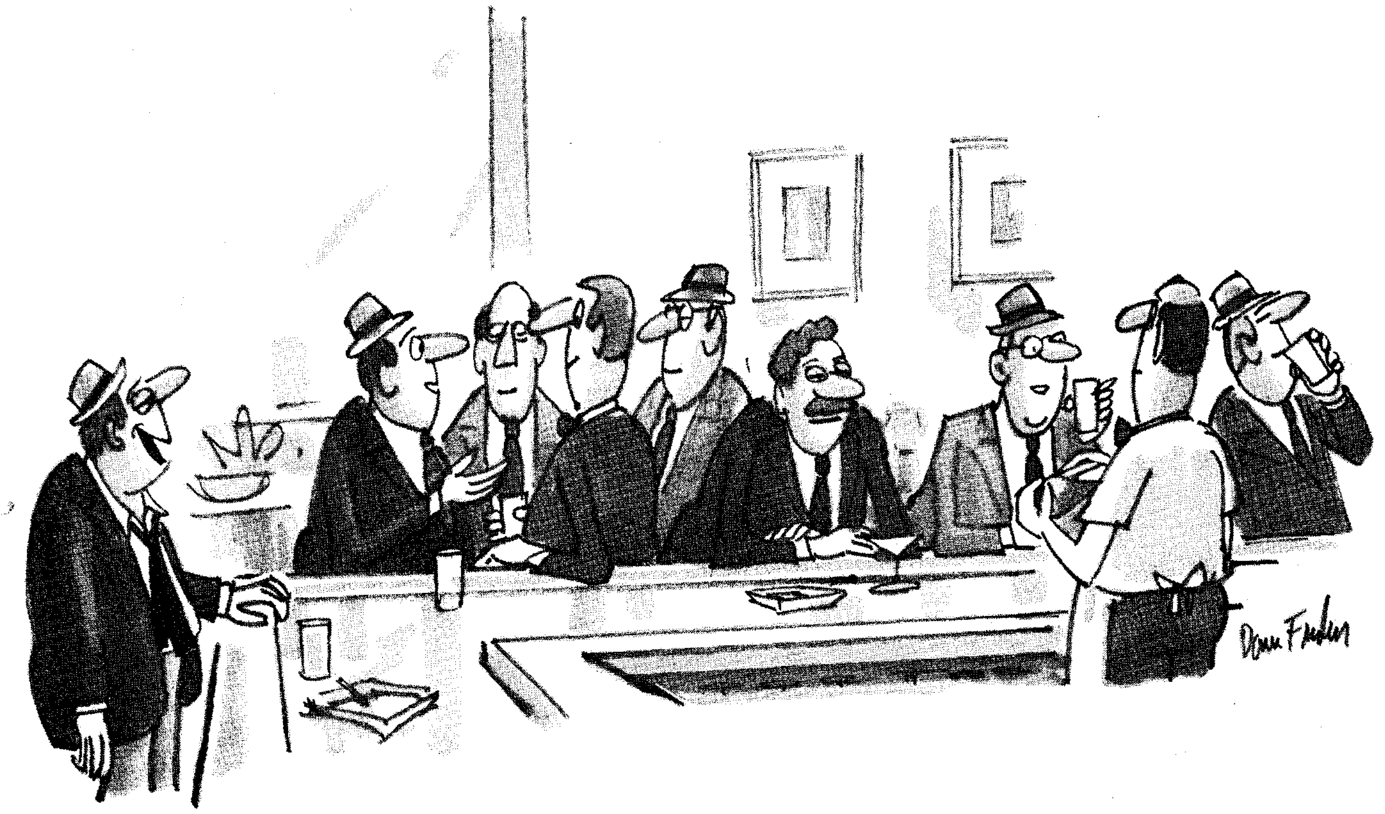
LET me say this about attitude: each player is responsible for his or her own attitude, and to a considerable degree you can *create* a good attitude by doing certain little things on the field. These are certain little things that ballplayers do in the Bigs, and we ought to be doing them in the Slows.

1. When going up to bat, don't step right into the batter's box as if it were an elevator. The box is your turf, your stage. Take possession of it slowly and deliberately, starting with a lot of back-bending, knee-stretching, and torso-revolving in the on-deck circle. Then, approaching the box, stop outside it and tap the dirt off your spikes with your bat. You don't have spikes, you have sneakers, of course, but the significance of the tapping is the same. Then, upon entering the box, spit on the ground. It's a way of saying, "This here is mine. This is where I get my hits."

2. Spit frequently. Spit at all crucial moments. Spit correctly. Spit should be *blown*, not ptuied weakly with the lips, which often results in dribble. Spitting should convey forcefulness of purpose, concentration, pride. Spit down, not in the direction of others. Spit in the glove and on the fingers, especially after making a real knucklehead play; it's a way of saying, "I dropped the ball because my glove was dry."



"I love you. I love everything about you. Well, actually everything except maybe your ears. I don't like your ears."



"And now I will take a few questions from the audience."

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3. At bat and in the field, pick up dirt. Rub dirt in the fingers (especially after spitting on them). Toss dirt, as if testing the wind for velocity and direction. Smooth the dirt. Be involved with dirt. If no dirt is available (e.g., in the outfield), pluck tufts of grass. Fielders should be grooming their areas constantly between plays, flicking away tiny sticks and bits of gravel.

4. Take your time. Tie your laces. Confer with your teammates about possible situations that may arise and conceivable options in dealing with them. Extend the game. Three errors on three consecutive plays can be humiliating if the plays occur within the space of a couple of minutes, but if each error is separated from the next by extensive conferences on the mound, lace-tying, glove adjustments, and arguing close calls (if any), the effect on morale is minimized.

5. Talk. Not just an occasional "Let's get a hit now" but continuous rhythmic chatter, a flow of syllables: "Hey babe hey babe c'mon babe good stick now hey babe long tater take him downtown babe . . . hey good eye good eye."

Infield chatter is harder to maintain. Since the slow-pitch pitch is required to be a soft underhand lob, infielders hesitate to say, "Smoke him babe hey low heat hey throw it on the black babe chuck it in there back him up babe no hit no hit." Say it anyway.

6. One final rule, perhaps the most important of all: When your team is up and has made the third out, the batter and the players who were left on base do not come back to the bench for their gloves. *They remain on the field, and their teammates bring their gloves out to them.* This requires some organization and discipline, but it pays off big in morale. It says, "Although we're getting our pants knocked off, still we must conserve our energy."

IMAGINE that you have bobbled two fly balls in this rout and now you have just tried to stretch a single into a double and have been easily thrown out sliding into second base, where the base runner ahead of you had stopped. It was the third out and a dumb play, and your opponents smirk at you as they run off the field. You are the goat, a lonely and tragic figure sitting in the dirt. You curse yourself, jerking your head sharply forward. You stand up and kick the base. How miserable! How degrading! Your utter shame, though brief, bears silent testimony to the worthiness of your teammates, whom you have let down, and they appreciate it. They call out to you now as they take the field, and as the second baseman runs to his position he says, "Let's get 'em now," and tosses you your glove. Lowering your head, you trot slowly out to right. There you do some deep knee bends. You pick grass. You find a pebble and fling it into foul territory. As the first batter comes to the plate, you check the sun. You get set in your stance, poised to fly. Feet spread, hands on hips, you bend slightly at the waist and spit the expert spit of a veteran ballplayer—a player who has known the agony of defeat but who always bounces back, a player who has lost a stride on the base paths but can still make the big play.

This is *ball*, ladies and gentlemen. This is what it's all about.

—GARRISON KEILLOR

•

CHILDREN

Children, new to the blood
Whose hot push has surpassed
The sabretooth,
Never doubt their rights of conquest.

Their voices under the leaf-dazzle
An occupying army,
A foreign tongue,
Loud in their idleness and power.

Figures in the flaming of hell
A joy beyond good and evil
Breaking their toys.

Soon they'll sleep where they struck.
They'll leave behind
A man like a licked skull,
A gravestone woman, their playthings.

—TED HUGHES

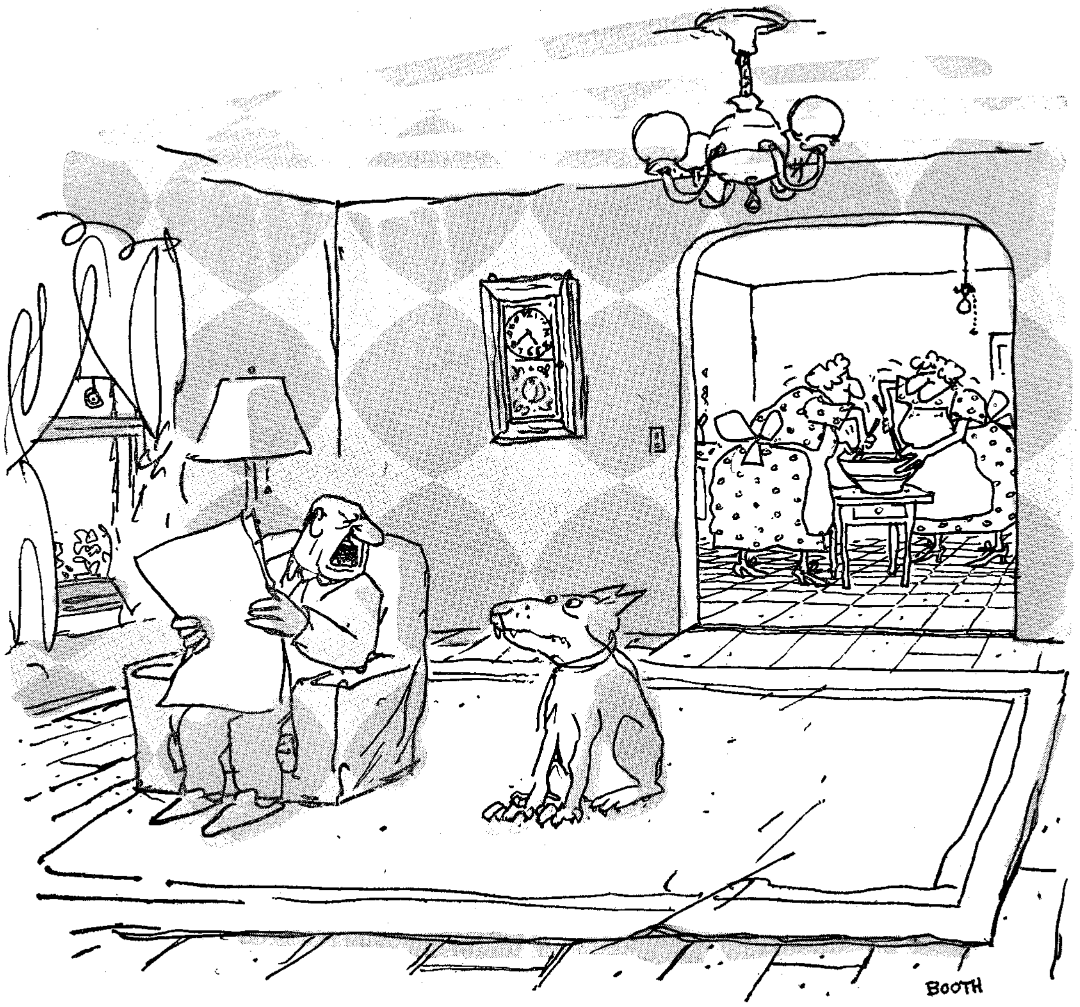
DALE LOVES SOPHIE TO DEATH

EVERY summer, Dinah was sick in this house she rented. She lay in the double bed alone, amid a jumble of Kleenex and the mail and the morning newspaper, and she did not change the sheets until she felt well. Sometimes two weeks, sometimes three. The light shot into her room in the morning, so that her eyes would ache, and then it shifted and faded as the day wore on, and through all these changes of light she drifted in a fog of sleep and waking and the children's bodies buffeting against her bed. Propped up on pillows, she could see her three children through the tall branched shrubs beyond the windows as they ran around playing or fighting. But she would lie dazed and sure that they could get through the day with only her occasional direction. David, the eldest, was always herding the other two, it seemed; when she closed her eyes, the red imprint of his ushering arms in motion shuddered through her mind as her thoughts drifted away from the actual image.

Her mother often stopped in and brought Dinah food from the deli or some other takeout place. Today she brought a barbecued chicken the size of a dove, and Dinah sat in her bed and ate it with her fingers, sucking the knobs of the little drumsticks like candy. Her mother sat on the vanity bench, at an angle not quite facing the bed, and talked desultorily, because the disarray in which Dinah wore out her illness dismayed her. It had always been assumed in Dinah's childhood household that illness was a weakness of character, a burden to the entire family; and above all else being ill was considered a sly trick. So Mrs. Briggs pushed her straw-colored hair behind her ears impatiently as she sat there required to hear just how Dinah felt. Dinah said she felt feverish; she said she had a sore throat and aching ears. Her mother sat in the early twilight, covertly eying herself in the mirror, and she sighed when she noticed that Dinah had sunk down into her pillows once more, leaving the little chicken carcass stripped bare in its greasy wrapper by her side. She thought she bore up very well under these illnesses of Dinah's.

"I'll take the children on with me, then," Mrs. Briggs said, and she collected the parcel of chicken bones from the bed and went to look through the window to see if the children were in sight. Dinah lay unmoving and with her eyes closed. Mrs. Briggs was not a good cook, so she considered the frozen and canned options for their dinner. She also considered scrambled eggs, which were healthful but which no one ever finished at her house. Dinah had told her the reason for this with patient tact, and had advised her about better methods of preparation, but Polly Briggs had never heard all that her daughter said. She still heated butter in a skillet and broke the eggs directly into it, cracking the shells on the aluminum rim of the pan, and then she agitated them as swiftly as possible; they always appeared on the plate as though they had been marbleized, with the yellow and white running separately throughout. Also on the plate she would place one piece of toast with a pat of butter squarely in its middle, to be dealt with however one might wish. These things were gestures: the eggs broken, not just boiled, the toast pre-buttered—even the butter itself, rather than margarine. They were quite generous gestures from a woman who cared not at all about food but had a melancholy interest, generally, in the people she fed, and especially in these children to whom she acknowledged a connection.

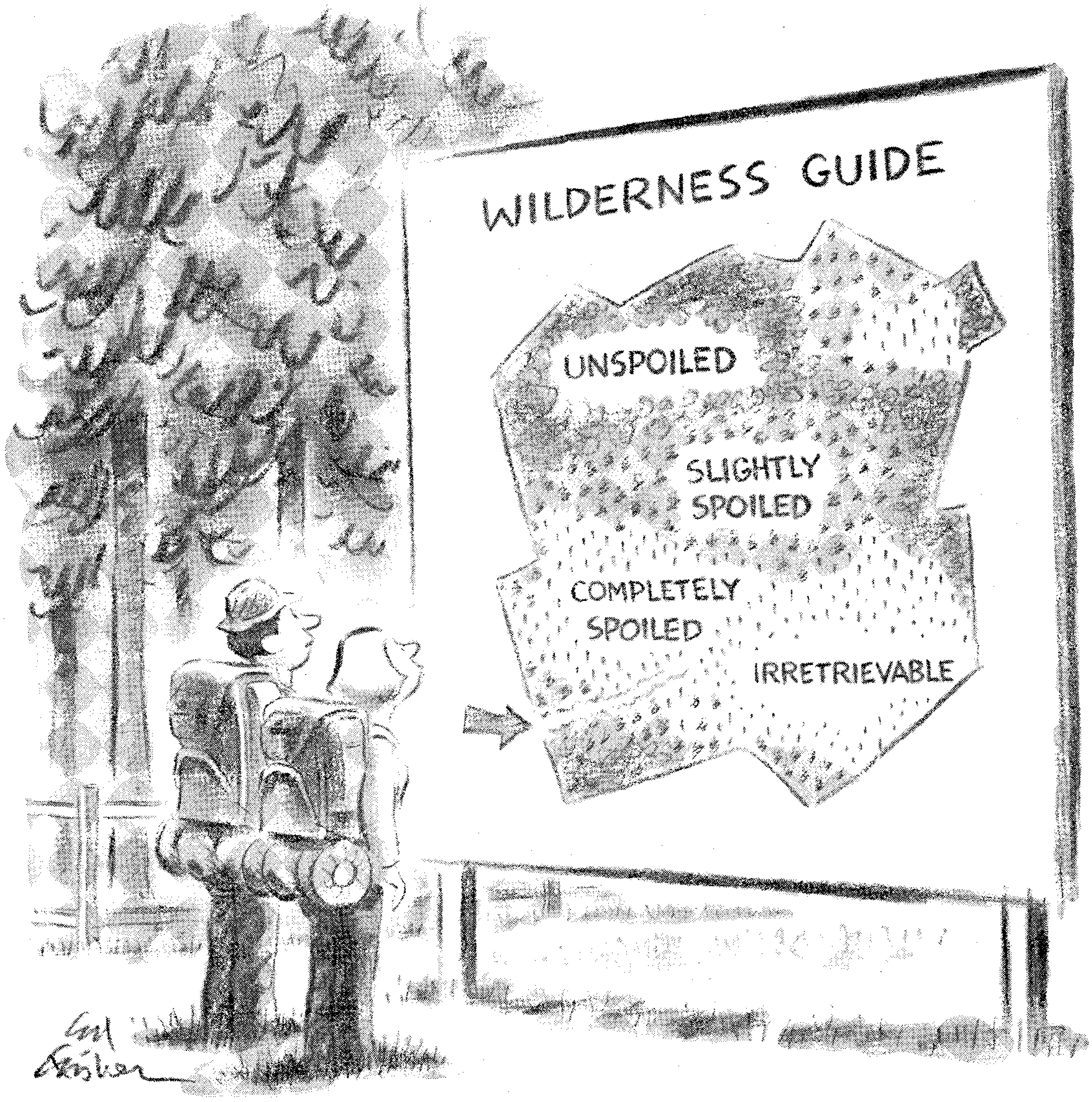
When the house was empty and there was no sound from the yard, Dinah opened her eyes and regarded the room. This year it was hung with more recent pictures of the family who owned the house. All told, in the past eight years she had spent close to twenty-four months in this house, and although she had never met the owners, she felt that she and they had established a certain intimacy simply by virtue of sharing the same paraphernalia of everyday life. She used up rather than discarded the half-empty jar of mustard in the refrigerator, for instance, and in her view that was a very solemn intimacy; the first summer she would have thrown it out in horror. And, of course, this intimacy in absentia bred its own sort of expectations; Dinah expected to find evidence each sum-



"She's just like her mother!"

mer that life in this house continued during the winter just as she imagined it. She looked with interest at the new photographs hung in the bedroom, because she knew these people—not all their names, but she knew how they were growing or changing.

This summer there was a new picture of the daughter of the house, whose other photographs, scattered here and there through all the rooms, dated back to her infancy. This current snapshot, enlarged and framed handsomely on the wall opposite the end of the bed, showed a very lovely young woman frozen in the upswing of a jogging step as she ran through a prosperous-looking neighborhood. Dinah studied her drowsily, thinking that she must know her. The girl looked as if she would be interesting to know, with her hair flying around her face and a castoff sweater tied around her neck by its sleeves. It was possible that they had passed each other at some time or other—at a state park, perhaps, or some restaurant. A public bathroom maybe. Dinah was drenched in her luxurious illness—flu with fever. She felt she glowed inside and out with this lovely, gentle radiance of almost a hundred and two degrees. Her head throbbed independently, so she could objectively consider the shell of pain encasing her mind. She swallowed two aspirin, and when they took effect she allowed herself to sleep until the aching of her head and limbs woke her automatically. When it did she just lay there in bed, at home, considering her surroundings.



AT the beginning of each summer, Dinah and Martin Howells drove West from the Berkshires, where they lived, with their children in the back seat, and in two days' time they were in the lush farmland outside Enfield, Ohio. Dinah felt that these modest hills and voluptuous, rolling fields of corn and soybeans were essential to the very stability of her being. She had such a familiarity with this countryside that it didn't occur to her to miss the occasional sweeping view of valleys one happens on at high altitudes in New England. Instead, she hugged herself there in the front seat the moment she became aware of the vast, light-filled landscape proceeding endlessly in every direction. She felt as lighthearted, always, as a claustrophobe must feel upon emerging from an elevator.

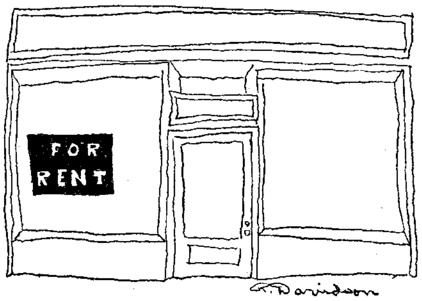
On the first morning in their rented house Dinah was always affected with a reckless, thoughtless euphoria. She would make her nostalgic pilgrimage through the rooms, moving dreamily, and she would open all the curtains so that nowhere could there be found a sombre corner. "Oh, my God! It's so good to be somewhere where I can pull up all the shades!" She would insist that everyone agree with her. "Isn't it? Don't you feel good?" She would not acknowledge the hesitation with which Martin always embarked upon this summer venture. She didn't think of his saying, "But why do you do this to yourself year after year?"

Dinah had no answer to that. It was only that in Williamstown at Christmas, when a card arrived from the Hortons, the owners of the house in Enfield, she looked out at the winter and began to entertain thoughts of summer. Those thoughts did not run deep but were like photographs flashing through her mind. This winter, on the day the Hortons' card arrived, Dinah and Martin had happened to go to lunch at a pleasant restaurant, decorated with an abundance of greens and a large blue spruce standing in the foyer unadorned except for hundreds of tiny white lights. There were flowers on the tables, and other people's children were being allowed to wander around the room and stretch their legs while their parents lingered over coffee. Everyone was well dressed, even with a certain dash, and the stark landscape—the sky, dense and heavy just overhead, the boundless white ground—only emphasized the singular feeling of good will Dinah had toward the other diners. But with all this the atmosphere only brushed over Dinah's senses; it did *not* permeate her thoughts, because she had tucked the beautiful little Caspari card from Adele Horton into her purse; she was thinking of what it said, and her mind had become entangled with images of her summer household. The message was nothing, really: "Wish we could share with you some of this lovely apple chutney I've put up for special friends. Will certainly leave some for you if you take the house again this summer." But Dinah had found such a homely notion—to share some chutney—stupefyingly seductive. She could not help but sit there in a restaurant in New England with her husband and consider the life being led right at that moment in that house in Enfield. Such an intense life—so full that it could not be contained in ordinary spaces and overflowed in little notes and letters and photographs inscribed with cryptic messages that fluttered even from the cookbooks Dinah sometimes pulled down from Mrs. Horton's shelves. More letters were stuffed haphazardly between books in the living-room cases, and curling photographs and mysterious souvenirs filled every extra drawer. Quaint drawings by children or friends were carefully framed and hung in odd corners. It seemed to Dinah that so very much life went on there that her own existence could not compare. She was beginning to think that the five of them—she and Martin and the children—were simply too sparse a group to generate such vitality.

But she knew that Martin loved her and she him. She understood his intentions when he asked her why she put herself through those summers. Well, she could never justify it; she could only raise a hand in a gesture of exhaustion—and exhaustion was all she felt when she thought to examine her motives—to reply halfheartedly, "Oh, you know the children love it. Don't you think it's good for them to get a feeling of family?" She didn't even glance at Martin to see the look of doubt come down over his face. He knew the dubious nature of what family feeling there was since Dinah's parents had divorced and her father remarried. "Well," she would offer, "things just aren't settled there yet to my satisfaction."

And so summer had come, and here she was once more. But, upon their arrival and her inspection of the familiar rooms, she knew that her insistence that Martin share her enthusiasm for this place was unkind. She knew just how unkind, and she lay in bed letting herself be entirely given over to her private admission of guilt. With her head sunk down into her soft pillows, and her whole being made fragile and abject by the mellow, flu-induced ache of her muscles, she acknowledged her cruelty. Perhaps Martin had not felt it. Oh, no. This year, before he left to go back to his job, they had really argued. Dinah tried concentrating on her illness once more. She thought about her various aches, and she pinpointed the fact that the way her ears felt could not really be called pain—more like a sore itching extending down into the base of her throat, so that it hurt to move her tongue. But the thought of the argument stayed in the forefront of her mind despite her, because it was not quite accurate. They had not argued; Dinah had attacked him, and now the thought of it made her flinch.

FOR the first two weeks of summer Martin and Dinah were always stranded together with the children in the rented house without many diversions. During the long New England winters, when Dinah reviewed these times together, she said to herself that they were idyllic, but that had never been exactly the case. Their time together had generally been very pleasant, but there was always the stray mosquito or a child's hurt feelings, and there often arose a peculiar tension between her and Martin as lovers. She felt a certain chafing at the constraints of being at once a daughter and a wife. But, really, she considered herself to be in great comfort, with her immediate family right there and yet situated so that there were no difficult expectations of herself that she must meet. It was privacy Dinah cherished, and it was the lack of it that she complained so bitterly about in Williamstown. In fact, in Enfield what passed for privacy was the absence of it altogether. So well did all the inhabitants know each other that they had long ago passed the point of pretense. It would have been futile in any case; it would have been absurd. And, therefore, very little was considered scandalous in retrospect—that is, if even just a year had passed since it happened. Very little was even considered remarkable. And so coming back gave her an ease that she could never experience elsewhere; she understood the place so well.



She and Martin spent the days strolling through the town, eating their dinner at the picnic table under the pin oak in the back yard, and visiting with her family and good friends. They

TWO POEMS

THE OARS

My father was born   in a house by a river
nobody knows   the color of the water
already seeds had set   in the summer weeds
the house needed paint   but nobody will see

after the century turned   he sat in a rowboat
with its end on the bank   below the house
holding on to the oars   while trains roared past
until it was time for him   to get up and go

SUNSET WATER

How white my father looked   in the water
all his life he swam   doggie paddle
holding hurried breaths   steering an embarrassed smile

long after he has gone I rock   in smooth waves near the edge of the sea
at the foot of a hill   I never saw before
or so I imagine   as the sun is setting
sharp evening birds   and voices of children
echo each other   across the water

one by one the red waves   out of themselves reach through me

—W. S. Merwin

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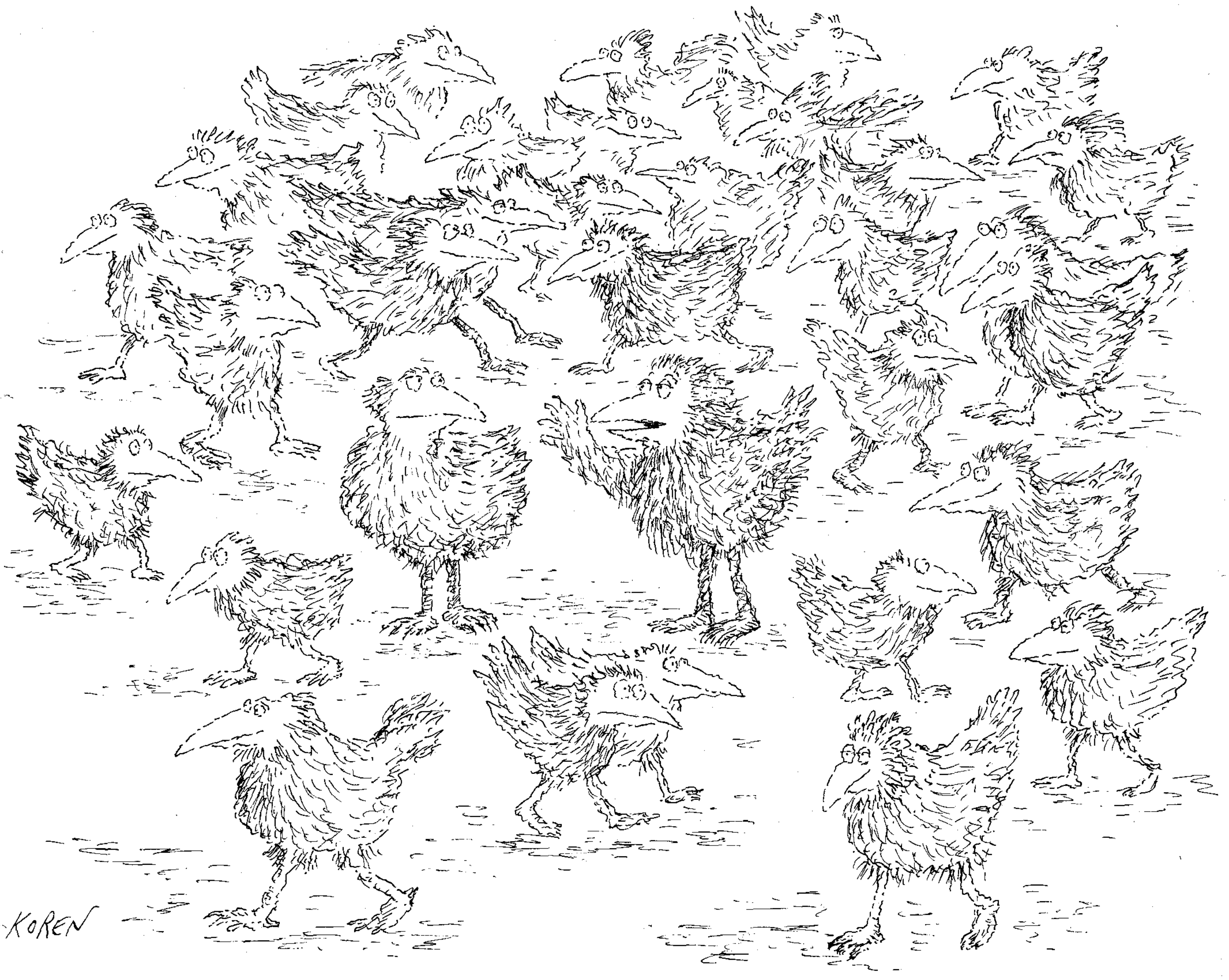


"Oh, excuse me! I thought you were somebody I know."

• •

were only three blocks from her mother's house, and only one and a half blocks from the exact place in the sidewalk where Dinah had fallen her first time out on roller skates and chipped her front teeth. They were no more than a ten-minute walk from Dinah's grammar school, and only a little farther from her high school. As they walked about or sat at a meal, Dinah would often point out these remarkable coincidences to Martin and the children, these astounding circumstances of her own childhood. Everyone would walk along the sidewalk with her and regard the tree in which David Brooks had built a tree house one summer. "And he's dead now," Dinah would say, bemused. "Buddy wrote me that he died in New Orleans." It was a mystery. But the children wouldn't think of what she was saying, although possibly these words would one day be to them one of those bewildering facts about one's parents that everyone accrues over the space of a childhood. Her children might one day say, "And my mother fell down and chipped her front teeth the first day she ever tried to roller-skate." No doubt they would see in their mind's eye the very spot in that little village where it had happened, and, having gained their independence at last, and with the usual struggle, they would be overwhelmed by the poignancy of having had so unexpectedly vulnerable a mother.

Or maybe they would never think of it again. They had their own memories, after all. Maybe they would think of the day Sarah had been lost, or the morning their grandmother had reached down David's throat to retrieve a piece of candy that would have choked him to death. To think of it! He would not have existed past that moment. They, too, experienced the most crucial turning points of their childhoods here. And how could they not? All winter, when the snow lay around their house in Williamstown, Dinah would urge them, "Wait, just wait until we get back to Enfield this summer." When the children raced up and down the stairs, not holding on to the bannister and making too much noise, Dinah would follow after them in great aggravation. "For God's sake, can't you wait until we're in Enfield, where there's no snow? Then you can go outside and run around." And even though the children had seen pictures of their mother as a child playing in front of their grandmother's house in the snow, and even though they spoke on the phone to their uncle and grandmother at Christmas, when there was much talk of snow for want of other conversation, David and Toby and Sarah assumed that there was never any snow in Enfield. Enfield was a place of hot sun and light and long summer days.

The trip itself, though, always proved to be a terrible strain on the general good nature of the family. After two endless days on the road, all three children grew edgy and cross. Bribes and diversions no longer pacified them. This year, even Sarah was old enough to join the melee.

"Toby's looking out my window, Mama! He's looking out *my* window!"

"Toby's sitting in the middle. What can he do?"

"I didn't look out *his* window when I was sitting in the middle!"

If only they were old enough and wise enough to remember to look out for the danger signals. Martin and Dinah recognized the signs forewarning each child's anger or distress—they knew their children so well. And the children knew their parents equally well, but they weren't so versed in the art of survival. From their vantage point, they could only see their mother's hair swing gently from side to side as she shook her head just slightly, in a silent conversation with herself. One corner of her mouth was pulled askew; she crossed her arms and grasped her elbows tightly and stared out the window.

"Oh, Mama, Toby's . . ."

And then Dinah half turned in her seat and stared at them with furious hatred, and all three children were immediately filled with remorse.

"Well damn it, Martin, stop the car!" she said in deadly, measured calm. "Stop this damned car! There's only one answer to this!" Her voice was so ominously low that the children looked away from her in nervous discomfort. And Dinah herself, with the blood beating in her ears in irrational fury, was not paying attention, either. In her rage she chose not to see the effect of her anger. "We will just put out Toby's eyes! We will just, God damn it, put his eyes out!" She turned to stare at them more directly and she gripped the back of the seat with one tense hand. At last, her voice rising, she said, "Will *that* make you happy, Sarah? Then, I swear to God, he will *never* look out of your window again! That should do it. . . ."

Martin, of course, had not stopped the car, and, in fact, was driving on placidly enough. "For God's sake, Dinah . . ." he finally put in. "Look! We're getting close," he said to the children. "See what landmarks you can find."

The children gladly followed his suggestion. Sarah ground the heels of her hands into her eyes to keep from crying, and the two others observed with relief that their mother turned back to look straight ahead after directing one incensed glare at their father. These children knew that their mother loved them, and they knew that their father loved them. They even had an accurate impression of their parents as they were in relation to each other—united. By and large, the Howells family was one in which, in the long run, each member possessed mercy and compassion toward each other member. Even Sarah, at age four, had already perceived enough to know that her mother would die—really would die—before she would put out Toby's eyes. She quite rightly absorbed her mother's fury as a rebuke to herself, and she continued to wipe at her tears furtively, and so she missed the first major landmark.

Toby spotted it, through Sarah's window, and he bounced in his seat. "I see Aunt Betsy's! There's Aunt Betsy's!" They came down the long hill and passed the bizarre diner once known as Aunt Jemima's, which had for years been a towering black mammy whose brick skirt housed a quite ordinary bar-and-grill. Now it was Aunt Betsy's, and the huge head loomed over the highway hideously pink, with gray rather than black hair escaping from the immovable bandanna.

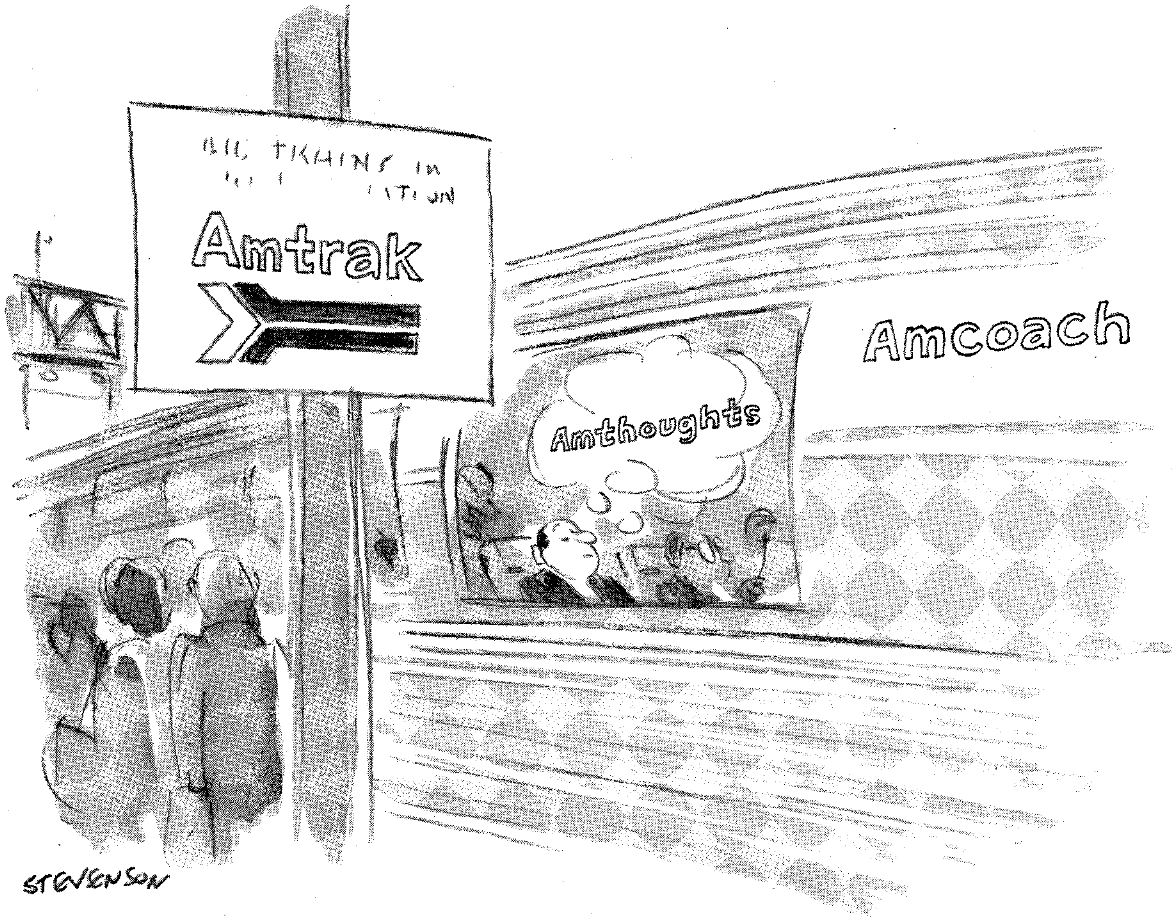
For a while, all their tension was dispelled, and it was Sarah who, having knelt on the seat to repossess her window, shrieked to them all, "Look! 'Dale Loves Sophie to Death'! There it is!" Even though she couldn't read she knew it well. "There it is! 'Dale Loves Sophie to Death'!"

Their station wagon passed beneath the railway bridge on which this legend had been emblazoned ever since they could remember. The children were finally able to believe that they were indeed close to home. And David started up the song:

A hundred bottles of beer on the
  wall,
A hundred bottles of beer.
If one of those bottles should hap-
  pen to fall—
Ninety-nine bottles of beer on the
  wall.

Family theory had it that when the song was done, and there was only one bottle of beer left on the wall, they would be home, although this had never yet been the case. But everyone was relieved, because when the song was done they would be close enough.

"God, is there anything quite as attractive as intensity?"



Martin drove over the narrow back roads smiling to himself, and Dinah noticed.

"What?" she asked.

"Oh, I just have always liked all this. It's genuine Midwestern tacky. Aunt Betsy's diner. And things written all over the water tanks and bridges in huge letters." He glanced over at Dinah to smile at her in what he meant to acknowledge as an admittedly smug conspiracy. Not for a moment had he imagined that in being so blatantly provincial he did not also belittle himself. But Dinah was looking rigidly out the window.

"Well," she said, so that he could hear her but so that the children in the back seat continued their song, "you think that 'Dale Loves Sophie to Death' should be typed, I suppose. And tacked up discreetly on a little bulletin board. You know, there's something about real, honest-to-God emotion—I mean real things that real people go around *feeling*—that you just never can understand. I mean 'Dale Loves Sophie to Death' is not exactly a lower-case sentiment! I don't think you know a damned thing about that! You just go mincing through your life with almost nothing *but* lower-case sentiments!" She made movements with her hands and her head, like a person taking small and hesitant little steps, and she pursed her lips to indicate her immense disdain.

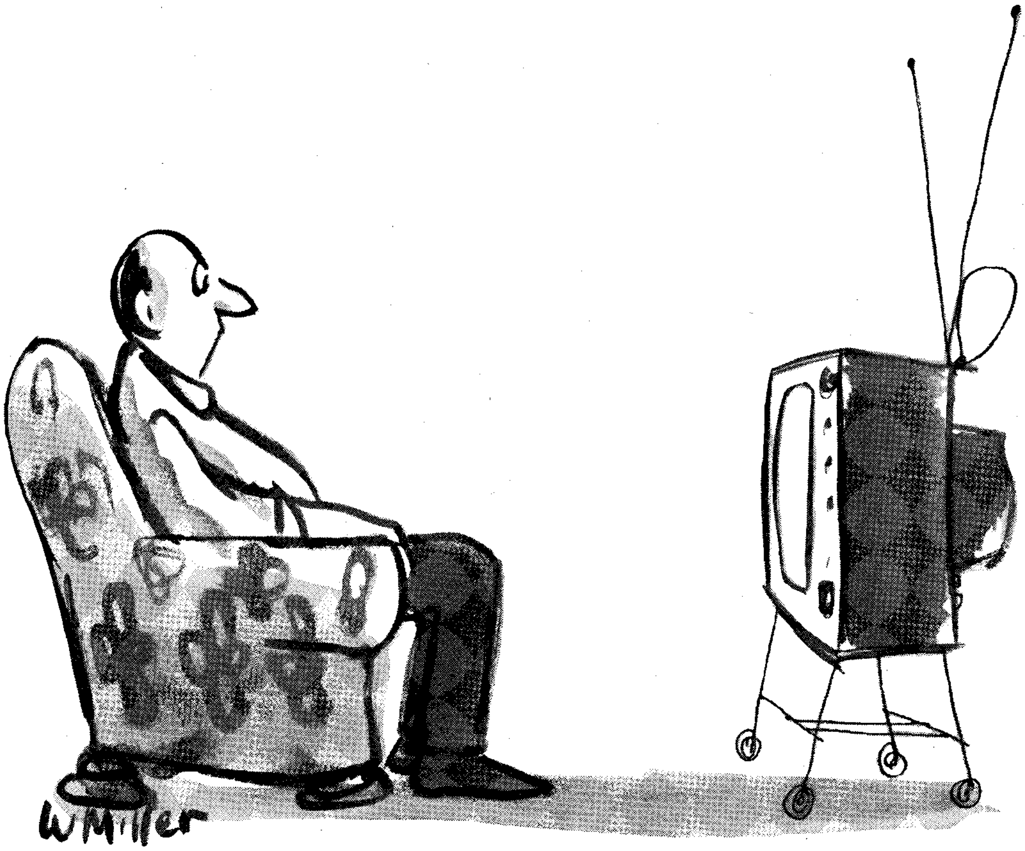
He had been watching her with a startled expression, and when he had taken it in he laughed at the idea of himself, rather thickset and solid—tanklike—mincing into his various meetings, mincing through his days. And she laughed, too, but it made her even more angry to find herself amused. She saw as well that Martin was wounded, and it made her so uncomfortable that she returned her gaze to the countryside that swept by outside her window. They both sat there in the front seat bewildered by her fury. They knew that she had been unfair, and Martin was not hurt by what she had said—he couldn't imagine that it applied to him—but he was hurt because she was so angry.

• •

THE day after their arrival, Martin and Dinah and the children abandoned their unpacking in the afternoon and walked down through the village to Dinah's mother's house. By now, it had become customary that a party of sorts would come together that evening, and Polly had made a routine of the preparations. She had bought a ham the day before, and Dinah stood at the counter scoring it in a diamond pattern and rubbing it with brown sugar. After she scored it, she would decorate it with rounds of sliced pineapple and maraschino cherries and put it in the oven to glaze. She looked out at the twilight approaching and was struck with sudden petulance.

"This is a little like decorating my own birthday cake," she said to her mother, who was transferring cartons of take-home potato salad to a cut-glass bowl. "Maybe you should line that bowl with lettuce leaves or something first, Mother. Don't you think?" But then Dinah thought about her father leaving the table in a cold rage one evening with a face like ice, saying, "Well, I don't know. Maybe we should just rent out our kitchen or turn it into a spare room, for all the use it gets." Dinah had been aware then that some key element of her parents' connection to each other was being defined for her when her mother made an eloquent sweep of her arm, palm upward, in a helpless gesture of apology and bewilderment. But her father had already left the room. With that in mind, she turned to look at the potato salad once more. "No, it's fine. We don't know for sure that anyone will be by anyway."

Her mother wasn't really listening, though. Polly had finished with the cut-glass bowl and had deposited all the little paper cartons in the trash. Dinah did regard that salad with dismay, however, because, as usual, it looked even more gelatinous and unappetizing in the pretty bowl than it had in its own containers, and summer after summer this had perplexed her. But her mother leaned against the counter, resting her weight on one narrow hip, and smoked a cigarette. She gazed through the window with one eyebrow slightly raised, in an attitude of complete indifference to her surroundings. Dinah had come across her mother thus transfixed so often that she no longer perceived it as a mystery. She watched her for a moment in admiration, though, because, caught in the dusky light, her mother—worn



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• •

out, with her flesh drawn and lined and the skin at her jaw beginning to hang a trifle loosely from the bone—was lovelier than she had been when she was younger. The bare bones of her mother were coming to light, and Dinah thought that Polly was the only woman she knew who could combine brittleness with supreme and languid grace. But she no longer puzzled over what her mother might be thinking.

On the porch, the children built card houses with the limp and oily packs of cards they had ferreted out of obscure drawers here and there about the house. They weren't building with much success, though, because the floorboards were so worn that they didn't afford sufficient purchase, and at crucial moments the bottom cards slipped out from beneath the upper construction.

Martin sat at the other end of the porch with a newspaper resting on the knee of one crossed leg and talked with Dinah's brother, Buddy, and with Lawrence Brooks, who had come across the lawn from next door, where he had lived all his life. Now that house was Lawrence's own house. He was a lawyer and no longer just a child next door. Lawrence's wife, Pam, idled over with their baby propped on one hip and sat down next to Dinah, and they began to chat.

As she listened and put in a word now and then, Dinah stared out at the communal lawn shared by the Brookses' and her mother's houses, which sat at right angles to each other. She studied the myriad tiny crosshatched branches of the flowering bushes that grew untended around the stone patio in the center of the yard. She hadn't much to say to Pam. Pam was so young, and her baby seemed to take up both of their energies. The two women talked of the baby, though it was apparent to each of them from the timbre of the other's voice that neither meant to or wanted to.

At the edge of their conversation, Dinah heard David badgering whomever he could find to come and play Monopoly with him, and Martin, who would do almost anything with David, finally got up, and the two of them went to find the board. Buddy and Martin and David and Dinah's mother settled around the card table at last and divided the money while Pam and Dinah went to mix drinks and set out dinner. Lawrence, still seated at the darkening edge of the porch, opened Martin's discarded newspaper and kept a casual eye on the other children.

This was the house in which Dinah had grown up, and her childhood was so fascinating and mysterious to her in retrospect that each room was of great significance. Even the unique and musty scent of the house, a scent like no other, tantalized her with the possibility of an important revelation. So this first night back in her mother's kitchen she could not abide the company of the innocent Pam. Dinah set out food at random and with no show at all of appreciation to Pam, who could only follow her about and try to help. And from the porch the sounds of the Monopoly game being laid out and getting under way made Dinah clench her teeth in apprehension, because David was, to his parents, like a rare gem set between them. He was not necessarily the nicest of their children, nor could it yet be forecast that he would be the most handsome, but he had been the first. It was not even that they loved him best; of course, he was not always lovable at all. It was just that beneath the surface of their consciousness there was an awareness of David that registered every shadow and nuance of his altering sensibilities. Their curiosity about him could never be assuaged by anything he might reveal about himself. They yearned after whatever it was that was at the very core of his personality, so puzzling to them was his blossoming independence. Dinah could hear his clear voice babbling above the others, and she noted the effort he made to suppress the keenness he felt for the competition. It was a little like refusing Novocain at the dentist's; it kept her on edge in anticipation of a painful shock.

She turned to Pam and smiled at her. She picked up Pam's baby, who was fussing, and feigned interest in him. But after a few moments of this she was overtaken by unease, and she realized that she could not be gracious tonight. She thought she felt the beginnings of a cold amassing like clouds behind her brow, and she was anxious. She took her drink out to the patio, though the air had grown chilly, and sat at a distance from her family and friends. Here she was once more, and she sat in a lawn chair expecting the childhood comfort of early evening, with grown-ups nearby talking over their drinks, to descend upon her. She watched with care to see how the darkness encroached upon the margins of the yard; she impressed upon herself the phenomenon of the intricate tracery of the foliage losing its distinction, so that each tree and each bush became a shaded mass. She evoked all these familiar impressions, but the accompanying sensation of nostalgic pleasure did not surface. No mellowness spread like the warmth of alcohol through her limbs; she found she could not call up the renewed faith that all is well, that all will be well. In fact, all she was feeling was increasing irritation. The image of that ham stuck fast in her mind. There it sat, bedecked like a Christmas tree, waiting to be carved, and only Pam and her clinging baby to attend it. Where were the grownups? So she roused herself and went back to the house to set about the serving of dinner.

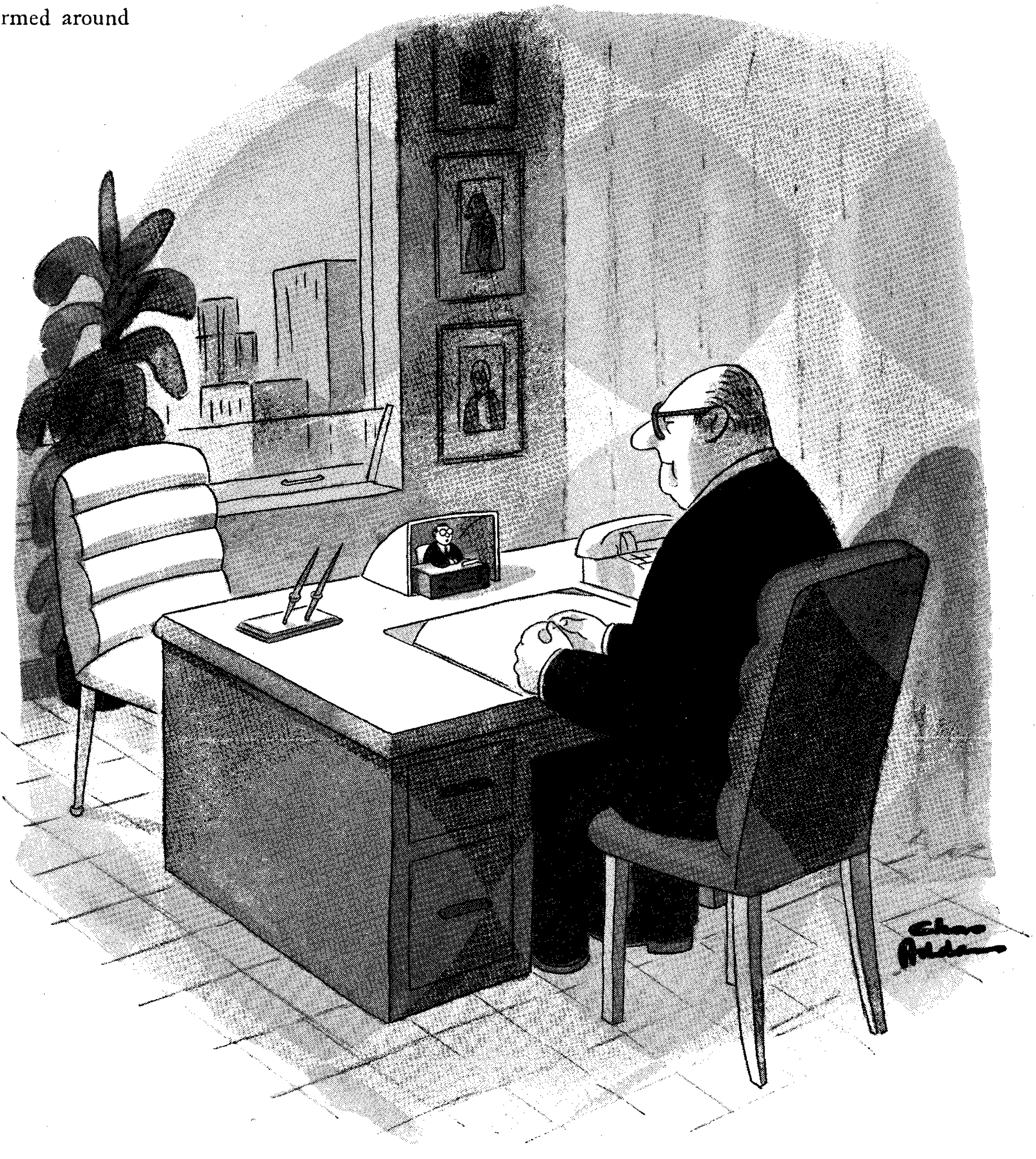
A second circle had formed around the card table to see how the game was progressing, and so she, too, stopped to watch. Immediately she was aware of her son's fragile courage hanging so vulnerably in the air when she caught sight of his shining eyes and large gestures of bravado as he made a show of cavalierly paying a debt. Buddy sat across from him, leaning back in his chair, accepting David's money with a grin and carefully sorting it into the proper piles. "I'm gonna clean up! Oh, boy, I'm really gonna clean up!" he said with mock greed. But Dinah watched him as only a younger sibling would, knowing that Buddy didn't play games except to win. He was flicking an imaginary cigar between his fingertips and patting his stomach with the satisfaction of a contented businessman. David relaxed and smiled at him with unassumed pleasure; Buddy's pantomime seemed to assure him that this was only a game. Dinah could scarcely bear it.

Her mother sat with all her bills gathered into a pile that she held in one hand and ruffled absent-mindedly with her thumb. She rolled the dice with seeming disinterest. Who could tell if it was real? She was looking out into the yard when the dice fell, and she looked around at the numbers on them almost in surprise and reached for her cigarette. She moved her token to St. James Place and completed a monopoly, the first of the game, and David sat up on his knees in excitement to look over the board. "Wow! You got the first one, Polly!"

"Oh, yes, I guess I did," she said, paying out the money for the deed. But she would win as usual, Dinah knew. Polly couldn't lose at games, playing, as she did, with tremendous detachment and no thought given to bribing her luck, while her competitors silently tried to strike up bargains with God or fate. Polly would finally wander away from the game, uninterested even in her own victory. It was maddening.

David rolled the dice and landed on a railroad. He had two already, and now was beside himself with delight. "I'll get you, Uncle Buddy! Now I'll really get you if you land on me! You'll have to pay me a hundred dollars. A hundred dollars!" Buddy covered his face at the grim prospect and sadly shook his head, and Dinah understood with gratitude that her brother was using all his charm to align himself with David, so that David could withstand the suspense of this intolerable game.

But Martin didn't play games, didn't know about games, really; he was so innocent of some things, and he was watching his son with an air of cen-



"All right, Carruthers, what's on our agenda for today?"

"Wouldn't you think they'd have already awarded a grant for a study of the fed-up?"

• •

sure. Dinah felt suddenly as though those four people were frozen in the moment: her mother abstracted, Buddy all pretense, Martin the epitome of thought and good will, and David open to anything, ready to head in any of their directions. And, sure enough, Martin frowned across the table at his son. "Don't be so rude to Buddy, David. You shouldn't gloat. That's one of the first things to learn about playing games. You can hurt people's feelings that way."

"Oh, Jesus," Dinah said. "What a pompous ass you are sometimes, Martin! Great God!" And in a frenzy of frustration at them all she glared into their crestfallen little group. "Not one of you—not a God-damned one of you—has any idea how to play this asinine game!" And she stalked from the room while they all stared after her. "Dinah, you talk like some kind of sailor," her mother said mildly. Dinah left the room in a fury, going straight to the kitchen, and instead of carving the ham into careful slices she hacked it savagely into chunks that were scarcely manageable when eaten buffet style on paper plates.

TWO weeks later, when she drove Martin into Columbus to catch his plane back East, she considered various ways of apologizing to him for the foul and dismal temper she had vented at him over the past long days. She looked at his clean head, which she so loved, silhouetted against the car window, and wanted to weep at the misunderstanding between them. She was sure she was coming down with a flu, and she simply couldn't think. There was no one, no others but the children, to whom she was more tied. But then, as they passed through the familiar fields and the little towns, she could not think how to isolate that misunderstanding; how could she name it?

Now, as she suffered all the physical miseries of the flu, she also ached with regret at having left a chink uncovered in their carefully constructed foundation of experience and tolerance. She lay in bed staring at the walls, awash in something similar to guilt, only much worse. There was self-loathing, there was fear, and, oh, there was a kind of homesickness she felt at this slight loss of herself, because she might have weakened a profound connection.

She looked at the picture, directly across from her, of that girl running. She was growing more beautiful each summer, and Dinah studied her intently. The girl's endearingly short upper lip was almost ready to smile, but she was clearly giving no thought to the camera. Caught in mid-stride as she was, she was involved only with herself; she was thinking about her next step. Dinah studied the picture for a long while, so that by the time her fever returned and she began to drift into a light sleep, she had become convinced that she did, indeed, know this girl. The girl was Sophie, beloved of Dale, loping steadily toward him, or perhaps away from him, through that neighborhood, to be loved or not to be loved to death.

—Robb Forman Dew

•

Sally Sturdy Stewart '64 staged "Night on the Nile," a Los Angeles Junior League extravaganza, in the California Federal Savings parking lot in April. After the performance, a bus took 1,500 members of the audience to the Los Angeles County Art Museum for the King Tut show, enriching the League community fund by over $100,000.—*Smith College Alumnae Quarterly.*

Luckily, there was a passenger who got everybody singing.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

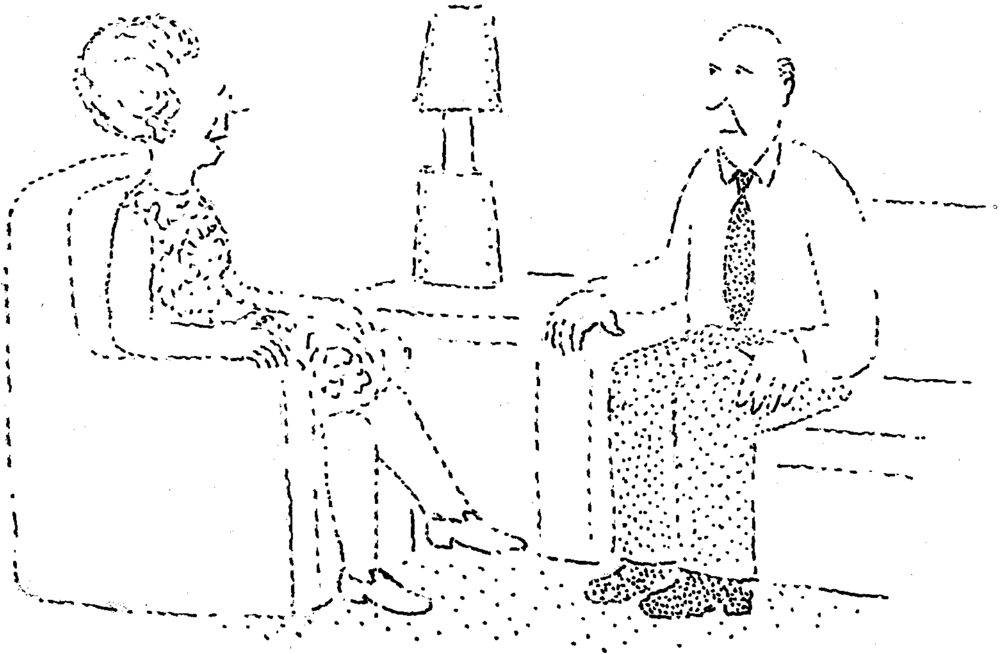
PHASE: IN SEARCH OF A DEFINITION

THE commotion caused by the Carter Administration in July—the cancellation without explanation of the President's energy speech on the day before it was to be given, the staging of a "domestic summit" at Camp David, and, after the President's ultimate delivery of a speech, the sudden call for the mass resignation of the Cabinet and the top White House staff, followed by the firing or resignation of five Cabinet officers—did have a certain logic of its own. Whether it will prove to have been the Administration's undoing or will blow over or will, as some at the White House maintain, even set the Administration on a new, firm course obviously won't be known for some time. The principal elements in that two-and-a-half-week period were a Presidency in deep political trouble, various Presidential aides and advisers (including the President's wife) with various agendas, some chaos at the Camp David retreat—and, in the midst of it all, an indecisive President. One gets a picture, after conversations with many participants, of some key decisions given little aeration even among the President's small group of advisers; of some improvisation; of failure to anticipate the consequences of certain actions; and of differences among the President's advisers over what, exactly, the Administration's new approach was to be.

For quite a while, there had been a struggle among the members of the President's inner circle to find some definition of the Carter Presidency. They puzzled over how to reconcile the Jimmy Carter who was the (barely) successful candidate—who touched and tried to soothe the nation's raw nerve ends, who had run against "Washington"—with the Jimmy Carter who had to govern, which meant devising programs and reaching some sort of accommodation with the very institutions and interests in Washington which he had run against. This effort to work out a relationship between a "thematic" Presidency and a "programmatic" Presidency, which are not necessarily contradictory, had marked the Carter Presidency almost from the outset. In June, a drop in the President's approval rating in the polls to only thirty per cent coincided with tangible and inconvenient evidence of the long-standing energy crisis—the gasoline lines. And these coincided with yet another effort by the President's pollster, Patrick Caddell, to convince Mr. Carter that he was in terrible political trouble, that the nation was suffering a crisis of belief and spirit which would make it difficult for any President to govern, and that the President needed to take bold, "breakthrough" actions.

IN early April of this year, Patrick Caddell called Rosalynn Carter and said that he needed several hours of her time, that the President's situation was very serious, and on Monday morning, April 9th, he had a breakfast with her that lasted about two hours. He went through what he terms "the numbers"—the figures his surveys were turning up which indicated that almost half of the American people were pessimistic about the long-term future of the country (as opposed to thirty per cent in 1975, when the country had just gone through Watergate and was in a deep recession), and that, for the first time, a third of the people were pessimistic about their own lives. He also had found that, for the first time, a plurality of those asked thought it would make no difference who got elected, and that most people felt they had no say in what the government did. He noted that all these figures had increased at an alarming rate. And he had found that few people thought that the politicians cared about inflation and taxes or that the government would do anything about them. Caddell is an excitable young man with what many people consider a brilliant mind (some think him a genius) whose brow is often folded in worry; he also has a sense of humor, and some attributes of a man who landed in large matters at a very early age. (He joined George McGovern's Presidential campaign as pollster in 1971, at the age of twenty-one.) He is one of the few outsiders who have been let into the Carter circle, and his relationship to it has some uncertainties. The other members' attitude toward him is some part respect and some part bemusement: there he is again, beating on the door with his numbers and his gloomy prophecies. Caddell is no mere pollster; whatever one's opinion of the quality of his thought may be—and opinions on this are mixed—he has a searching mind and he does think hard. Such people are not in abundance in the Carter circle.

Carter aides had long since developed the practice of going to Mrs. Carter when they felt frustrated in their attempts to get through to Carter himself. During the Presidential campaign, they went to her to get him off the subject of "ethnic purity" in neighborhoods, and she did. Once during the primaries when Carter wanted to go home to Plains to rest, she persuaded him to campaign in South Dakota instead. At the breakfast with Mrs. Carter in April, Caddell told her of the trouble he thought her husband was in, and showed her a memorandum he had written to the President when the State of the Union address was being prepared early this year. (Caddell had



"Edgar, you've been retired for three years now. Why don't you loosen your tie?"

written his own version of the speech, in which he would have had Carter acknowledge that times were difficult and people were troubled.) At this point, the President and others thought he was being too alarmist. Caddell had already been trying to convince Jody Powell, the President's press secretary, with mixed success.

Caddell had, in fact, been writing memorandums to the President for a long while, all of which bore the seeds of one that stopped the Presidency for a time-out at Camp David in July. Before Carter's Inauguration, he had written a memorandum—which became public—about the need for "style" and symbolism in Carter's Presidency, and the danger of getting trapped by substance. In October, 1977, Caddell took note that the President was running into problems in the polls, and he wrote a memorandum addressing what he felt were the institutional crises facing the President: that Carter had been elected to an office that was weaker than ever; that this left the President little with which to bargain with the other Washington institutions; that Congress and the special interests had gained real power, diminishing the President's; and that the President's only real lever was public support. In December of 1977, Caddell became alarmed by the degree to which people expressed personal approval of the President but also said that they did not think he was up to the job. By April of 1978, the distance between the personal-approval rating and the job-approval rating had grown even greater, and Caddell wrote a memorandum that went further. He told the President that people were tuning him out and were disappointed in him, because he was trying to be a leader of the government—was bogged down in programs and details—instead of being the leader of society which he had been elected to be. He also told Carter that he wasn't very successful at being a leader of the government. The April, 1978, memorandum urged Carter to return to the style that had marked his campaign for the Presidency, at least in its early stages: to address the nation's "mood," and to touch on the "intangible" problems in our society. Caddell talked about the importance of the President's putting more stress on themes, taking on the special interests, getting back in touch with the people, talking with more outsiders, and identifying more clearly what he was for. Others on Carter's staff were making some of the same arguments.

CAFÉ DE BANZO

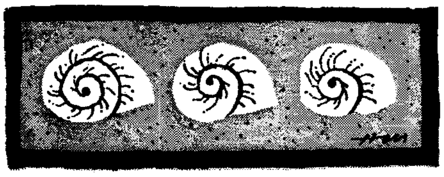
When evening comes to the Café de Banzo
The sun is dropping behind the isle of Itaparica
Quiet sit the waters in the Bay of Santos
And the simplest of our people
Are stepping out as freshness from rain showers.
The children leaning from windows are waving
Down to playmates in cobblestone alleys
Smudging their faces with mangoes.
They crack coconuts and goober nuts
As young girls in red cotton skirts
And women whose rhythms are deep in their hips
Are leaving their fish steaks on fire spits
For dancing with the men with music
With banjos and shakers and berimbaus
The men who sing of secret urges
Who mounted their boats at dawn this morning
Fishermen who rowed back to serve the table.
All were strolling together
Up the long steps to the Café de Banzo

The café de sofrimento and of longing for home
For the wet shores of the Niger
For palm leaves sloping over the Volta.
Exile had even invaded their dreams
Their bodies snatched as gold nuggets from river streams.
They were clutching the air in Lagos
Holding to the throne of Mansa Musa.
The tenderness in their holding you
The sweetness yearning in the walls of their veins
Like carnivals in the street
Came from the grief in their dancing.
With drums and bells and bugles
They called back the Gods of Yoruba
To cut loose their chains
And take away the shame they never made.
The simplest of our people are loving again
In the weeping and the sweat and the blessed oils
They see home again
When evening eases into the Café de Banzo.

—Henry Jackson

• •

In mid-April of 1978, amid rumors of a Cabinet "shakeup," the President held a retreat at Camp David with his Cabinet and his senior staff. The upshot was that Anne Wexler, who was experienced in Democratic politics and had a wide range of contacts, was brought into the White House, along with Gerald Rafshoon, the President's media adviser. The Cabinet and the White House staff were told to shape up, and the staff was reorganized slightly, and that was that. At this point, Mrs. Carter apparently believed that the Administration's problem was essentially one of public relations—that the public did not understand or appreciate what the President was doing—and she backed the bringing of Rafshoon into the White House. The President himself indicated a renewed interest in stressing themes, and there was a spurt of Presidential appearances in the White House pressroom to take credit for some legislative victories. In retrospect, the unfulfilled agenda of the first Camp David retreat set the stage for the second one.



In April of this year, Caddell, looking at what he considered his alarming "numbers," concluded that they could not all be explained by double-digit inflation. He argued to people at the White House that there was a need to fundamentally alter the concept of what Carter was doing as President, and that this was a historical necessity, because the times explained why Carter had been elected, the nature of the pressures on him, and the reasons people were disappointed in him. At his breakfast meeting with Mrs. Carter, he

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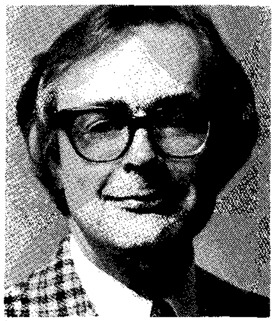


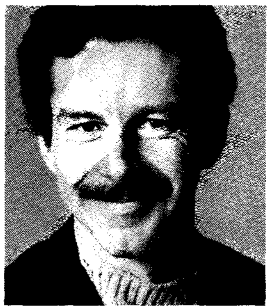
"I used to drink Campari on the rocks. Now, I drink it everywhere."
—G. Knight, Redwood City, CA

"I've learned to savor life's contrasts—setbacks with success, the bitter with the sweet. That's why I drink my Campari with orange juice."
—S. Wolff, Baltimore, MD

"Whenever my man asks for something different, I give him Campari in bed."
—M. Zapoleon, San Francisco, CA

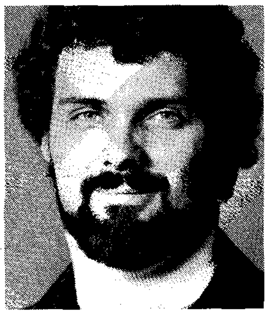
"The first time I tried Campari and Tonic, it was the beginning of a tasteful relationship."
—N. Bovino, Manteca, CA

"I used to order what everyone else did. But that was before I found myself—and Campari."
—C. Ledbetter, Dunedin, FL



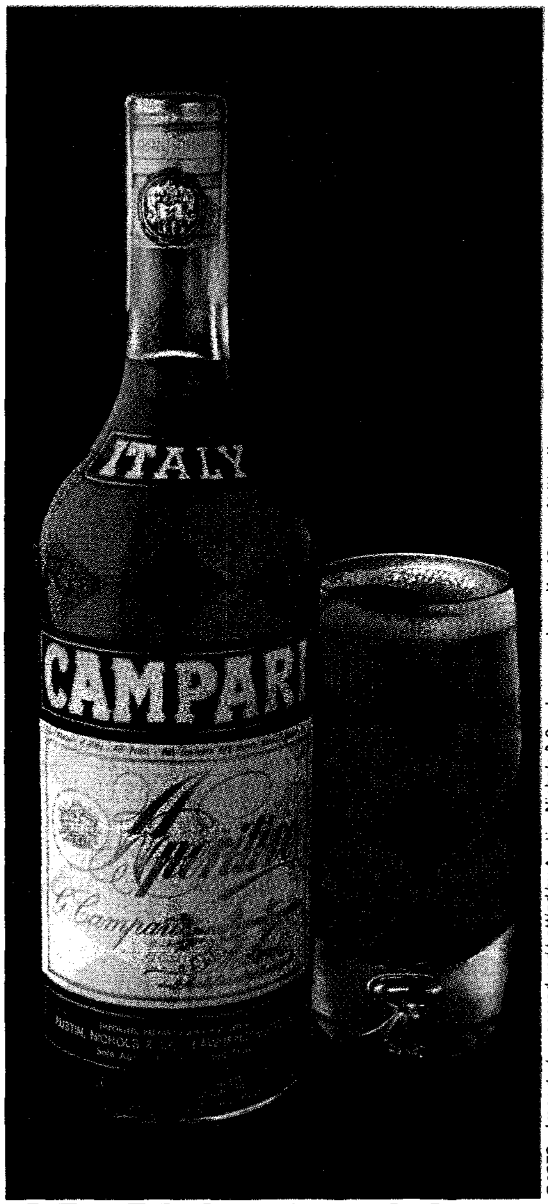
"At a New York art gallery, I was served Campari while contemplating a purchase. I decided to buy two bottles."
—K. Wall, Los Angeles, CA

"One night, I had to try it twice to like it, and now I like it twice a night!"
—O. Rosenstadt, Bethesda, MD



"After shooting pictures on safari, my best shot is of Campari."
—J. Jividen, Stow, OH

"When I order a Campari, it doesn't just say what I like to drink—it tells the world how I like to live."
—H. Millam, St. Louis, MO



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"Please don't use that joke about our vegetable garden being at the A. & P."

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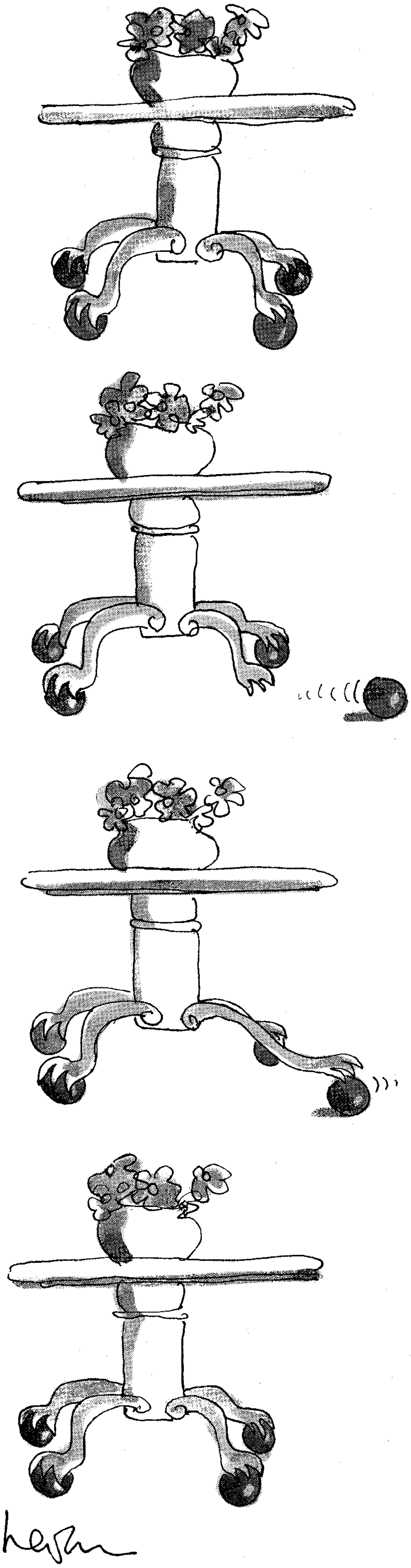
explained that what had befallen the President also presented an opportunity—that the things that were bothering people could be addressed. Mrs. Carter was apparently disturbed by what Caddell told her, and that afternoon Caddell, Powell, and Mrs. Carter met in the Map Room of the White House—a room on the ground floor where Franklin D. Roosevelt kept maps and plotted strategy during the Second World War—and talked the situation over, and decided that Caddell should once again commit his thoughts to paper. In this memorandum, Caddell included what his survey data were showing and the questions he thought they raised and also incorporated some ideas from his reading, including essays by John Maynard Keynes and James MacGregor Burns' book "Leadership," in which Burns expounded his theory of "transforming," as opposed to "transactional," leadership. (According to Burns' theory, "transactional" leadership occurs when leaders approach followers for the purpose of exchanging one thing for another—jobs for votes, subsidies for campaign contributions, or even smiles or gestures or letters for political support; "transforming" leadership occurs "when one or more persons *engage* with others in such a way that leaders and followers raise one another to higher levels of motivation and morality.") The memorandum laid out what Caddell saw as the President's problems of leadership, the mood of the country, and the necessity for the country to have some sense of goals and higher purpose. Caddell urged the President to move from a "transactional" Presidency to a "transforming" one. He argued that the basic problems facing the country were cultural, not political; that there was too great a tendency to look to government for solutions; that society was losing its confidence in the future; and that traditional values were breaking down and were being replaced by a search for fulfillment of the self, immediate gratification, and narcissism (as Christopher Lasch argued in his book "The Culture of Narcissism"). He said that these cultural problems were exacerbated by several other factors, such as the economy. He pointed to fifteen years of disasters that the American people had been confronted with: Vietnam, assassinations, riots, social upheavals, Watergate, the energy crisis, double-digit inflation coupled with recession, and an undermining of the belief in America's omnipotence and its boundless future. He suggested that the political system was becoming overloaded, that a growing dependence on government and bureaucracies instead of on the self undermined the belief in the self, and that the national interest and the future had become less important to people.

On Saturday, April 28th, Caddell and Mrs. Carter met with the President in the Oval Office to talk about Caddell's new memorandum. The President had not read it yet, and was apparently somewhat resistant to the meeting, but he became more receptive, and subsequently read the memorandum. He later gave it to Vice-President Mondale, who, according to several accounts, thought it was crazy. From that point on, Caddell began sending the President and Mrs. Carter books and articles that had influenced his thinking, and not long after the Saturday meeting Caddell and Powell met with Hamilton Jordan, the President's top adviser, to talk about Caddell's memorandum.

On Sunday, May 20th, the President called a meeting to be held after his return from delivering the commencement address at Cheyney State College, a black college near Philadelphia. That evening, the President and his wife and Jordan, Powell, Rafshoon, and Caddell gathered over drinks on the Truman balcony and talked about how to carry out the ideas in Caddell's memorandum, and about the institutional battles that would ensue. They talked about how to break the hold of the special interests on so much that happens in government, and about a return to the anti-Washington rhetoric of the 1976 campaign. Caddell was then already at work on a follow-up memorandum, which was to include a plan of approach. It was agreed that Stuart Eizenstat, the President's chief adviser for domestic policy, should be brought in on what was happening, and that the President would meet over dinner in late May with some of the thinkers who had influenced Caddell. It was recognized that not much could be done in June, because the President had to attend summit meetings in Vienna and Tokyo.



As it happens, earlier on the Saturday in late April when Mrs. Carter and Caddell met with the President, Eizenstat had held a meeting with him in which he stressed the need for more coherence in Administration policies and more discipline on the part of the Cabinet, and the need to have someone on the White House staff make some of the day-to-day decisions that were now going to the President or were not being made at all. This meant that there should be a chief of staff, and, Eizenstat argued, Jordan was the logical choice. I am told that Mrs. Carter had encouraged Eizenstat to go to the President and make this argument. It was generally agreed within the White House—among people who know both the President and Jordan—that Jordan was not just the obvious choice for the job but the only possible one. "Hamilton is the closest to the President, and if Hamilton didn't want to do it, he wasn't going to let anyone else do it," one of the President's advisers says. Another says, "Hamilton was the only person whom Jimmy would ever accept doing that job, and everyone was pounding on him, saying that he needed one." The President, it is clear, had developed a dependence on Jordan, and Jordan, it is clear, jealously guarded his relationship with the President. Few others were allowed to get close to Carter, and those who got too close for Jordan's taste usually ended up, at best, banished to the outer circles. Jordan was no man to cross, and everyone knew it. He had resisted the role of chief of staff for a long time, not only because of his often confessed sense of his own inadequacy for the job ("I'm not an administrator;" "I'm weak on the issues;" "I'm not well organized personally") but also because of his shrewd understanding that taking on such a role would pin him down, make him an enlarged target, give him responsibility for more than he cared to be responsible for. In his old role as assistant to the President, he could free-lance—get into whatever matters he chose. This suited his style and his temperament, and gave him all the power he needed. However, the need for more order in the White House had been apparent for some time. There were too many meetings of the President's principal aides which ended with no decisions made. Lengthy—sometimes hundred-page—proposals on such matters as tax policy and urban policy would be sent to the President, who would sit there (by choice, of course) checking off the boxes next to the "options." Often as not, the political implications of the proposals had not been carefully considered. As some saw it, members of the staff with different

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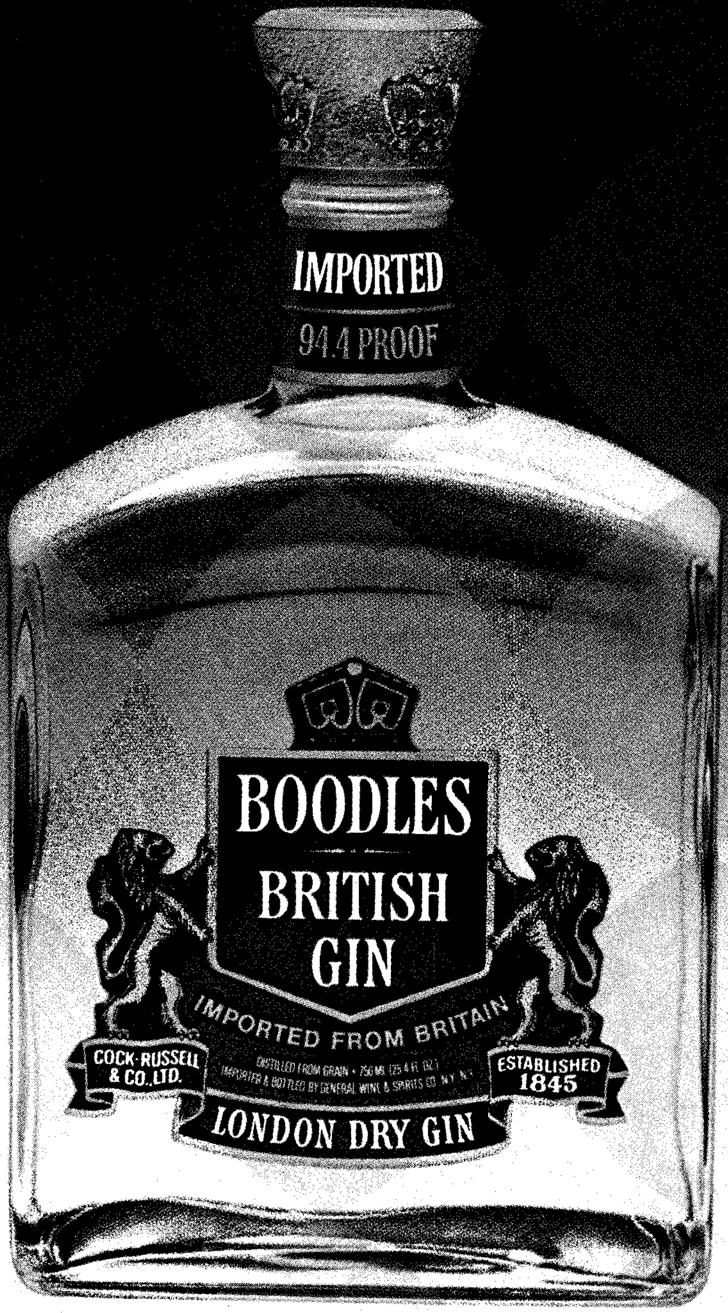
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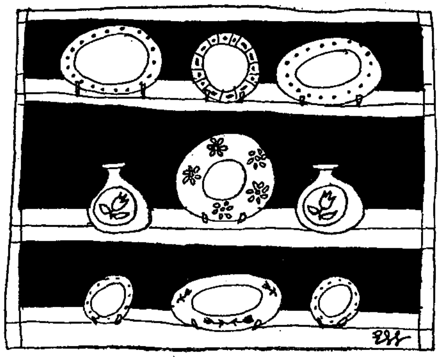
points of view would pursue their own purposes, with no one giving orders about how things were to be done; various people's versions of a proposed statement or speech would inevitably go to the President for a decision. The White House was a large gelatinous organism.

The understanding on the part of those around the President that he would entrust only Jordan, if anyone, with the job of trying to pull the place into shape bespeaks an understanding of the President's relationships with people. He is, from all appearances, a man who does not easily make human connections, and who clings tenaciously to those with whom he makes them; he has difficulty letting anyone into the circle and difficulty releasing anyone from it. A number of people who have been called to the White House for sessions with the President describe him as a remote man—polite, pleasant, but hard to read or to reach, or even to talk to. One person who has had dealings with the President has told me that Carter doesn't seem to have the politician's interest in figuring out how the other person is going to react to something—the kind of thing that people in politics have to figure out all the time, and that most of them enjoy figuring out. Someone who knows the President well has told me that he has a strong streak of the recluse in him. Certainly it is true that, as people in the Carter circle point out, previous Presidents had some longtime, trusted advisers around them who had come from their own environment—Kennedy had his Boston group, Johnson had his Texans, Nixon had his Californians. But in all these instances there were also others who were let in. A number of people have noted the tight, almost clannish nature of the Carter circle, and also its self-reinforcing suspiciousness. More than one person just outside the circle has told me that he was reluctant to try to go in and tell the President something that was on his mind, for fear it would be seen as trying to cut out one of the intimates—particularly Jordan. One such person indicated that the fault lay, of course, with the President. A White House aide said to me some time ago, "For the President to be talking to Hamilton and Jody is to be talking to himself. They don't have any other frame of reference. They reflect what they have learned and experienced with him." One person in the White House told me that the members of the inner group had a kind of "coup mentality"—a feeling that they were there by virtue of having made off with the Democratic nomination, against entrenched forces. Another once told me he felt that they had never cast off the feeling that they were looked down on in 1976—a feeling that spilled over into their dealings with Washington and their reactions to it. It is one thing to take on, with a clear eye, those ways of doing business in Washington which deserve to be taken on; it is another to view what happens here through a lens of resentment.

Another thing that has kept emerging from conversations with and about this group over the past two and a half years is that they do not think in terms of—are not much interested in—governing. "For Hamilton, being President is staying on top," one man in the White House told me. "It's the politics of every situation; it's not the problem of working something through the bureaucracy." Another White House aide said about a year ago, "The President doesn't run things. No one here does. The President doesn't like to call people on the phone or into his office and chew them out. It's gotten to a point where a number of people might send in a memo saying this person is a problem in going too far on such-and-such, and the President sends the memo back with a note, 'I agree.' "

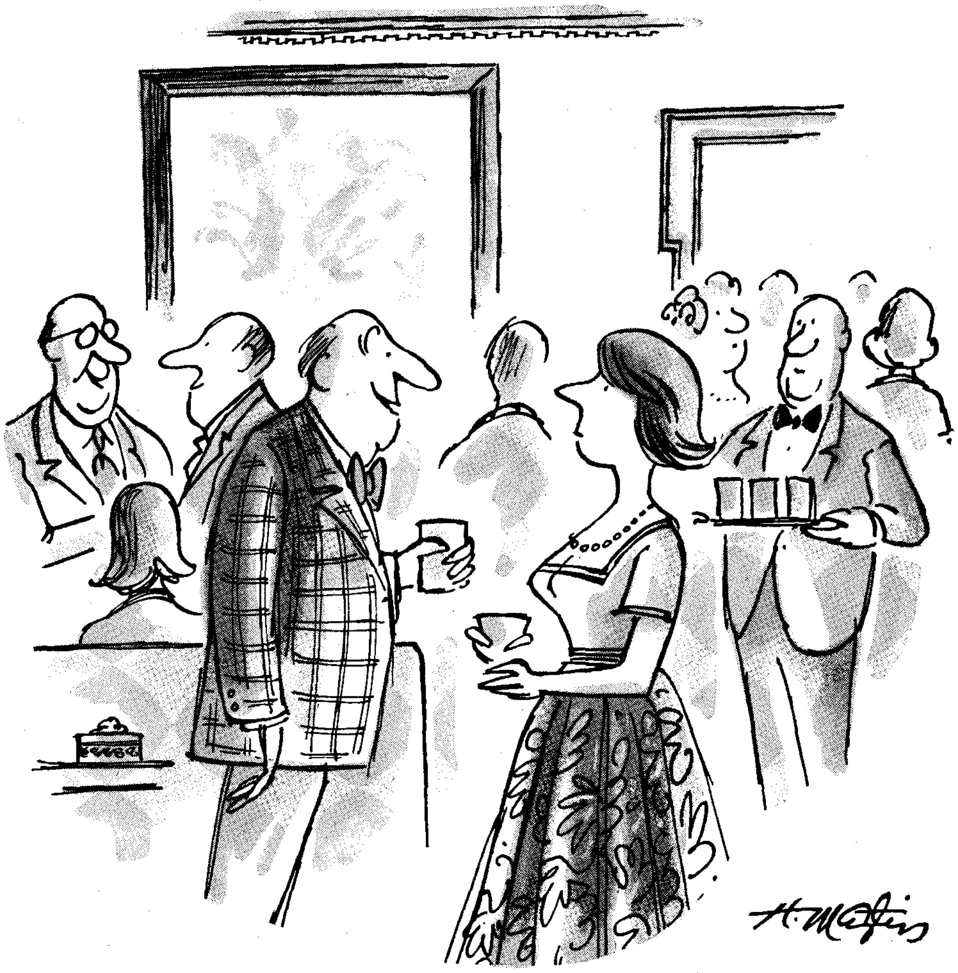
In the late afternoon of June 12th, two days before the President left for the Vienna summit, he convened a meeting in the Treaty Room—a private meeting room, on the second floor of the White House, that used to serve as the Cabinet room. In attendance, sitting around Ulysses S. Grant's Cabinet table, were the President and his wife, Jordan, Rafshoon, Eizenstat, Powell, Tim Kraft (the President's assistant for political matters), Frank Moore (the President's assistant for congressional liaison), Vice-President Mondale, and Richard Moe (the Vice-President's chief of staff). The subject was whether there should be a White House chief of staff, and, according to several who attended the meeting, the judgment was that there should be, and that Jordan should play that role. Jordan indicated that he was still reluctant but that if he was pressed he would take the job. There was also talk about "problems" with the Cabinet, and by that time everyone knew who most upset the White House staff—Joseph Califano, the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, and Michael Blumenthal, the Secretary of the Treasury. Especially Califano. There was talk of the need to pull things together better at the White House and of a problem of White House staff morale. Frank Moore offered that the President's recent statement to a group of congressmen that if Edward Kennedy ran for the Presidency "I'll whip his ass" had been very good for morale at the White House. Tim Kraft suggested that each of those present make more of an effort to telephone five or ten potential Carter supporters around the country each week, as the President himself had been doing for some time. The existence of the meeting and its purpose were closely held secrets. Afterward, Jordan set about planning for his new role, but it was not announced, as things turned out, until after the meetings at Camp David and during the Cabinet firings and resignations and what-have-you, and this contributed to the picture of a takeover of the government by "the Georgians."



BY Sunday, July 1st, when the President returned, exhausted, from the Japan summit meeting, his approval rating had dropped to twenty-five per cent—lower than Nixon's at his lowest point—and there was much public agitation about the gasoline lines (which had moved east from California), and some panic in the White House. The President had, at the urging of some of his advisers, cancelled a planned vacation stop in Hawaii, on the ground that it would look bad for him to be on the beach while people were in gas lines. On the plane back to Washington, Powell and Rafshoon urged the President to give an energy speech shortly after he returned, and at a meeting in the President's office on Monday he was persuaded to schedule the speech for that week. One problem was that there was no new energy policy yet. Eizenstat, for one, wanted the President to wait until he had more to announce. Some aides thought that the President was too tired and had too little time to develop a speech he would be comfortable with—that perhaps he should cancel an appearance before the National Governors Association, scheduled for the following weekend, to prepare for the speech. Jordan, among others, opposed that idea, because arrangements were being made for the

Democratic governors to endorse the President for reëlection. Some aides were concerned that if the speech was delayed, the moment of maximum possible attention—while the gas lines were there—might pass. Caddell wanted whatever speech the President made to address broader questions, and he told Mrs. Carter that it would be disastrous if the President gave simply another energy speech (the President's fifth), and she became upset and phoned Jordan. Later that day, Jordan instructed Hendrik Hertzberg, the President's chief speechwriter, to attach some of Caddell's material to the end of the proposed energy speech. This decision upset Caddell, who thought that the problems he was addressing were worthy of more than a footnote, and so Caddell went to work on his own draft of a speech for the President. The following day, the President went off with his wife to Camp David, taking along a hundred-and-seven-page memorandum from Caddell which analyzed the President's situation once again and recommended certain actions. After reading Caddell's memorandum and the draft of the energy speech scheduled for delivery the following night, the President cancelled the speech. His order to his aides that no explanation was to be given may have been prompted by the fact that Caddell's memorandum argued, among other things, that the people weren't paying attention to the President, and that there should be more drama and mystery in the President's actions.

The new memorandum picked up where the April one had left off. It went further in presenting Caddell's diagnosis of what had gone wrong in the country. Now Caddell offered a concept for a new style of leadership, and he offered a plan and a timetable for executing it. The plan called for a "breakthrough"—for a dramatic speech followed by substantive action that would convey boldness and creativity. Caddell uses the term "breakthrough" in its military sense. His speeches often contain military analogies, and "breakthrough" as he uses it means overcoming the "trench warfare" of government, which he often refers to, and amassing enough force to get and hold the nation's attention. The "breakthrough," then, was to get the attention of the public and raise what Caddell saw as the larger issues facing the country instead of just the ones that the President had been dealing with day by day. The "breakthrough" was to change the context of the Carter Presidency. He argued again that the President must be more of a "transforming" leader than a "transactional" one, and must deal from the higher plane of concern for people's aspirations—that he should concentrate less on running the government and more on leading the country and must aim for real changes in the society. Caddell offered specific proposals for applying the new approach to the issues of energy and the economy, and to the structure of the government and the problem of the special interests. He related the plan to the 1980 campaign. He talked about "intangible" questions as well as "tangible" ones, and about immediate and long-term issues. He addressed the way the President might approach his job—how he used his time, how he promoted ideas. He addressed the organization of the White House, including a proposal for an idea—or planning—unit in the White House. Caddell believed that at the heart of what he described as the country's "malaise" was the fact that we are a goal-oriented society without goals. He offered two proposals for establishing goals and at the same time offering people an opportunity to feel that they were participating in the setting of those goals. The first was a national effort that would involve people across the country in forming goals; the second was a Constitutional Convention. His theory was that such a convention would erupt in ideas, and probably end in few, if any, changes in the Constitution. What Caddell refers to as "the concept" for a new Carter Administration got its first public airing in a speech that the President gave to the Communications Workers of America on the afternoon following the speech he finally gave on Sunday evening, July 15th. The speech to the C.W.A. was actually a passage that Caddell had written for the President's Sunday-night address and that had not been included in the final draft. In the C.W.A. speech, the President said that with his new energy program he would have completed his list of campaign promises, and now he was turning to "a larger promise" he had made in the course of his 1976 campaign—"the promise that I would describe for you and to carry forward the vision of this nation that I hold in my heart." And then he spelled out what needed to be done: "First of all, we must restore our confidence and our sense of the future." Second, we must "revitalize our basic human values . . . we must believe and we must belong to something bigger than just ourselves, whether it be religion or community or family or our



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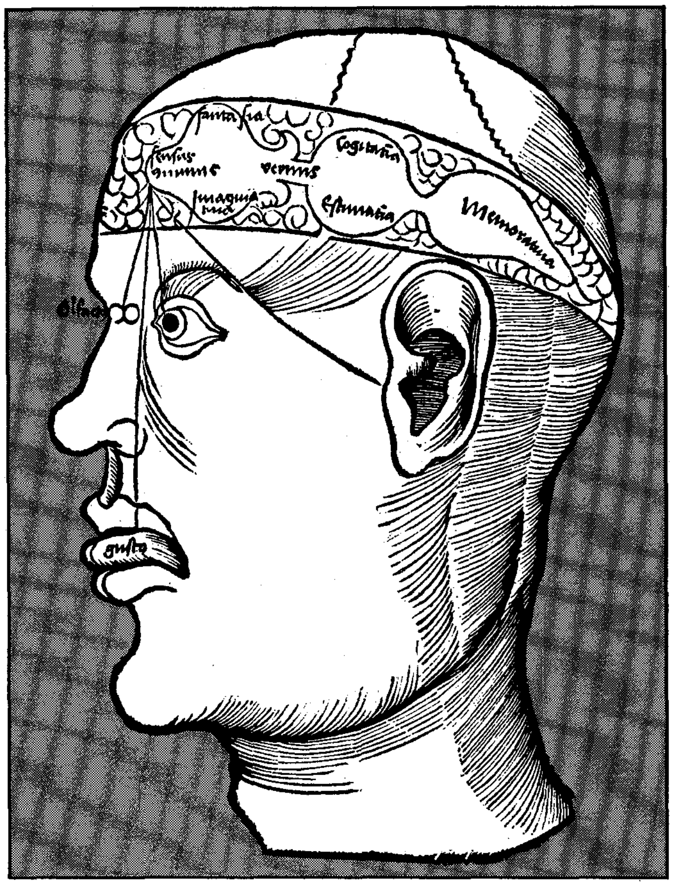

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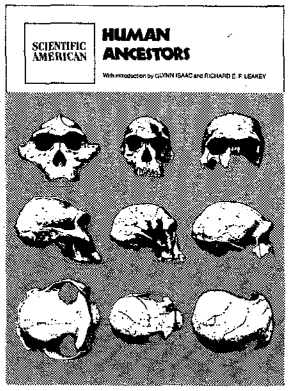

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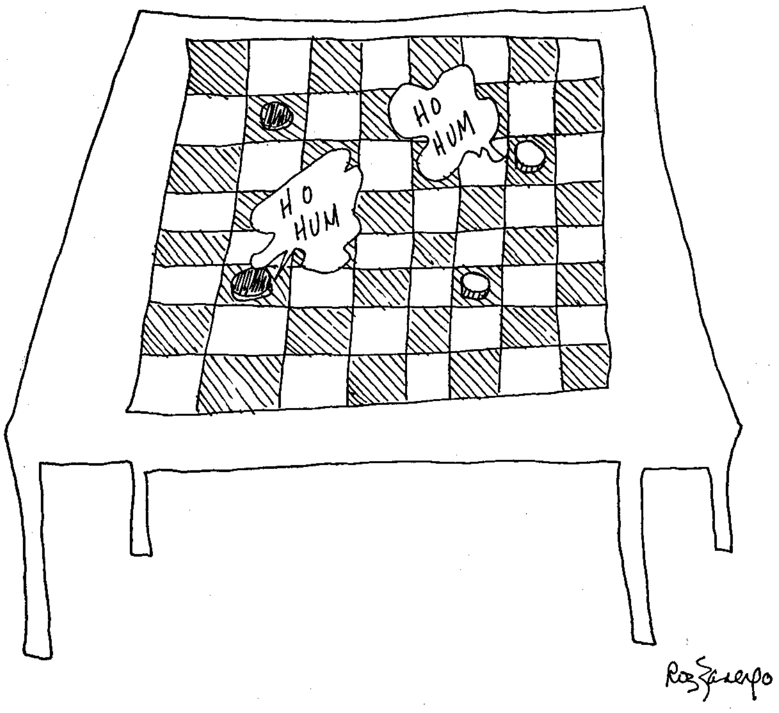
national service." Then, "the third thing we must do is to regenerate our sense of unity, joining hands with each other in a sense of commitment to a national purpose . . . our belief that we are building a better nation for the years to come. And we must define, finally, new goals for our nation and encourage all Americans—the President and all of you—to join in determining these goals." He continued, "We must bring together the different elements in America—producers, consumers, labor, business—bring all of us together from the battlefield of selfishness to a table of common purpose."

In his latest memorandum, Caddell also recommended that the Administration "get tough" with OPEC. (Some of the proposed ideas were new, and some were old ones that had already been rejected.) Renewing his warning to the President that the people were tuning him out, he recommended actions by which the President could get the nation's attention once again—actions that would have both theatre and mystery, and thereby set the stage for the "breakthrough" that would follow. He argued that drama and mystery are important elements in leadership. Caddell recommended not only surprise visits of the sort that the President and his wife made to families in Carnegie, Pennsylvania, and Martinsburg, West Virginia, toward the end of the Camp David retreat (Caddell had been urging him for some time to make such visits) but also that after the President made the surprise visits he then turn up in Plains, where he would make the delayed and newly conceived energy speech.

Caddell later explained to me some of his thinking. "There is no future-orientation, and people don't have a sense of how to have a say," he said. He had become concerned that the adversary process was coming to cripple society, and he had considered ways to encourage voluntary associations and community, and ways to deal with the drop in productivity. "All of these things are difficult and non-governmental societal problems, but problems that prevent the government from getting things done," he said. "The heart of the matter is that we will never be able to solve the economic problems without getting at the societal problems. Our normal definition of political problems is in terms of a governmental agenda, but we are still going to be in very deep trouble if we don't get at the deeper sources of our discontent." He pointed out that some economists say that three percentage points in the inflation rate could be attributed to declining productivity, and that productivity had to do with how people feel about work, with innovation, with regulatory trade-offs, and with capital investment—and he noted that capital was being drained, because of oil deficits and because people were not saving. He said, "Those problems are not going to be answered by conventional government solutions." He spoke of "the atomization of the political process" by the special interests, and the question of how the demands from various groups could be satisfied as resources run out. He concluded, partly on the basis of his reading, that a lot of the problem was caused by the material success of our economy. Caddell said, "I don't see how a democracy survives if people have no confidence in it, don't feel that anything matters, feel that they have no control over it—if they have no expectations, feel helpless in dealing with it. That leads you to the example of what happened to France in the Third Republic. Democracies don't usually blow up, they just collapse. If people feel they have no real relationship with their elected officials, feel that it doesn't matter whom they elect, they drop out of the electoral process, thus strengthening the hand of the special interests and the single-issue groups, and then, as politicians become more responsive to those groups, more generalist voters drop out. It becomes a circular problem. And it explains a lot about the 1978 elections: why so many people didn't vote, why negative campaigns worked, why the numbers were so bad after that campaign." Concerning the economy, he drew from de Tocqueville the theory of "soft despotism": that as this country became wealthier, the individual's need to protect his gains would lead him to become more dependent on governmental institutions to protect them, and common purposes would break down. He was impressed by Daniel Bell's discussion of the contradictions that arise when there are demands for continued economic success in a country where growth is not keeping up with demands. He drew from an essay by Keynes which depicted the worldwide depression of the nineteen-thirties as a temporary dislocation and argued that as prosperity was restored the question would be what the function of individuals in a society is—the question of "purposiveness." From Abraham Maslow, he took the theory of "higher needs"—that when immediate survival needs are met, higher needs come into play. And that, he told me, "gets to the spiritual malaise and the problem of people trying to find a purpose." He continued, "When all these forces come together, what you have when economic growth begins to slacken is not only that people are relatively prosperous but that prosperity is threatened by inflation. As this begins to happen, you have people becoming more pessimistic about the future and driven by concern about their own lives." From Lasch, from Bell, and from Robert Bellah, he drew confirmation of the theory that as people give up on the future they put more emphasis on immediate gratification, and that the pursuit of immediate gratification weakens values needed for the future—hard work, savings. And that got him to the problem of values. He noted that as a result of the postwar baby boom there was a precipitous drop in the mean age in this country, and that this situation, combined with the experiences of the sixties, left us with a large segment of the population which rejected religion and other old values. "One of the things we used to



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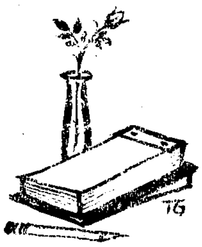
have in our society was a consensus about goals—expand, the frontier, go around the world, space," he said. "But that no longer exists."

"The concept," then, grew out of this thinking, was incorporated in the memorandum that the President took to Camp David, and was essentially accepted by the President. One of the questions behind all this is what the connection is between the nation's "mood" and the President's political fortunes—both ways. No one could be sure to what extent the appearance that the President could not cope—the fact that so many people felt disappointed again—contributed to the "malaise," and to what extent the "malaise" contributed to the appearance that the President could not cope. And, valuable as a time-out in any Administration might be, none of the President's advisers whom I asked maintained that such a reëxamination of the Administration or study of the nation's state of mind would have taken place if the President had not been in such political trouble.

WHAT the Administration's new approach was to be was a subject of major dispute among the President's advisers at Camp David. On the afternoon of Thursday, July 5th, the President and his wife, the Vice-President, Powell, Rafshoon, Jordan, Eizenstat, and Caddell met. Mondale was the strongest critic of Caddell's memorandum; he thought that it was silly and sophomoric. He rejected the diagnosis that the country was suffering from some sort of (as he read Caddell's views) emotional collapse and was in need of a catharsis. He argued that the anxiety, which he found real and understandable, was based on inflation and the energy problem and unemployment; people were finding that their savings were turning to water, that they couldn't afford housing, that they couldn't help their children get an education. He argued that in these circumstances it is harder to appeal to people, that their sense of survival comes first. He argued that the need was not to scold people for being "selfish" (Lasch's "new narcissism"), as Caddell was recommending, but to respond to what was bothering them, as he saw it, and to be seen as responding. He argued that he had been out talking to people in appearances around the country and he knew what worked with audiences. Mondale was fairly apoplectic about the proposal for a Constitutional Convention, and called it the worst idea he had ever heard. He reminded the assembled group of the recent White House efforts to head off a Constitutional Convention to require a balanced budget, and he argued that the one thing the American people believe in is the Constitution. Eizenstat was skeptical about the memorandum, and said that many of the "recommendations" had not been thought out, or had been considered and rejected by the White House domestic-policy staff working under him. Rafshoon and Powell have been pictured as essentially sympathetic, but Rafshoon felt that what was needed was a way to deal with the problem—now. Rafshoon said to me later, "We found there was so much looking into issues, into solving problems, into legislation. That's not leading the country—that's not what people elected Carter to do. He came at his promises from a legislative-scorecard point of view, and the country doesn't care; the press doesn't care. So the President was finding that you're irrelevant when you talk about issues. Remember, in the campaign he was the only one who wasn't talking about issues." Rafshoon felt that it was important for the President to be "relevant," which meant showing people that he understood what was bothering them. Jordan came across as ambivalent. The schism between the group headed by Caddell and the one headed by Mondale and Eizenstat has characterized other disputes within the Administration. Mondale and Eizenstat are viewed by some of the rest as excessively concerned with programs, and the old constituencies of the Democratic Party, and traditional politics; and they are sometimes blamed for leading the President down those paths and thereby causing some of the Administration's problems. It is occasionally pointed out to me that Eizenstat, after all, did not play much of a role in the 1976 campaign—that his forte was "issues," not politics. I do recall him on the Carter campaign plane looking worried (as he often does) and being concerned about where some of the candidate's promises were leading. His worries were often dismissed as irrelevant to the purpose at hand. The others now acknowledge him as the member of the senior staff who is most concerned with substance, but they believe that there are limits to the efficacy of substance.

On Thursday evening, the group reassembled to talk about the Cabinet, and—except for the President, who is said not to have revealed his thoughts—joined in criticizing members of the Cabinet. The criticism centered on Califano, Blumenthal, and James Schlesinger, the Secretary of Energy, and few defenses of any of them were offered. Both Mondale and Eizenstat had their reasons for being upset with all three, but apparently they did not think that it would come to a wholesale firing. It is not clear that at that point anyone did. Others around the President—especially Jordan, Rafshoon, and Powell—had long hoped for some firings, and Caddell thought that some firing was necessary to show that the President was taking charge. But no one knew what the President, who had resisted even disciplining of Cabinet members, would do. For the next several days, there were essentially two Camp Davids: the one in which the President was meeting with various groups of outsiders, and the one in which weary and increasingly contentious aides were worrying over what was to follow—what sort of speech the President would give, how the nature of his Presidency should change, how the changes should be put into effect.



At various times, the reassessment process that was supposed to be taking place at Camp David very nearly broke down. I have been told that at one point Jordan wanted to call the whole thing off, that Caddell's fortunes rose and fell with some frequency, and that there were many bitter arguments. Most of the President's time and much of his advisers' time was taken up with the meetings with outside groups. Once those meetings began, they took on a life of their own. After the President had met with some old Washington hands and others whose views he apparently really sought, he had to hold substantive meetings about energy and the economy, because, after all, those were the subjects he was ostensibly reviewing. Because he had cancelled his appearance at the National Governors Association, some governors were invited to Camp David. That meant that some mayors also had to be invited. Jesse Jackson had been invited to an early meeting, so other black leaders had to be invited. The Democratic congressional leadership had to be invited. Some senators vied to be invited. "The goddam thing mushroomed," one of the President's advisers said to me later. "Base-touching" became interwoven with the thinking process that was supposed to be taking place. There were disputes over who should be invited. "It was chaotic, to say the least," one White House aide said later. By the middle of the week after the Fourth of July, most people at Camp David thought that the whole thing had gone on long enough, and that it was time to get the speech ready and to prepare for the return to Washington and the new look. But it is clear in retrospect that there was no agreement on what the new look should be. One indication of that is a meeting that took place in Washington during the "domestic summit" (some of the President's aides and advisers shuttled back and forth), in the Treaty Room of the White House. The purpose was to discuss the followup of Camp David, and in attendance were Mrs. Carter, Powell, Jordan, Phil Wise (the President's appointments secretary), Charles Kirbo (the Atlanta lawyer who is an old friend and adviser of the President), Caddell, Rafshoon, and James McIntyre (the director of the Office of Management and Budget). Caddell had one agenda, which was to talk about realizing "the concept;" Jordan had another, which had to do with the White House structure and with schedules.

The first suggestion anyone can recall that there should be a mass resignation occurred at a meeting at Camp David on Wednesday of the second week. In attendance were Powell, Jordan, Rafshoon, Caddell, Richard Moe, Wise, and McIntyre. Rafshoon was said to be enthusiastic about the idea—which is reported to have been his—and others, especially Powell and Caddell, were also quite interested in it. The arguments made in behalf of the idea were that it would be dramatic, that it would shake things up, and that it would show that the President was taking charge and being forceful. Some also saw it as a way of getting things set in motion so that the President would have to follow through and get rid of some people. Phil Wise expressed some reservations about the idea, and Richard Moe opposed it, saying that it was unnecessary and had Nixonian overtones. (After his 1972 election victory—and after meeting with his advisers at Camp David—Nixon asked for the resignations of his Cabinet and White House staff. He later wrote in his memoirs, "I see this now as a mistake.") Jordan seemed neutral—he has a way of keeping things to himself in such settings—and after just a few minutes the conversation moved on to something else. Afterward, some people were given the clear impression that the subject was dead.

There were continuing arguments over the Sunday-night speech. Caddell argued that the speech should signal a clean break with the past and should deal with the nation's spiritual problems and with the President's intention to change his style of governing, including a confession of errors, an avowal that he would be bold, and also some scolding of the nation for its selfish ways. Mondale argued that Caddell's speech proposal was nonsense and that scolding the nation was no way to get it to follow the President. (In this, he found an ally in Kirbo, and the scolding in a draft was toned down.) Mondale and Eizenstat argued that the President was expected, after all, to give an energy speech. Eizenstat, while not enthusiastic over the idea of the President's talking about "malaise," said that there was no logical inconsistency in dealing with both "malaise" and energy, and that one did not have to choose between being the leader of the country and being the leader of the government. What emerged was essentially two speeches, basted together—one about "malaise," and one, dictated by Eizenstat at the last minute, giving the outlines of the President's energy program. The idea was that, having described the nation's condition, the President could use energy as the issue on which we could exert a national effort, thereby treating the condition. Energy was both the challenge and the opportunity; it is also one of the most difficult domestic issues ever. It was said to be the President's own idea to quote at the outset of the speech the criticisms of his governance which he had heard at Camp David. The theory behind what one aide calls the "mea culpa" at the beginning of the speech was that the President needed to admit that he was part of the problem—to share the blame. Otherwise, the theory went, no one would listen to him. And, it was argued, if the President told the country he was going to change things, he had to show that he was ready and willing to get rid of people. By that theory, confessing error, addressing "malaise," urging a "bold" new energy program, and firing people all fit.

WHEN the President returned from Camp David to Washington on Saturday, July 14th, the day before he was to give his speech, it appears that no one—not even he—was certain what he was going to do about the

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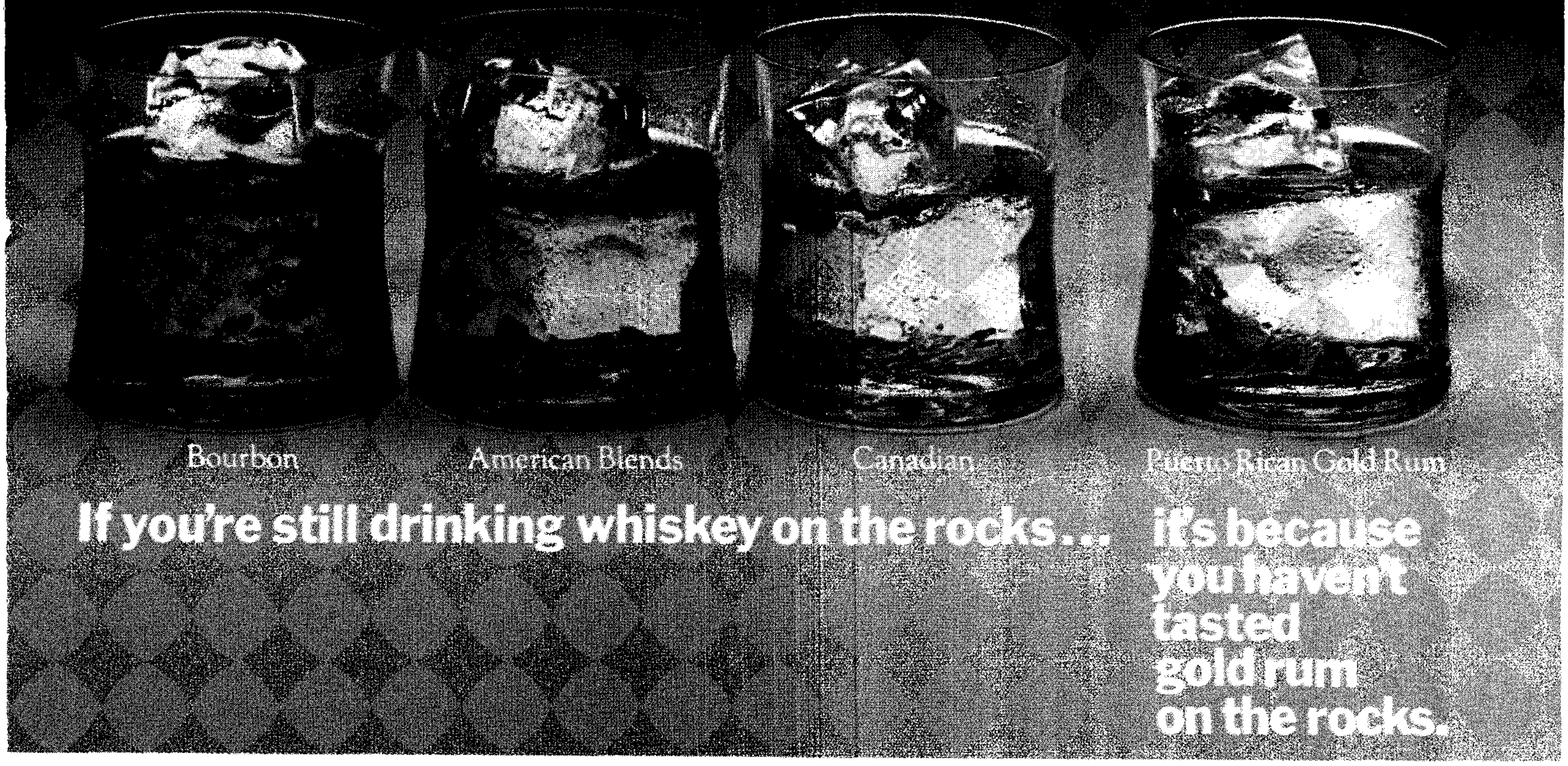
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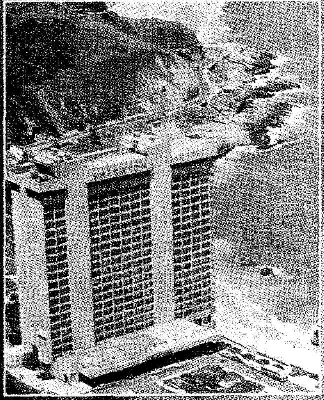

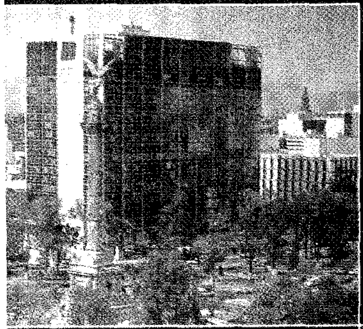

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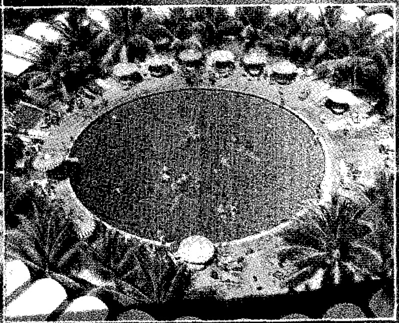

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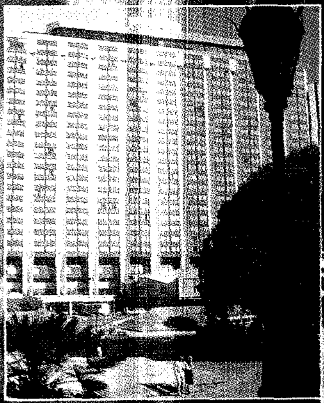

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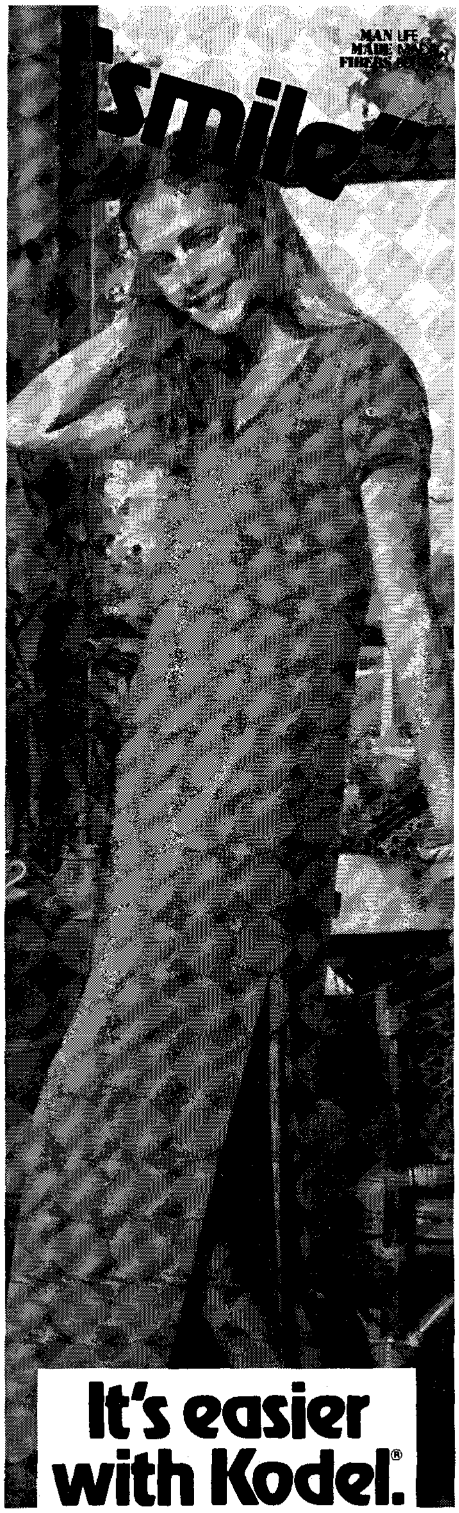
Cabinet. The person about whom he seemed the most uncertain was, of all people, Califano, Jordan, Powell, Moore, McIntyre, Caddell, and Rafshoon—and also, some of the President's aides say, Mrs. Carter—had all been bitterly critical of Califano, and the President was under strong pressure to fire him. The relationship between Jordan and Califano had begun badly; from the outset, Jordan had not been hesitant to undercut Califano through the press, and his complaints about him were often echoed by others close to the President. There were several ostensible reasons for the problems between Califano and Jordan, but it often seemed to come down to resentment of Califano's independent ways and assertive nature, and his strong contacts with the Washington "establishment"—especially the Washington *Post*, for which he used to be counsel. The earliest objections had to do with Califano's independence in selecting his own appointees—an independence that he, like the other Cabinet officers, had been granted by Carter. One of the first objections, voiced through the press, was that Califano selected as his Under-Secretary a man who had supported Morris Udall for the Democratic nomination. (The selection of a Udall man for an important position was also one of the counts against Brock Adams, the Secretary of Transportation.) Of course, it is up to a President to define the terms of the relationship between his Cabinet officers and his White House staff, and this is something that Carter, from the start, failed to do. Moreover, whatever complaints Lyndon Johnson may have had about his Cabinet officers—and he had some—he did not permit his aides to go about cutting them up. Part of the trouble stemmed from the Carter group's failure to understand certain things about government. One of their charges against Califano and Blumenthal was that the two Secretaries' own proposals, which may have run counter to final Administration policy decisions, were leaked to the press. But, as some in the White House now say, so were the proposals of other agencies; this is something of a tradition in Washington. If such behavior becomes excessive, a President can always call in a Cabinet officer and ask him to tighten his ship (not all the leaks come from Cabinet officers), but this gets back to Carter's aversion to confrontation. Another grievance was that Califano's Department worked on legislation with people who were opposed to Administration positions, but it is standard government practice for the agencies to respond to congressional inquiries and requests for help in drafting proposals. Califano's attempts to find a compromise between the Administration and Edward Kennedy on the subject of national health insurance were viewed by some of the President's advisers as treason. Still another grievance concerned the Administration's proposal to create a separate Department of Education, and here Vice-President Mondale may have inadvertently had a hand in bringing about Califano's departure. The creation of the Department of Education was a campaign pledge by Carter to the National Education Association, which subsequently endorsed him for President—the first such endorsement that the large union had ever made. Fulfillment of this pledge became very important to the President, and also to Mondale. A number of people have long thought such a Department a perfectly terrible idea, and Califano had opposed it from the time he served in the Johnson Administration. He was clearly not enthusiastic about it after the Carter Administration proposed it, and Administration officials later became convinced that he was lobbying against it; but the charge fades when one seeks documentation of it on Capitol Hill or in the White House, and there are White House aides who think that, whatever Califano's faults, he was not so foolish as to have done such a thing. But the White House, including, for a time, Mondale, got worked up over the matter. (The Department of Education was approved by the House on July 11th; it had already been approved by the Senate.) In the controversy after Califano was fired, the President and some of his associates charged that Califano had a poor record of winning legislation (an odd thing to say in the light of the Administration's over-all record), and even someone in the White House who follows such things termed the charge "baloney." There were several who believed that however Califano behaved in the matter of the Department of Education, it was not an issue that warranted getting rid of a Secretary who was widely considered very able.

There are several ironies in the story. One of them is that Patricia Roberts Harris, the former Secretary of the Department of Housing and Urban Development, who was selected to replace Califano, can be a difficult person herself and had been far from a favorite of the White House staff—especially Jordan. But because she is a woman and a black it would have been impossible to let her go, and she had been gaining White House favor of late by being especially responsive to requests that she go out and speak in the President's behalf, and by defending the President's decision to cancel the energy speech and withdraw for a time to Camp David. The President discussed with Jordan at Camp David the possibility of making Mrs. Harris the Secretary of H.E.W., and though Jordan was not happy with the idea, he apparently thought it was a price worth paying to be rid of Califano. (It is said by others that only Jordan talked to the President about who would be replaced by whom.) Eizenstat apparently heard about the idea of appointing Mrs. Harris but did not know that it would actually be carried out until it had been.

Another irony is that there is no less disarray in the Administration's foreign-policy machinery than there has been in the domestic area. There have often seemed to be two foreign policies, and it has seldom remained secret for long when Zbigniew Brzezinski, the President's National Security adviser, and the State Department have differed. But here, too, the President has been unwilling to settle matters, to impose coherence. Such uncertainty, vacillation, on Mr. Carter's part may help to explain what has often been interpreted as a calculated effort to have it both ways on a number of issues. A recent example occurred when the President said in his energy message last April that he would decontrol the price of oil. During a trip to Iowa, where the decontrol move was very controversial, the President was asked what he would do if a bill blocking decontrol reached his desk, and he said he would not veto it.

By the end of the stay at Camp David, it seemed clear that Schlesinger would go—that he had become a political liability to the Administration, and that he knew it. In the end, Eizenstat was the only one who was arguing against the firing of Blumenthal, who had made enemies, because he can be difficult to deal with and was quite willing to let it be known when he differed with the White House on policy decisions. Jordan disliked Blumenthal a great deal. Eizenstat argued that Blumenthal's behavior had improved in the past few months, and that he should not



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be let go unless someone demonstrably better was on hand to succeed him. But the President decided to let him go before a successor had been found; the President and Jordan hoped that David Rockefeller, the chairman of the board of the Chase Manhattan Bank, or Reginald Jones, the chairman of the board of General Electric, could be brought in to take the job, but both turned it down. Then G. William Miller was persuaded to leave his job as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board to go to Treasury.

The word among the White House staff at the end of the Camp David retreat was that "the Georgians" had won Schlesinger's and Blumenthal's scalps but not Califano's—yet. The President was still raising questions and expressing doubts as to whether Califano should be fired. Both Mondale and Eizenstat argued against firing Califano. Eizenstat said that he was the one in the White House who had to work with Califano the most, that he was willing to continue to work with him, and that he thought Califano was sufficiently capable that, despite all the difficulties, he should be kept on. The difficulties might be handled, it was suggested, by having the President call Califano in and chastise him for the behavior that was bothering the White House, and having the fact that this had occurred leaked to the press by Powell. But such confrontations, it is clear, are alien to the President's nature. And so, rather than straighten out relationships with his Cabinet officers, he let things drift until he fired them. Mondale argued that Califano was a strong Secretary, with a powerful constituency. On the Sunday that the President was to give his new speech, Mondale left Washington for a five-day trip around the country to promote the SALT agreement, under the strong impression that Califano would be kept on. He did not know otherwise until after Califano had been fired.

The President's move to ask for the resignation of his Cabinet en masse was also surrounded by some uncertainty. There are those who think that it may even have been accidental. The President, after giving his speech on Sunday night (the Cabinet was invited to watch it over cocktails at the White House), travelled all day Monday. Meetings with the Cabinet and the senior staff had been decided on for Tuesday as part of Jordan's agenda, to show, as he put it in discussions, that the Carter White House was now "taking control of the government." The day on which the President received the resignations of his entire Cabinet and senior staff was marked by a fair amount of improvisation for such an important—and, as it turned out, stunning—event. When the President met with his senior staff on Tuesday morning, shortly before the Cabinet meeting, he talked about his intention of making some changes in the staff and in the Cabinet, announced that Hamilton Jordan would be made chief of staff, and mentioned rather offhandedly that some people had suggested to him that he ask for the entire Cabinet's resignation. He apparently gave no indication that he was seriously considering the idea, and therefore a number of senior staff officials, including Eizenstat, were unaware that he was going to carry it out. And the President did not at that point ask for the resignations of the senior staff members. Jordan has said he did not know how the President would handle the matter at the Cabinet meeting. The President and members of his staff subsequently put out the story that the President suggested the mass resignation to the Cabinet as one of the "options," and that Secretary of State Cyrus Vance then said that the Cabinet members should tender their resignations in order to give him a free hand. But, according to more than one Cabinet officer in the room at the time, that is not quite what happened. According to them—and they consulted notes of the meeting—the President said that he was going to make changes in the Cabinet, and that several senior members of his own staff would also be dismissed. (He also told the Cabinet that Jordan would now be chief of staff and would be senior to the other White House staff members.) He is then reported to have said that all the Cabinet members should submit letters of resignation, and Vance and Harold Brown, the Secretary of Defense, both said that such letters were not necessary and not a good idea. It was suggested in the course of the meeting that such an action would have a Nixonian flavor. And it was agreed that members of the Cabinet served at the President's pleasure and that, of course, he had their resignations if he wanted them. The matter of whether the resignations should be made in writing was left unresolved, and the President moved on to the subject of the now famous job-

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performance questionnaires, turned the meeting over to Jordan, and left. Jordan talked about the questionnaires and said that he would see if the President wanted the resignations orally or in writing. That afternoon, about three o'clock, Jordan placed a conference call to the Cabinet members and said that the President was not insisting on written resignations and that their offer to resign would be announced. And then Jordan reconvened the senior staff and said that since the members of the Cabinet had tendered their resignations, it would be appropriate if they did the same thing—which left them no choice.

IT is quite clear from subsequent actions of the President and his aides, and from conversations with some of them, that they were utterly unprepared for the storm that followed, and that, for all their talk that this was simply a "Washington" reaction, they were shaken. Some of them said that the mass resignation was not a very important factor, that people would have got just as upset over simple firings. (One of the President's advisers suggested to me that the mass resignation was a way for the President to affirm his support of those he kept on.) The reactions around the country—indeed, the world—suggest otherwise: that the action was so far outside the range of predictable behavior that people were bewildered; to many it seemed that things had gone out of control. At a meeting with Administration staff members the following Monday afternoon, the President said that the mass resignation may have been a mistake; at a press conference two days later, he said that he had no apologies. The decision of the White House to dispute Califano's version of what the President had told Califano when he accepted his resignation—that Califano had done a "superb" job and had been the best H.E.W. Secretary ever, that he had to let him go because he had had friction with certain members of the White House staff, that the very qualities that made him a good Secretary of H.E.W. were the ones that caused that friction, and that the President had to get ready for 1980—was reminiscent of other occasions when members of the President's staff have felt cornered or injured. At times like that, their scrappiness can get in the way of their judgment (the Bert Lance episode, which produced undocumented charges against a senatorial accuser; the amaretto-and-cream episode, which produced a thirty-three-page deposition from the White House to discount the allegation of Jordan's barroom misbehavior). What Carter was alleged by Califano to have said sounds like Carter; and he said just about the same thing to Blumenthal, except for the reference to 1980 politics. (Califano had offended tobacco interests by his anti-smoking crusade and others in North Carolina by his effort to desegregate the state's university system. I had heard White House aides talk about this long before Califano was fired, and after he was, one of the President's advisers said to me, "You can't go through a campaign with someone who might cost you two states—Kentucky and North Carolina—that you otherwise have a chance to win.") By the end of the week, Powell was publicly calling Califano a liar, and the President was criticizing Califano to reporters in very strong terms and was himself disputing Califano's version.

More than one politician here wondered why on earth, even if Califano was shading the truth a bit (and they realized that that was something they could not know), the White House chose to get into a public fight with him. It was clear that he had powerful friends on Capitol Hill (House Speaker Tip O'Neill and Judiciary Committee Chairman Peter Rodino among them) and elsewhere in Washington, and that he had built a following for the way he managed his Department, and had a constituency among those the Department served and among Italian Catholics. Even people on Capitol Hill who didn't much like him thought he had done a good job.

No one questions the right of the President—any President—to dismiss Cabinet members. Where the Carter people appear to have miscalculated was in the timing (thirty months into the Administration, and just when the President was trying once again to get the country to focus on energy) and the manner of the dismissals, and the ostensible reasons for them. And many people wondered why, if the dismissals were to come at all, they had to be handled with so little dignity. Even Griffin Bell, the President's associate from Georgia, who had been planning for months to leave his post as Attorney General, was hurt that his resignation was finally accepted in the midst of the melee, and felt constrained to go on the morning television talk shows to explain that he had wanted out for a long time. ("My God, I've been leaving for months.") And no one disputes the fact that a President is entitled to discipline and loyalty from those who serve him. But a number of people here believed that the problems that the Carter White House had with its Cabinet were largely of its own making—that the whole thing got off on the wrong foot, and Carter had failed to set it straight.

One of the things that several politicians found remarkable about the series of events was that the Administration failed to see that it was in its own interest to handle the matter more delicately. It is a fact about politics that politicians, to a far greater degree than people in the private sector, are vulnerable to those whom they hire, and run a danger when they fire them. The person who is fired is in a position to do damage. One politician here remarked, during the week of the firings, "In politics, what always makes you hostage is that the people you hire can blackmail you. It's not what they can do for you, it's what they can do against you. So when you move them, you have to protect their dignity; you don't submit them to anything but a glorious sendoff, particularly where someone has left private life and has served you for almost three years. At that point, it becomes a reflection on your performance and judgment." This person recalled that when Lyndon Johnson wanted to remove Robert McNamara as Defense Secretary (McNamara was seen as too close to the Kennedys and was letting it drop that he had misgivings about the Vietnam War) he installed him as head of the World Bank. This was a job that McNamara had told Johnson that he might like someday, but he got it sooner than he expected.

Friday Afternoon, July 20th. Jody Powell, in the White House pressroom, announces the fifth, and last, Cabinet departure—Schlesinger's. Actually, Schlesinger, having seen what was coming, has been saying for some time that he wanted to leave, and, in accordance with the bizarre way things have been happening all week, announced his own departure at a congressional-committee meeting earlier today. Whatever political benefit the Administration might have gained from getting rid of Schlesinger was utterly lost in the debris. Brock Adams seems to have decided that he wanted out, and, by stipulating publicly the terms on which he would stay, invited the President to fire him. Adams was not popular with the White House, but his departure

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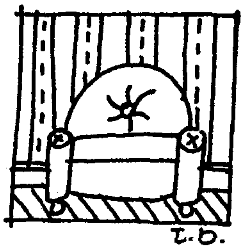
was not in the plans. Today, Powell looks weary and slightly yellow. The atmosphere in the pressroom is tense, and even a bit unpleasant. Things have deteriorated a great deal since the early days of the Administration, when Powell's barbed exchanges with the reporters were considered good fun. Powell announces that in a few moments the President will make an appearance. Carter clearly wants to put his own coda on the week.

The President arrives in the pressroom at four-seventeen, looking tired and haggard. He is a slight man, but now his body seems shrunken, somewhat stringy; his aides attribute this to the fact that he has taken up extensive jogging. The President speaks quickly, his face inexpressive. He says, "I have a brief statement to make consisting of five parts," and, glancing from time to time at a small piece of paper, he says that he has made changes in his Cabinet "after a long and very careful assessment;" that the changes have all been "constructive;" that he does not expect any further resignations from his Cabinet; that he wants to "express my thanks" to those who have served him; and that "I need the full support of the American people." He says again that "every single change has been a positive change" and he folds his small piece of paper and he is gone. The whole episode takes, by one reporter's timing, a minute and seventeen seconds. It is as if one had just seen an apparition.

A striking thing about this week has been the reaction of Congress. Almost no one, even among those who generally approve of his policies, has defended the President. A Democratic senator said to me, "All of us who have a direct stake in the success of the Carter Administration are treating this whole thing as an abstraction, as a Japanese play. When Nixon was in trouble, almost down to the end there were Republicans trying to put the best face on it." As the senator saw it, the congressional reaction was another indication of the Carter Administration's failure to establish alliances on Capitol Hill. The point is not that Congress is necessarily a lovable institution, or one that should be "got along with" purely for the sake of getting along with it. The point is that any President needs relationships with people on Capitol Hill who can help out in times of trouble and are willing to fight for his proposals. This does not rule out hitting Congress over the head publicly when it is recalcitrant on legislation, or flogging it for being paralyzed by "the special interests" when it is. As it happens, members of Congress are not so hard to win over. Despite its changing nature, its new assertiveness, and other factors that make Congress more difficult for any President to deal with, there are accommodations that can be reached which are of mutual benefit. Regardless of all that is said about changed attitudes toward the Presidency, Congress still is inclined to respect Presidents. It especially accords Presidents respect when it thinks the Presidents are doing well: when it thinks it has reason to fear their power with the public. Moreover, a few returned phone calls, a few favors, a bit of flattering attention on the part of the White House can have a remarkable effect on a member of Congress. Another Democratic senator said to me recently, "It's inconceivable that relationships can be this bad—so totally and fundamentally bankrupt—without the most conscientious effort having been made by the White House to bring that about." The week's events did nothing to enhance the President's standing with members of Congress. They viewed the mass resignation with incredulity. They know that any effective politician understands that in politics timing counts for a great deal; therefore, it made no sense to them that the President, having finally got the nation's attention on energy, suddenly changed course and changed the subject. Not only was valuable time lost but the sum total of the actions did not help the President with his energy proposals. During the week, an important member of the House who is inclined to support the President said to me of the pending Administration bill to give the President standby authority to impose gasoline rationing, "People here don't know if they want to entrust anything to them now." That in the midst of all the confusion the President appointed as his chief of staff a man who appeared to have shown a studied indifference to, if not a contempt for, Congress, and about whom the main things that the members of Congress knew were reports of his lively social life, depressed and dismayed even those members who were inclined to support the Carter Administration. Perhaps it dismayed them especially. And for those Senate Democrats who see themselves as having to run in 1980 with Carter possibly at the head of the ticket the week has been particu-



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larly depressing. They certainly don't feel that the President has improved his prospects. Most of them fervently hope that someone else will head the ticket. Increasingly, House Democrats have been getting the same feeling.

A few minutes after the President's appearance in the pressroom, I have a conversation with Powell. Powell says of the firings, "This seemed to be a good time to make those moves. Had we not done so, I think we would have been justly charged with a lack of substance and serious intent. The Administration has been criticized as overly lax. There has been too little penalty for less-than-good performance, and in the exposition of policy there has been a very damaging lack of coördination or self-discipline or all those things."

I ask him if he thinks "Washington" is "overreacting."

"To some extent," he replies. "Of course, the reaction here in Washington can in the course of time feed the reaction in the country. If the people in the country are told again and again what they ought to believe, they are likely to believe it."

But does he think it is a peculiarly Washington reaction, I ask.

He replies, "Certainly in terms of the 'Oh my God' sort of thing. Because what it did was in a matter of only a few hours throw a scare into a lot of people who know other people. I'm not sure that's altogether unhealthy."

Eventually, it seems, every White House gets to a point where it decides that its problem is that it needs to reach "the people" over "Washington." This is a fairly understandable reaction, and there is no question that there is something to the observation that Washington is a "company town," more preoccupied with the details of what happens in the government than people elsewhere may be. But this overlooks the fact that, bit by bit, "the people" form their own judgments. Sometimes they do it before "Washington," caught up in the details, does. Proximity can have its limitations. This seemed to be true of Lyndon Johnson and the Vietnam War. The Nixon White House kept reassuring itself that what it was saying was going over "out there." Gradually, after accumulating evidence, the public makes a judgment (that an enterprise is a mistaken one, that a President is lying on a major matter). The corollary to this is that such an impression, having grown over a period of time, is not easily erased. Certainly not by a single stroke. Another fallacy in the "Washington" theory is that Washington is a place where people

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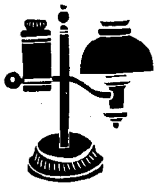
are of one mind. And another is that it is an "island" (as Carter calls it) cut off from communication with the mainland. Perhaps partly in response to the charge—it has been made for a long time now—that the nation's capital is an isolated place, people here make a point of staying in touch by phone, or by visits, with other places in the country, to see what "the people" are thinking. Members of Congress are frequently in their districts or their states; it is their business to ascertain the views of their constituents. A member of the House said to me recently that one reason this country has had such trouble getting an energy policy is that the politicians ascertain those views and reflect the various local interests all too well. During the upheaval over the Cabinet, several members of the House and Senate told me they had received calls from local editors saying that people were baffled and asking what on earth was going on.



In one form or another, the various things that the President has done during this week—the speeches and the firings—have been part of an effort to give him a new look. He and his aides say that he returned from Camp David a changed man, a man with more confidence—although the President has habitually described himself as a person of great confidence. Some described him as having gone through another "rebirth"—just as, by his own account, he did after he lost his first race for the governorship of Georgia. He said in his speeches on Sunday and Monday that he would lead as he had never led before, that he would be bold. One problem was that he had to point out that he was now going to be strong, be bold. The firings were meant to be part of the new picture, but were actually an opportunity seized upon by his aides to get him to do what they had long urged him to do. ("There is no way he would have done that before last week," one of his advisers said to me.) The problem was not only that they seemed to have no connection with the speech that he made Sunday night (although he did hint that something along these lines was coming), or with the effort to rally the nation on energy, but also that the manner in which they were executed and the clear signals they gave off that he had capitulated to his own aides—young men without much national stature—made him appear to many people not strong but weak.

Now Powell talks to me about the other part of what was to come out of Camp David—the new approach to the Presidency. "I have had for a long time a nagging suspicion that what we're dealing with are two very different and distinct problems, which if we're not careful can work at cross-purposes," he says. "The first is to do the governmental chores well—the programs, policy business that has to be done. At the same time, it seems clear that the times are not conventional and that conventional approaches will not be successful. If they were, we would not be facing what we are now. In our specific situation, given our lack of experience, we weren't doing the job of programs and policy as well as we should have when we first came in. I think we're doing that pretty well now. But in focussing on the mechanical process we lost sight of something we had done pretty well with—our understanding that traditional approaches don't work very well anymore. We talked about that in the campaign. My theory is that, if anything, we have been too conventional when the country needed and wanted something else. There's no doubt that we needed and still need advice from people more experienced in the comings and goings and ins and outs of Washington than we are; on the other hand, if you look at the positive things this Administration will be remembered for, most times their advice was not to do them." He lists the fight to win approval of the Panama Canal treaties, and the President's efforts to achieve a Middle East settlement and to sell more arms to Israel, Egypt, and Saudi Arabia; he also points out, as others in the White House have done, that when the President first proposed a windfall-profits tax in connection with his intention of decontrolling the price of oil, a number of people said that Congress would never approve it. (Not everyone said that, however.) Powell points out that then the President made a number of defenses of the tax, and soon the idea gained currency in Congress. He cites this as an affirmation of the instincts of the White House as opposed to the traditional ways of thinking in Washington.

I ask Powell what the new, unconventional approach is to consist of.

He replies, "Part of it is to get at the larger social issues and attitudes. I'd be the first to confess I'm not sure how you go about doing that."

I ask him about the "anti-Washington" theme that is now recurring—the President's public and private references to Washington as an "island." Such an approach raises problems: to condemn a place and still work with it is a bit difficult (and the President needs the support of at least some politicians here for his political purposes); suggesting that there is nothing worthwhile in the nation's capital is hardly conducive to restoring confidence, which the President said he wanted to do; and a wholesale condemnation of the bureaucracy is not good for its morale or conducive to getting people in it to make things work. Everyone agrees that there is deadwood in the bureaucracy, but there are also dedicated and able people in it, who can help to keep things going.

"Look," Powell responds. "When eighty per cent of the people think that the people who run for office don't give a damn what they think, when a majority of people think it doesn't matter who they vote for, I just don't think that you can sit here in Washington and say they're all wrong."

At the end of our conversation, Powell professes to be relaxed about what has happened. "A strong reaction was probably necessary," he says. "There has got to be a clear breaking loose from the past, from what was. Whatever the general assessment of the process was, the fact of major change being forcibly impressed on the country may be the most important aspect of it."

ON the following day, about forty reporters are summoned to the White House for a "background" session with the President. Under this arrangement, the President may not be quoted, and the reporters are to convey what he says in such terms as "the President believes" and "the President is known to feel." The idea, apparently, is to allow the President to speak freely, without worrying about quotes. It's an artificial device, since it is not hard to divine what has been said, but various officials like to engage in it from time to time. The meeting was decided on shortly after ten this morning, as one more attempt to calm things down. This would be an opportunity for the President to give his version of events in time for the Sunday-newspaper and the news-weekly "wrap-up" stories. It was obviously decided that yesterday afternoon's coda did not suffice.

The session is over lunch—of hamburgers, French fries, and beer or Coca-Cola—in the State Dining Room. The President is dressed in sports slacks and a short-sleeved shirt, and looks even thinner than he did yesterday. The lunch is served buffet style, and after greeting the correspondents individually the President quietly gets in line for his hamburger. Then, sitting beneath a portrait of Lincoln, with the correspon-

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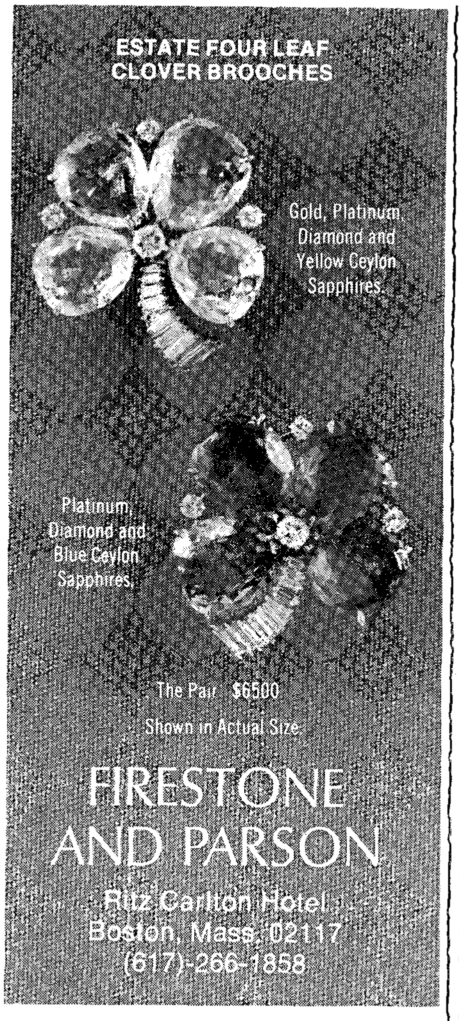

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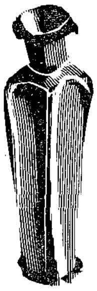
dents seated around tables arranged in the form of a large square, the President talks and answers questions for more than an hour. After a while, Mrs. Carter slips into the room and watches her husband intently as he answers questions. The President seems defiant and also somewhat defensive.

In accordance with the ground rules, here is what took place: The President believes that the actions he has taken in the last week will be considered favorably by the American people, and he wants it understood that all of them were carefully planned. He believes that his new Cabinet officers will be as competent as, and perhaps more competent than, the previous ones, and will be working for him instead of for themselves. He does not want anything he says to be interpreted as an expression of criticism of anyone's character or ability. He plans to make substantial changes in the White House staff. The President wants it understood that he did not consult with his staff—not even Jordan—about the changes he made in his Cabinet, though he did listen to the staff. The President had taken into account that the changes might be unsettling, but he has no qualms about how he handled events this past week; he felt that the changes should be made quickly, and he would have made them more quickly but for his concern for the sensitivities of those involved. He wishes that the press would pay more attention to the substance of what he has done than to the question of how much it has shaken the so-called Washington establishment, and he understands that it has shaken the Washington establishment, but so be it. He believes that there might be a dynamic, aggressive, independent Secretary who was extremely intelligent but who did not work well with his fellow Cabinet members or the President's staff or the Office of Management and Budget and that that person's brilliant work would not get through Congress, whereas the legislation of a team player would be more likely to get through. The President cannot think of specific examples of legislation that has not been got through the Congress by the first kind of person. The President believes that though changes in his Cabinet were overdue, he would not have made them if he had not considered the entire future of his Administration at Camp David for ten days. The President does not feel that he suffers from a lack of self-confidence; in fact, he believes that he may have an overdose of confidence, and realizes that he has been criticized for that. He does not know whether there would have been any attenuation in the country's loss of confidence if Churchill or Roosevelt were trying to lead the nation at this time. He believes that what he has done is right for him, right for his Administration, and right for the nation, and he believes that the American people and the Congress will agree once they have an opportunity to assess the changes in a calm way.



WITHIN the White House, in the days following the uproar, there was a noticeable difference in the various principals' understanding as to what was to happen next. All agreed that the President was to spend less time on "details" and "get around the country" more. From then on he was to make a trip about once a week—during the week, as opposed to the weekend—to some other city in the country, in an effort to demonstrate that he considered "getting out and seeing people" part of his job. He would be, as Gerald Rafshoon put it in a conversation with me, "clearing the decks to go back to what he was elected to do." Rafshoon went on, "He was elected not to be a manager of the government, not to be immersed in the details, not to be so institutionalized in his responses; people saw in Jimmy Carter someone who could lead the country, deal with the crisis of the spirit." Some White House aides said that they did not see how the Administration could be any less "programmatic." Stuart Eizenstat said to me, "The President can't avoid being programmatic. He has to make decisions on a thousand and one things that come up. We have to write legislation, write letters taking positions on legislation, write speeches. Still, the President can become less involved in the minutiae and more in the broad directions." There were internal arguments over which, if any, of the President's senior advisers should be dismissed; Moore and Robert Lipschutz, the President's counsel, who was widely considered ineffectual, were on many people's lists, but the President was resisting. Some argued that it would be embarrassing if the President let so many Cabinet members go and then failed to do anything significant about his own staff. (Eventually, he let Lipschutz go.) Jordan's attention was mainly on matters of personnel and organization and schedules—he called in some experts from the outside to help him with organizational questions, and he subsequently hired a White House staff director. Caddell was becoming alarmed that "the concept" was getting lost, and he rallied Mrs. Carter to help save it. Jordan had taken to wearing suits instead of casual pants and no jacket (when I interviewed him in the past, he was sometimes wearing tennis clothes), and to saying that he had made a mistake in not getting to know members of Congress better and that he wished he had spent more time with Clark Clifford. An ABC-Lou Harris poll that came out at the end of July put the President's job-approval rating at twenty-five per cent—exactly where it was just before the Camp David retreat.

I interviewed Jordan in his office during the week after the firings. He was subdued and somewhat distracted, and allowed that he had a lot on his mind. He is clearly in a difficult position: the pressures—and the spotlight—will be on him as never before. And he is thirty-four years old. While Sigmund Romberg tapes played in the background, Jordan talked to me about what he described as Carter's new confidence in himself, about the changes in approach that were going to take place. He acknowledged that it is not an easy thing to try to have an unconventional Administration and also deal with the institutions in Washington so as to get some things done.

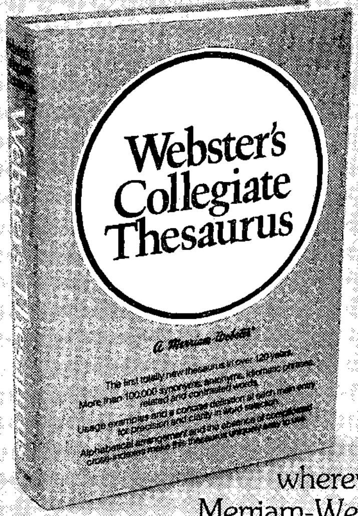
I asked him what, exactly, it was about Carter that was going to reach out and touch the people in a way that he had not been able to touch them before.

He replied, "A sense that Carter is focussed on energy and the economy, and a sense that Carter is President at a very difficult time. The polls exaggerate significantly our political problems. It's a self-fulfilling prophecy. People hear people saying that Jimmy Carter is unpopular and then they say that Jimmy Carter is unpopular. There are a lot of people out there who think that Jimmy Carter is a good man—that he's honest and that he's trying hard. We're going to really do things differently. You'll see signs along the way. Will it work? I think so. Is it a better approach? Hell, yeah, I think it is. When we get further into the year and people see that the new approach is not contrived, is not a transient thing, I believe he'll fare well. We'll just have to see. I'm comfortable with it and he's comfortable with it." —ELIZABETH DREW

•

After a breakfast of tea, rice and root vegetables, the sheep and cattle are led into the pasture to graze.—*On the Run.*

One lump, or two?



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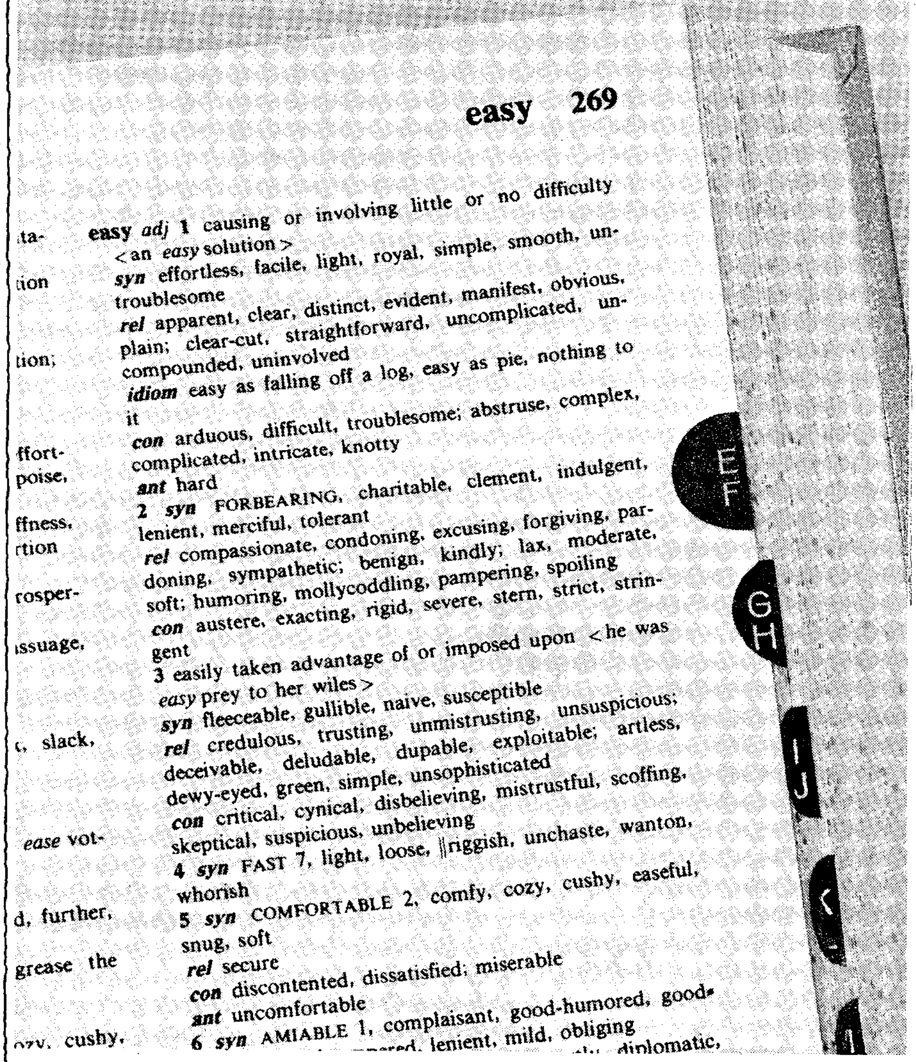
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easy *adj* **1** causing or involving little or no difficulty
<an *easy* solution>
syn effortless, facile, light, royal, simple, smooth, untroublesome
rel apparent, clear, distinct, evident, manifest, obvious, plain; clear-cut, straightforward, uncomplicated, uncompounded, uninvolved
idiom easy as falling off a log, easy as pie, nothing to it
con arduous, difficult, troublesome; abstruse, complex, complicated, intricate, knotty
ant hard
2 ***syn*** FORBEARING, charitable, clement, indulgent, lenient, merciful, tolerant
rel compassionate, condoning, excusing, forgiving, pardoning, sympathetic; benign, kindly; lax, moderate, soft; humoring, mollycoddling, pampering, spoiling
con austere, exacting, rigid, severe, stern, strict, stringent
3 easily taken advantage of or imposed upon <he was *easy* prey to her wiles>
syn fleeceable, gullible, naive, susceptible
rel credulous, trusting, unmistrusting, unsuspicious; deceivable, deludable, dupable, exploitable; artless, dewy-eyed, green, simple, unsophisticated
con critical, cynical, disbelieving, mistrustful, scoffing, skeptical, suspicious, unbelieving
4 ***syn*** FAST 7, light, loose, ‖riggish, unchaste, wanton, whorish
5 ***syn*** COMFORTABLE 2, comfy, cozy, cushy, easeful, snug, soft
rel secure
con discontented, dissatisfied; miserable
ant uncomfortable
6 ***syn*** AMIABLE 1, complaisant, good-humored, good-
lenient, mild, obliging
diplomatic,

THE CURRENT CINEMA

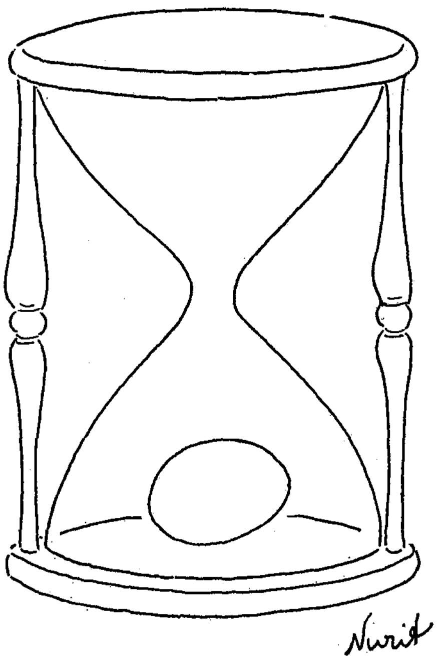
Premises

GRAHAM CHAPMAN is the most underappreciated member of the Monty Python troupe. Chapman is the tall one with blond wisps on top of his head, eyes that can be tiny and mindless or bulging and mindless, a nose of the type English comedians call a "great hooter" (it looks as if it came attached to a pair of joke spectacles), and a rubber mouth. John Cleese, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin have mouths that fall easily into expressions of priggish distaste. Chapman's typical mouth expression—a twisted, lip-curling affair—suggests something way beyond distaste: it says "Gruesome!" and "Repulsive!" Chapman specializes in the insanity of the respectable; the whole troupe does, but Chapman gives most weight to the insanity. His babyish George III; his frothing military officers ("There is *no* cannibalism in the Royal Navy. And when I say none, I mean there is a certain amount"); his Mr. Neutron, a suburban superhero who delicately carries a small shopping bag and has a lightly padded torso, spindly legs in tights, and hair that goes straight up like an extended crewcut, which gives him a look of fright; and his screechy, bossy housewife who telephones Jean-Paul Sartre are the funniest things I know of. He unhinges whatever he touches. Where Eric Idle is plausibly lovely in drag, Chapman makes it look more lunatic than it even is. His deep, firm voice can make authority seem like conclusive evidence of madness; but it also makes him an excellent straight man, which he was as King Arthur in "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

In the new Python movie, "Life of Brian," Chapman is again the central figure. The credits list his role as "Brian, called Brian"—an uncharismatic person who was born in Bethlehem, across the road from Jesus, and as an infant was only momentarily mistaken for Him by the Three Wise Men. The movie follows Brian through the thirty-three (presumably) years of his life—active years, involving escape from Roman centurions and then escape from followers who doggedly insist he is the Messiah.

It is fun to see the troupe in Biblical costumes. Their stock British policemen, provincials, salesmen, housewives, and politicians transpose nicely to ancient Judeans and Romans: centurions; spectators who cannot quite hear the Sermon on the Mount ("Blessed are the *cheesemakers?*"); haggling peddlers; Mandy, mother of Brian (Terry Jones); and Pontius Pilate (Michael Palin, taking off every effeminate-emperor interpretation from Laughton's to Jay Robinson's to John Hurt's). They are superb comic actors (one reason their TV shows are better than "Saturday Night Live," on which only Dan Aykroyd displays much technique), and they write for their own gifts and interests: parodies of schoolmaster language (Cleese: "Now, look, no one is to stone anyone until I blow this whistle—is that clear?"); hairsplitting about words (Mandy, looking out her window at a mob that supposedly "popped by," says "*Swarmed* by, more like"); and intellectual jokes that work by deflation (a Boring Prophet—Michael Palin—points warningly to "rumors of things going astray").

When "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" came out, there were people who were glad to see the troupe doing something "sustained," and there were people who thought it was one of the best movie comedies ever made yet still preferred the Python TV shows, which are not sustained but take unprecedented liberties with comic tone and structure. "Life of Brian" is of the sustained variety, and it is somewhat oversustained. It sticks to one look—Biblical-epic chiaroscuro (the direction is by Terry Jones); and the script (by all five Englishmen and Terry Gilliam, the American member of Python, who does the fantastic animation) sticks to the story, which is in structure essentially a chase. Graham Chapman pursued is very funny—his gawky legs stick out from a shorty caftan and what look like Bermudas—but pursuit plots are linear, and what Python does best is not just to tangle the thread but to break it with boulders that come out of nowhere. A perverse sense of scale is the most original quality of Python humor. (People play tennis at Wimbledon against giant blancmanges, casually refer to a small patch of creosote as if it were a guest on a talk show, enter pornographic-book stores that are the seventeenth century, reënact the Battle of Pearl Harbor by hitting each other with pocketbooks in mud.) "Life of Brian" goes out of scale just once. Brian falls from a tower into a passing spaceship, and I was disappointed when, after a "Star Wars" battle, he was deposited right back where he would have landed.



"AMERICATHON" was adapted by Phillip Proctor and Peter Bergman from a play of theirs, which I did not see. Proctor and Bergman used to belong to a group called the Firesign Theatre, which started making comedy records in the late sixties, a few years before the Python group started to do TV in England. The records were mostly scraps of parody (Resonant Voice: "Hey, what chance does a returning deceased war veteran have for that good-paying job, more sugar, and the free mule you've been dreaming of?"), marked by a flaky attention span and by inventiveness with sound. "Americathon" cannot touch the Firesign records, let alone Python's work, for funny—perhaps because it is not controlled by the peculiar sensibility of a close-knit group. (It was directed by Neil Israel, who comes from TV, and the cast does not include Proctor or Bergman.)

The first joke is nearly the last. Over some pictures of dinosaurs, a narrator says that when dinosaurs died they turned into fossil fuel, and that "Jimmy Carter became President when everybody noticed we were starting to run out of dead dinosaurs." The movie was made at a time when everybody noticed we were starting to run out of Jerry Brown jokes, but it relies on them for fuel. It takes place in 1998, when the President is Chet Roosevelt (John Ritter), a spaced Californian who opens a Western White House in a condominium in Marina del Rey, says things like "We have nothing on our mind," and won election with the slogan "I am not a schmuck." (The old Firesign tone has been lowered. They once ran a mock Presidential candidate whose slogan was "Not Insane.")

The movie has some energy when it takes to the freeways, where fuelless joggers, bicyclists, roller skaters, and skateboarders commute, to music by the Beach Boys; when Richard Schaal, as the President's bodyguard, registers uncomprehending menace; when Nancy Morgan makes surprisingly much of her role as the President's girlfriend by playing at a crazed pitch of sincerity. (The appearances by Elvis Costello and Meat Loaf are too small to count.) But the dread Comedy Premise soon exerts its stranglehold. The country is bankrupt, and a young media whiz (Peter Riegert) suggests a government telethon to raise four hundred billion dollars in thirty days. The rest is Harvey Korman presiding over a telethon—a form whose ploddingness the movie embraces like a grim fate. The Firesign Theatre would have cut away from this series of ventriloquist acts and shrill production numbers after a few seconds, with the sound of a channel selector being irritably employed.

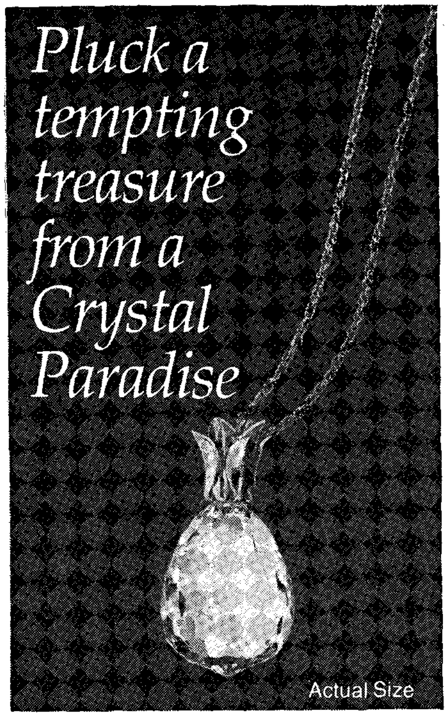
FEDERICO FELLINI's "Orchestra Rehearsal" is a numbskull movie, but the numbskullery is concentrated in a political metaphor so blatantly silly that you can mentally strip it away, like the skeleton from a sardine, and enjoy what is left. The movie even looks like a sardine. It is not in Fellini's gross *zuppa Inglese* style, oozing oversweetened custard and glacé fruit. It is a compact little thing (seventy-two minutes long), tending in color toward a silvery greenish-gray; almost all of it takes place in one shadowed room, a thirteenth-century church oratory with perfect acoustics, now used for orchestra rehearsals.

The musicians straggle in, horse around, squabble over the positions of chairs. A union representative calls their attention to the camera—that of a TV-documentary crew—and some of the musicians agree to be interviewed (by Fellini, off camera), with a bright light turned upon them. They speak of the qualities of their instruments ("The trombone is the voice of a solitary being") and play a bit (the trombonist blows a few mournful bars, and other members of the brass section join in, their horns pointed high, swing-orchestra fashion). The conductor (Baldwin Baas), a German, starts the rehearsal and grows mildly abusive ("Where are we? On a soccer field? Am I an umpire?... Oboe—too invading! *Da capo!*"); the musicians respond, struggling out of their jackets between phrases; the camera pans back and forth across the orchestra as it finally plays a gallopade to the finish and the conductor cries "*Achtung!*" There is union trouble, and a coffee break: more interviewing. Some of the musicians feel as if they "work in a Fiat factory," some feel "nothing for this conductor." The conductor describes the musicians as "wild dogs," and when he returns from his break the orchestra is in revolt, shouting "No conductor allowed!" and "Down with assembly-line music!" and hurling what looks like excrement at portraits of Mozart and Beethoven.

Fellini does not excel at systematic thought, and "Orchestra Rehearsal" does not take the audience through the cinematic equivalent of systematic thought. It just asserts a set of conclusions: orchestra equals society, conductor equals authoritarian, union equals leftists, and so on. It does not enlarge our understanding of either orchestras or political processes: the comparison of artistic discipline to totalitarianism is false. (New York City Ballet dancers, for instance, sound like Moonies in their reverent subordination to the will of George Balanchine: Mr. B. is always right, Mr. B. knows what's best for me. But this is not knuckling under to a dictator—it is a form of self-discipline. Balanchine's artistic power is egoless: he once said, "It's like the Pope represents Christ. I represent Terpsichore, goddess of the dance." Terpsichore's representative has nothing to gain by overstepping his bounds and abusing his dancers' trust.)

"Orchestra Rehearsal" caused a great fuss in Italy, where its release was delayed for months while politicians and cultural big shots argued about whether it was reactionary and whether the Sardinian accent of the union representative in the movie was a reference to the Communist leader Enrico Berlinguer. It is not necessary to read the movie this way. It can be skimmed, like a beautifully written but literal-minded thesis, for its eloquent details: sheet music magically blown off music stands with marvellous timing; a man carrying a pyramid of chairs; a tuba player's "little solo from Verdi;" a wrecking ball that smashes through a wall and hangs there like the moon or a Magritte apple; and the music, by Nino Rota, who scored all of Fellini's movies from "The White Sheik" (1952) on, who died last April, and to whom "Orchestra Rehearsal" is dedicated.

—VERONICA GENG



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U.S. JOURNAL: SOUTHERN CALIF.

RECEPTOR

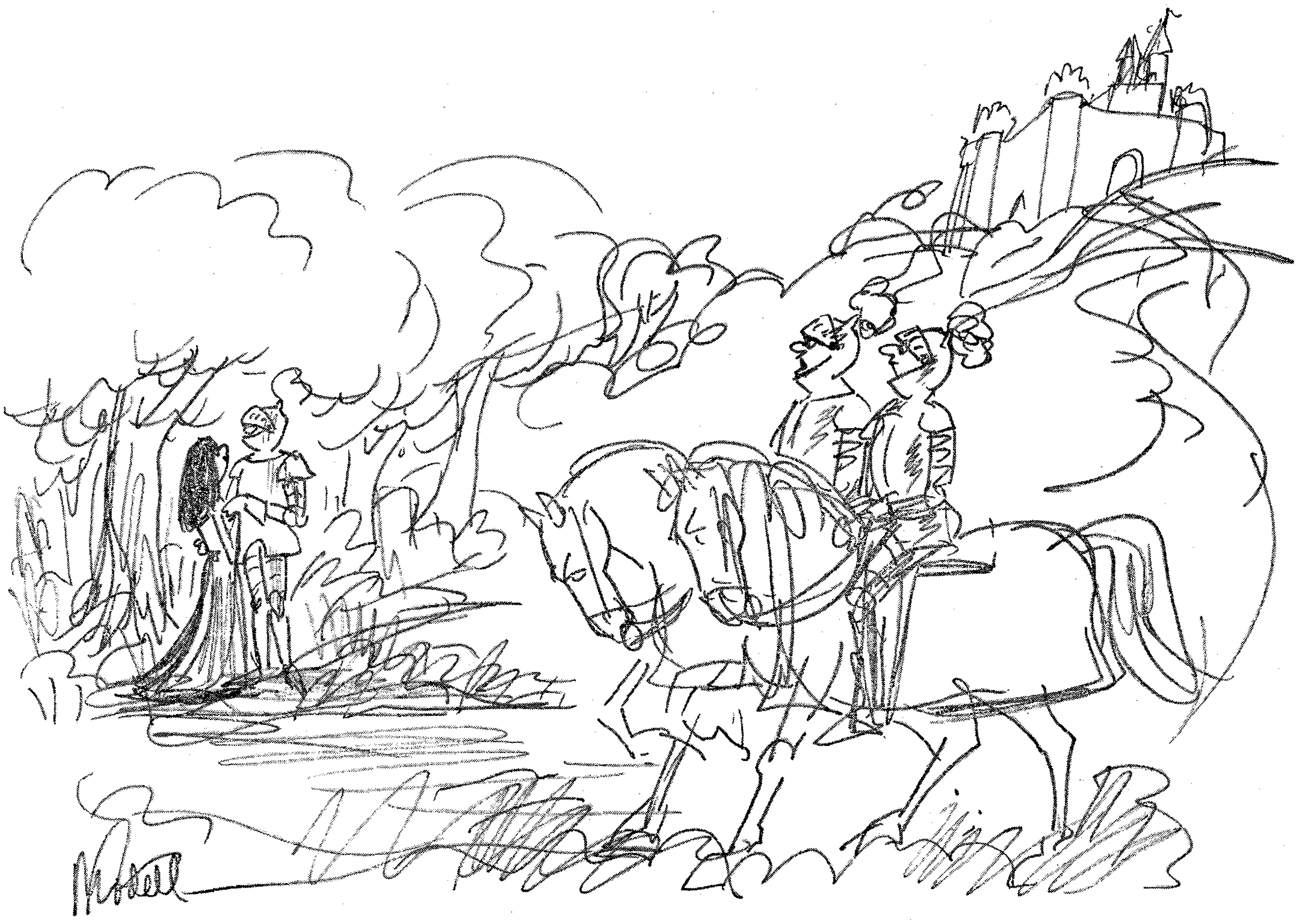
THE western sections of Riverside and San Bernardino Counties, fifty miles or so east of Los Angeles, are sometimes referred to by local boosters as the Inland Empire. Specialists in air pollution ordinarily call them "receptor areas." The Inland Empire is one of the places the Los Angeles smog goes. Now that the area has a couple of good-sized cities and one good-sized steel mill, it makes some contribution to various sorts of air pollution itself, but most of its smog is received from somewhere else. People who live in cities like Riverside and San Bernardino, and even Fontana, where Kaiser has a steel mill, suffer mainly from what is known as the "downwind effect." Photochemical smog is actually produced in the air—compounds from automobile exhausts and factory chimneys and refineries react with oxygen while "cooking" in the bright California sun—and in the summer, when the prevailing wind is from the ocean and air inversions often trap smog within a horseshoe formed by the San Bernardino Mountains, a resident of the Inland Empire is likely to spend his afternoons breathing the final result of a chemical reaction that began some place like the Santa Monica Freeway. On a summer afternoon, it is often possible for someone standing at a point that commands a view of the valley toward the west to watch the smog creep in from Los Angeles. "The trajectory this year is right down Highway 10," an item in the Riverside *Press-Enterprise* said a few years ago. People who live in receptor areas tend to speak of smog as a thing rather than as a condition. It can be seen—the oxidants, almost all ozone, that compose smog are invisible, but the tiny particles that normally accompany them turn the cloud a color that might be described as deep-depression gray—and, of course, it moves. People are rather definite about its boundaries. "When I drive home from work, at about four-forty-five," a woman who works in Riverside and lives east of town said this summer, "it's usually right up to Beaumont Avenue." Their visionary plans for getting rid of it tend toward methods of keeping the beast at bay rather than preventing its formation—methods that James N. Pitts, Jr., the director of the Statewide Air Pollution Research Center at the University of California's Riverside campus, has compared to "trying to unscramble an egg." People have proposed that giant fans be installed on the San Bernardino Mountains to blow the smog away, or that holes be blown in the inversion layer to let it escape, or that a line of fantastically powerful water jets be implanted across the valley, providing the sort of high fence that someone might erect to block the debris casually tossed out of the yard of an objectionable neighbor.

In the early fifties, smog was thought of as a problem of downtown Los Angeles. It continued to be thought of that way even after it had become more of a problem in places like Pasadena, some miles to the northeast, where it spent the afternoons nestled against the San Gabriel Mountains. The early research on smog was done, appropriately, in Pasadena, but a reputation for smogginess clung to Los Angeles, partly because of Bob Hope jokes. In those days, Riverside was a quiet county seat of about forty thousand people, with a clear view of the San Bernardino Mountains over acres and acres of orange groves. The smog that Los Angeles produced could drift as far east as Pasadena, or maybe even Pomona, but it had dissipated before it got fifty miles from the freeways. Riverside, particularly, had another protection from the smog. The ocean winds that pushed foul air east from Los Angeles in the summer also pushed fresh air up through the Santa Ana Canyon from Orange County, providing western Riverside County with a ventilating system.

Then, in the late sixties, rather suddenly, smog came to the Inland Empire. The traffic and industry in Los Angeles had increased to the point of producing a smog cloud that was large enough to reach the San Bernardino Mountains without dissipating. Orange County, which had been mainly citrus groves itself until after the Second World War, became part of the Los Angeles sprawl—with housing developments, freeways, and, eventually, industry. The Santa Ana Canyon, once a ventilating system, became for western Riverside County a source of smog as bad as Los Angeles. In those years, it was later discovered, people in the receptor areas also began suffering from an attempt to clean up the air in Los Angeles. In 1966, the State of California began requiring automobiles to be equipped with pollution-control devices designed to lower the emission of hydrocarbons. The control devices worked—at least for Los Angeles. The level of carbon monoxide was reduced, and so was the level of ozone. A resident of San Bernardino reading the Los Angeles *Times* in the early seventies could be cheered by reports of significant progress made in air-quality control—until he looked out the window and saw a gray cloud where a mountain had been. As it turned out, the reduction in ozone in Los Angeles brought about by the control devices was the result of a chemical reaction that also resulted in freeing molecules of nitrogen dioxide, which, after a few hours' drifting toward the east in the sun, reacted with the oxygen in the air to form a lot more ozone than had come that far before the significant progress was made. The 1966 law was well-meaning, James Pitts said recently, and the chemistry involved was so complicated that it took experts some time to figure out why smog was increasing in the receptor areas while decreasing in Los Angeles. But in simple terms, he said, the pollution-control device mandated in 1966 amounted to a "do-it-to-your-buddy kit." The joke behind the cans of "genuine Los Angeles smog" sold in souvenir shops had finally become reality: Los Angeles was managing to export it.

Judith Shahn

IN the early seventies, Ben Lewis, who was then mayor of Riverside, became publicly irritated about living in someone else's smog. There are people in Riverside who say that Lewis was showboating—accounts of his anti-smog crusade almost invariably mention that he was once an actor—but there are also a lot of people who say that he was proceeding in the Riverside tradition of trying to face up to problems squarely. Riverside thinks of itself as a more progressive place than San Bernardino, the other city of the Inland Empire, twenty miles or so to the north. For a while, Lewis threatened to sue Los Angeles County and Orange County—the suit he had in mind being more or less the equivalent of trying to force the people upstream to quit tossing their wastes in the river.



"So *that's* her knight in shining armor."

* *

He called upon the governor of California to declare a state of emergency in the Los Angeles basin and to press for a change in automobile fuel. He testified before a subcommittee of the state senate that living in Riverside had become a "nightmare." In the summers, by that time, children in Riverside were routinely breaking up their games and going inside after noon. A lot of people who found themselves outside were coughing or having pain in breathing. In the previous two summers, the Mayor testified, there had been absolutely no days in Riverside when the smog was not above the level at which the California Air Resources Board judged it to be injurious to health. The city council of Riverside passed a resolution asking the governor to declare the city a disaster area.

The way a lot of people in Riverside look at it, the principal result of the Mayor's campaign was to leave Riverside with the reputation of being "The Smog Capital of the World." In 1972, an article in the Riverside *Press-Enterprise* said, "Riverside is becoming well-known nationally, but not for its orange groves, picturesque setting or warm winter days. Riverside is becoming well-known for its smog." After mentioning headlines that had appeared within a month of each other in the Washington *Post* ("SMOG: PERIL SPREADS IN RIVERSIDE, CALIF.") and the New York *Times* ("HEAVY SMOG BLIGHTS LIFE IN RIVERSIDE, CALIF."), the *Press-Enterprise* listed some of the other publications that had run articles on the horrors of life in Riverside—the Toronto *Star*, for instance, and *Business Week*, and *Stars & Stripes*. Riverside's smog had also made the national television news on CBS. Sooner or later, a Japanese television crew showed up in town.

There were some brave statements made about the bad publicity. The executive vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce, which had gone on record in support of the Mayor's campaign, told a visiting reporter from Los Angeles that such publicity was part of a calculated risk a city took in tackling a problem before it was too late. There was increasing uneasiness in Riverside, though, about the disadvantages of having been identified throughout the nation as what *Business Week* had called Smog City. At least one corporation announced that it would move a division headquarters from Riverside because smog and the city's reputation for smogginess made executive recruitment difficult. The administration of the Riverside campus of the University of California—whose Statewide Air Pollution Research Center contributed to the Smog City image in a way, since it made Riverside the logical headquarters for any reporter doing a story on inland smog—became particularly sensitive about the city's reputation. The campus has never been fully enrolled, and the problem of attracting both students and faculty was exacerbated by the widespread belief in California that enrolling at Riverside was the equivalent of condemning oneself to an eternal grayness. For a while, people in Riverside tried to explain that photochemical smog in their city was not, in fact, any worse than it was in a number of other places. They tried to explain that Riverside was relatively free of some other sorts of air pollution—carbon monoxide and nitrogen dioxide, for instance. They complained that Los Angeles was measuring smog by a method that made its readings appear lower than they would have been if measured by the method used inland. They pointed out that their city seemed smoggier partly because Riverside County called a "first-stage smog alert" when the oxidants in the air reached twenty-seven parts per million, while Los Angeles County and San Bernardino County waited until the levels were fifty parts per million—high enough to qualify as a "second-stage smog alert" in Riverside County. Finally, though, the public officials and boosters of Riverside seemed to retreat to the policy that San Bernardino had been following from the start: They simply quit talking about smog.

Last summer, the San Bernardino *Sun-Telegram*, using the number of smog alerts per year as a measurement, decided that Fontana, not Riverside, was "the smog capital of California." All the cities mentioned in the article were some distance from the principal source of the smog; Los Angeles had long since become much less smoggy than the cities downwind. Fontana's mayor, Frank Horzen, expressed the sort of skepticism about the results that might be expected from the mayor of any place that had been designated the Smog Capital. "I don't believe it myself," Horzen told the *Sun-Telegram*. "I was in Los Angeles last week and my eyes burned me to heck and back. I don't feel any of that here."

THERE is good reason for people in Riverside to believe that the effect of Mayor Lewis's campaign was on the city's reputation rather than on its smog. Although smog levels dropped somewhat in the middle seventies, the smog last summer was as bad as it had been before people like Ben Lewis began to complain about it. A lot of reports on smog have been written since the early seventies. Laws have been passed. Control regulations have been imposed. There is constant activity at the state Air Resources Board and at the South Coast Air Quality Management District and at the regional office of the Environmental Protection Agency. People who have been working on air quality in California would argue that the various efforts made over the past decade have succeeded in the sense that the smog counts have been held level despite a constant increase in traffic and industrial development. There is general agreement that "the peaks have been shaved": the most severe days are not as severe as they were ten years ago. To someone living in a receptor area,

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though, about the only change apparent from all of the activity is that a smog alert is now called a smog episode—making the summer in San Bernardino or Riverside County sound something like a soap opera. There are as many episodes as there were alerts.

The result is not a widespread sense of outrage. Smog is not really a political issue in the Inland Empire. Since most of it comes from somewhere else, a political campaign can hardly be fought on the issue of limiting industrial development. According to James Pitts, if Riverside somehow managed a drastic reduction in its automobile-exhaust emissions, the improvement in air quality would take place mainly in Palm Springs, forty miles to the east. The chemistry of smog is difficult for non-chemists to understand, and the boards and agencies that deal with it are at least one step removed from the voter anyway. The basic research on smog is at such an early stage that even specialists in the field find their beliefs undermined regularly. For years, it has been assumed, for instance, that smog cooks under an air inversion that holds it below a couple of thousand feet, but lately some of the highest readings in the state have been in a community high in the San Bernardino Mountains. (The people in that community say there must be something wrong with the recording instruments.) A resident of Riverside or San Bernardino tends to believe that the only alternative he has to living in a gray cloud every summer for the rest of his life is to move away, and he is probably right.

SOME people do move, of course. When the Riverside *Press-Enterprise* took its first poll on the subject, in 1969, almost three-quarters of the people questioned said that they had "seriously considered" moving from the county because of smog. Apparently, outrage over smog is most prevalent among people spending their first summer in a receptor area. Then they either move or become resigned to it. They get used to having their children remain in the house for a few hours after lunch on summer afternoons. They grow accustomed to having high-school football practice stop when a stage-one episode is declared, and some of them get so accustomed to stage-one episodes that they argue against stopping a Little League game that has only two more innings to go. They get into the habit of talking about smog as a seasonal irritant in an otherwise splendid place to live—an irritant that could be compared to the

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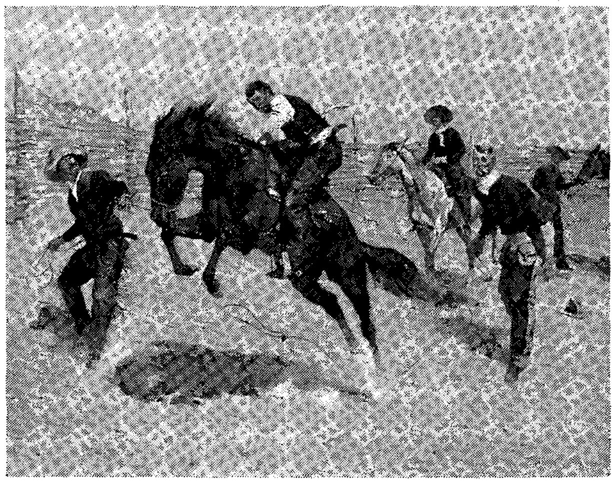

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bitter cold of Midwestern winters. Californians, of course, are used to being told that they live in peril of their lives. Reading about the potential dangers represented by earthquake or forest fire or mudslide can give the impression that California may be a lovely place to visit but that people weren't meant to live there. A family that lessens the risk of emphysema by moving from Fontana might find itself risking disappearance by living on top of the San Andreas Fault. Still, people in the receptor areas say that they do sometimes find themselves depressed by the smog—particularly when they have just returned from a vacation. "You can see it when you fly in or when you drive over the mountains," a resident of Riverside said recently. "And you realize again that you're living in that and raising your children in that. In the back of your mind, there's always a low-level kind of guilt."

However many people have moved out of Riverside, a lot more have moved in. The population is three times what it was in the clean-air days of the fifties. There is now a freeway connecting Riverside with Orange County and two connecting it with Los Angeles. The development of Orange County, with accompanying increases in congestion and real-estate prices, may have brought a lot of smog to Riverside, but it has also brought a residential-building boom. The orange groves in Riverside have disappeared so quickly that there has been talk of the city's preserving a grove, so that children in the future will be able to see what one looks like. The influx of people into Riverside may be another indication that the laws of real estate are stronger than the laws of public health—although there are places in Orange County that have had smog readings lately almost as high as those in Riverside and San Bernardino. When Upland, a town in western San Bernardino County, registered record smog readings one day a few years ago, someone who had retired there from Pomona was quoted as saying, "It's smoggy here. It's smoggy in Pomona. Everywhere you go, it's bad. I'd just as soon choke to death here as anywhere." —CALVIN TRILLIN

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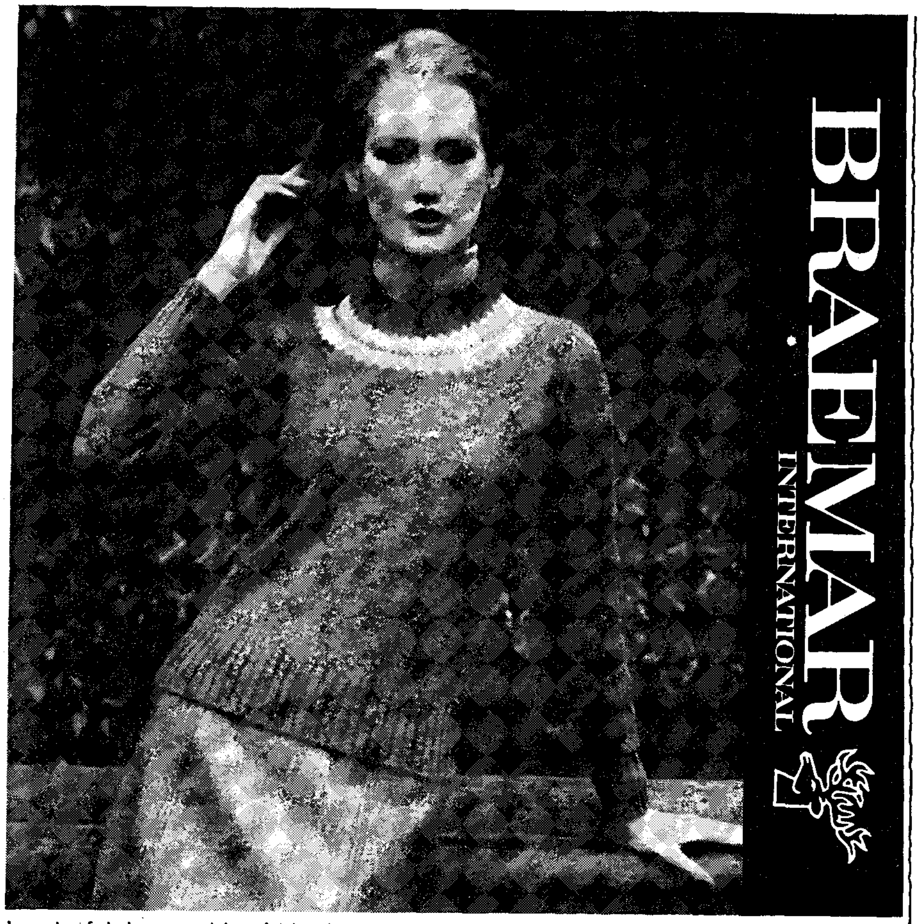
BEG YOUR PARDON

Because of an editing error, the late husband of the Duchess of Windsor was misidentified in yesterday's Courier-Journal. Her husband was the former King Edward VIII, who reigned in 1936, not Edward III, who reigned in 1327-1377. —*Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.*

Noted.



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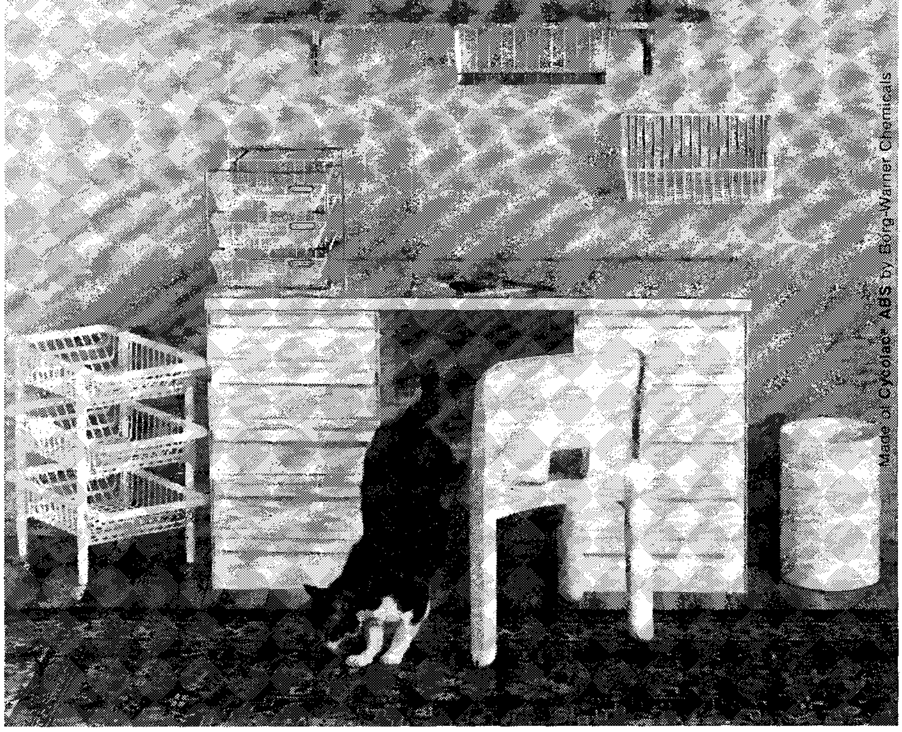


MUSICAL EVENTS

Singtime in the Rockies

IT is good to tread with one's own feet scenes where history, art, and the larger imaginative world that makes endurable the real world were created. The Iliad becomes more vivid in Troy, and the Hippolytus in Troezen. (When I first approached that place, there were women dipping clothes in the swift stream and spreading them on the rocks to dry—as if they knew Euripides' first chorus.) Thucydides comes to life with especial quickness if one reads him in Pylos and in Syracuse, eyes lifting from the page to measure the action. To hear "The Ring" aright, one must know the Rhine. On a humbler level, Adolf Bandelier's slow, heavy novel "The Delight Makers" is lightened by memories of the beautiful Frijoles canyon in which it is set. Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop" means more to a reader who has trodden the Santa Fe country so feelingly described. And it is not just a matter of topography and associations, peak and plain, sky and water, and of discovering an original scale with one's own senses. The true sound of "Parsifal" can be heard only in the Bayreuth Festival Theatre (and not even there when Pierre Boulez conducts it). On a simple, practical level, an opera historian needs to discover the sound and size, and feel the feel, of the theatres he is concerned with.

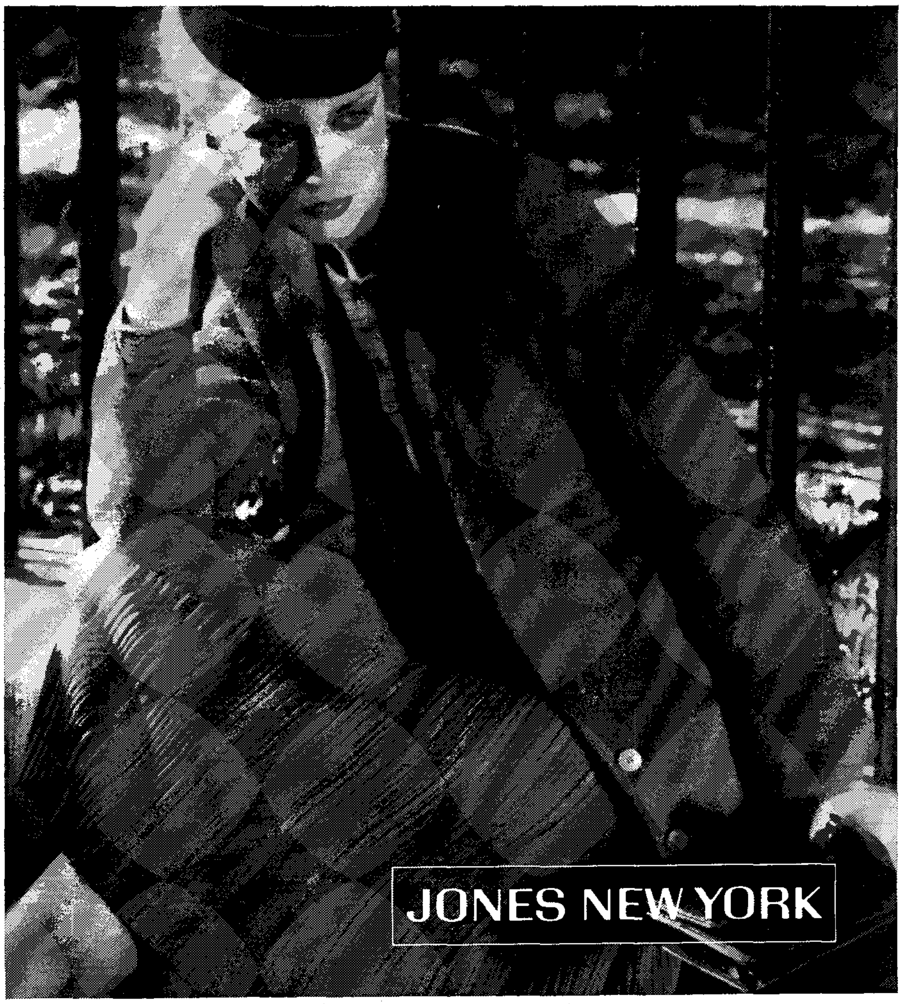
Earlier this month, I was in Colorado, where about a hundred years ago Aspen, Central City, Colorado Springs, Cripple Creek, Denver, Fairplay, Leadville, Pueblo, and other towns all built substantial opera houses, and I visited some of those that still stand. It brought vividness to the accounts of the great American touring companies of the nineteenth century organized by Clara Louise Kellogg, Emma Abbott, Emma Juch. It was exciting to see other settings in which those stars of London and New York once shone. The annals of non-metropolitan American opera in the last decades of the nineteenth century are scanty; from memoirs, biographies, local histories, and a few articles one can pick up some facts and form a general picture. I hope that someone, somewhere, is working on a detailed history of those decades when not just the old favorites but also modern operas were played throughout this country by famous singers. Sadie E. Martin's "The Life and Professional Career of Emma Abbott," published in Minneapolis in 1891, is one of the more charming of prima-donna biographies (a contents page with entries like "A Touching Incident in Washington, Never Before Published" and "Mr. Wetherell [Emma's husband] Pronounces Tights All Right If Modestly Worn" is a collector's item in itself), but it is short on dates and hard facts, and it shuns lists. One learns that during the thirteen years of its existence the Abbott English Grand Opera Company "opened thirty-five beautiful opera houses, and temples devoted to Music and the Drama," but only five are mentioned: houses in Waterloo, Iowa, in Springfield, Ohio, and somewhere in Virginia; the Metropolitan Theatre in Grand Forks, North Dakota; and the New Grand Opera in Ogden City, Utah. The Abbott company also opened the Tabor Grand Opera House in Denver, in 1881, with "Maritana" (followed, it seems, by "La Traviata," "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Il Trovatore"), and the next year it played the first operas—six of them—heard in Leadville's Tabor Opera House. (Later that year, Oscar Wilde lectured from its stage to the Leadville miners on "The Practical Application of the Aesthetic Theory to Exterior and Interior House Decoration, with Observations on Dress and Personal Ornament.") Emma Abbott, a Marchesi pupil, had made her Covent Garden début in 1876, her New York début the next year. When she took "Anna Bolena" into her company's repertory, she went to Paris to be dressed for the title role by Worth, after historical models, and coached in it by Anne Lagrange (New York's first Violetta) for "dramatical vocalization" and by Sarah Bernhardt for "musical tragedy." Emma Juch, whose Grand Opera Company opened the Denver Broadway in 1890 with "Carmen," had made her London and New York débuts in 1881.

TODAY, things are different. There is still opera in the Rocky Mountains, but it is the audiences who travel, to hear the work of troupes who have assembled for summer seasons in Aspen, Central City, Colorado Springs, and Santa Fe. In July and August, Central City becomes an opera town. The Central City Opera House Association not only runs the Opera House, built in 1878, but also owns the Teller House hotel, next door, with its opulent Victorian public rooms; the Assay Office; the Chain O' Mines Hotel; the Williams Stables, now fitted up as two workshop theatres; and clusters of pretty Victorian houses for artists and guests to stay in—most of the town's principal street, in fact, and a gold mine, too. The modern seasons of opera and drama began in 1932, with Lillian Gish in "Camille." The next year, it was "The Merry Widow," with Gladys Swarthout and Richard Bonelli. One Saturday and Sunday this year, there were eight operas to be heard—four of them full-scale productions in the Opera House, three of them workshop presentations in the Stables, and one a barroom opera. Many celebrated American singers—Eleanor Steber, Regina Resnik, Sherrill Milnes, Cornell MacNeil—have made youthful appearances in Central City. Beverly Sills sang Aida there in 1960. Some of the young artists I heard there this year are likely to become celebrated. Everything I went to was well attended. Presumably, most of the audience came over from Denver. The Opera House holds about eight hundred people. The Chain O' Mines has only nineteen rooms, and the bedroom

"Are you ready for leadership?"

floors of the Teller House await restoration. (I hope its elegant architecture won't be spoiled—as many fine Victorian hotels in Britain have been—by the insertion of modern bathrooms. A walk down the corridor is a small price to pay for a bedroom of noble, regular proportions.)

After some years in the dumps, the Central City season, now directed by Robert Darling, is a mixture of consolidation and adventure. Last year, there was Balfe's "The Bohemian Girl"—a nostalgic revival of an opera done by Central City miners in 1877. (The performance, with Leigh Munro and Vinson Cole, was broadcast last week by WNYC.) The two main productions this year were of bread-and-butter operas, "The Merry Widow" and "The Barber of Seville." Adventure was provided by the apprentice artists, active in the smaller roles of those shows and otherwise engaged in a daylong round of training sessions, rehearsals, public workshop presentations, recitals, and chamber operas—and then in what seemed pretty well nightlong informal recitals in the Teller House opera bar. The most interesting events I heard were three. One was a workshop revival, piano-accompanied and in simple settings, of Charles Wakefield Cadman's "Shanewis." "Shanewis," first performed by the Metropolitan in 1918, with Sophie Braslau in the title role, was one of the more successful of Gatti-Casazza's American operas. It was revived at the Met, and taken up in Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and by NBC. Cadman is known to record collectors as the composer of the songs "At Dawning" (sung by John McCormack) and "From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water" (sung by Lillian Nordica and by Alma Gluck). Lately, I've seen him slighted as a slick popularizer of Indian motifs. Ethnomusicologists may flinch from his music, but I find it enjoyable. The heroine of "Shanewis" is "a native forest bird born of our mighty wilderness" who has been discovered and taken up by Mrs. J. Asher Everton, "a prominent California clubwoman." At a musicale given by Mrs. Everton, Shanewis sings "a strange primeval song of ancient intervals" and captures the heart of Lionel Rhodes, a wealthy young architect who is engaged to Mrs. Everton's daughter Amy, fresh from Vassar and a European trip. In Act II, set on an Oklahoma reservation, Mrs. Everton and Amy arrive to reclaim Lionel, and Shanewis, who has not hitherto known of his engagement, relinquishes him.



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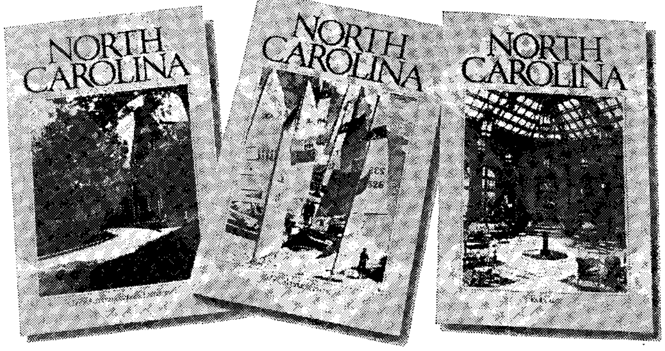

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But Philip Harjo, Shanewis's fierce foster brother, shoots a poisoned arrow into the heart of the fickle white man. The sketch of the story was given to the librettist, Nelle Richmond Eberhart, by Tsianina Redfeather, of the Creek tribe, and at a Denver performance in 1924 Princess Tsianina sang the title role and Cadman conducted. It's as good a plot as that of "Butterfly," and occasionally it touches, albeit conventionally, on deeper things, as in Shanewis's principal aria:

For half a thousand years
Your race has cheated mine...
With one hand you gave—
  niggardly,
With the other took away—
  greedily!
The lovely hunting grounds of my
  fathers
You have made your own;
The bison and the elk have
  disappeared before you,
The giants of the forest are no
  more.
Your ships infest our rivers,
Your cities mar our hills.
What gave you in return?

The music, after some rather awkward recitative has been got out of the way, proves to be tunefully Puccinian, with an occasional hint of Griegian exoticism. It flows, it sounds fresh, and it is affecting. Cadman himself remarked that he "felt that Bizet, Gounod, Verdi, and Puccini were models worth taking." After the Met première, W. J. Henderson (in the *Sun*) praised the composer's command of operatic technique, his good declamation, his fluent and melodious invention, his skillful writing for the voices, and his colorful yet transparent orchestration. The last could not be judged in Central City; the other virtues were apparent. With some discreet retouching of Mrs. Eberhart's libretto (lines like Lionel's "Women never understand" might get a laugh), "Shanewis" could, I think, easily bear a full professional revival. In the title role, Stephanie Friede, a high mezzo with a dark, appealing timbre, a smooth line, and a natural intensity of manner, sounded like a very young Frederica von Stade.

The central act of Conrad Susa's "Black River," an opera that has already been produced in Minneapolis and in Carmel, is an extended *scena con pertichini* (others who put in remarks) for Pauline L'Allemand, the American diva, another pupil of Mme. Lagrange. She was New York's first Lakmé, in 1886, and later a prima donna of Theodore Thomas's travelling National Opera Company (whose showpiece was Rubinstein's "Nero,"

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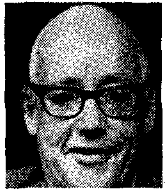

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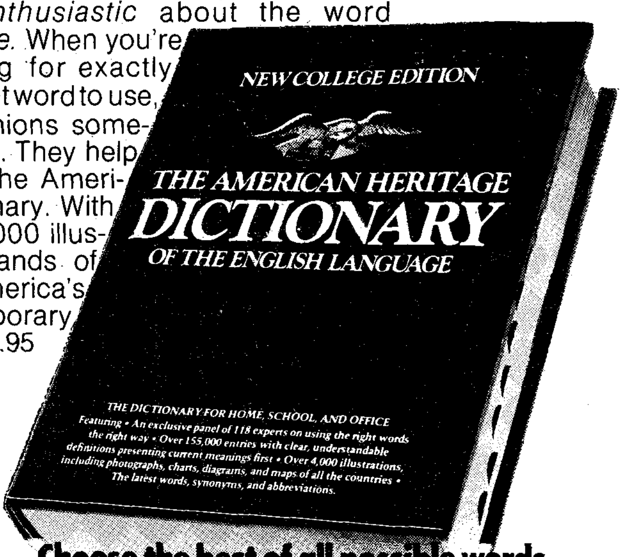
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with Emma Juch as Chrysa and Pauline L'Allemand as Lupus). Pauline, it seems, had a colorful career, and in this scena, set in a room of the Wisconsin State Mental Hospital, she relives it in a series of fantasy espisodes. The complete opera, subtitled "A Wisconsin Idyll," is based on the plights of three lonely women, the two others being the wife of the judge who committed Pauline, and the judge's young, widowed daughter. The libretto, by Richard Street and the composer, is ambitiously and imaginatively made and reads well. I look forward to hearing the whole opera, for Susa's music in Act II displays the flair, liveliness, neatness, and wit that distinguished his first opera, "Transformations," and it is also moving. Barbara Brandt, prima donna of the Minnesota Opera, gave a gleaming performance. Susa is still working at details of his opera; the show was part of Central City's excellent scheme for allowing composers—and directors and performers—to try things "live," before an audience, without the expense and paraphernalia of a full-scale production.

Third, there was Henry Mollicone's "The Face on the Barroom Floor," commissioned by Central City, first performed last year, and revived this year with something like a cult success. It is based freely on the ballad by H. Antoine D'Arcy ("'Twas a balmy summer evening, and a goodly crowd was there"), and is played in the Teller House bar where that face—a piece of post-factum local color, suggested by the ballad, not the source of it—is painted. The opera is a work for three singers—soprano, tenor, and baritone—and an accompaniment of piano, flute, and cello. Two young people drop into the bar, and the barman starts telling them the story of the face on the floor; they pass into playing the characters of the tale, and then back to the present for a sequel with its own tragic climax. The drama is predictable but strangely powerful; the audience is gripped. I found it even more gripping a second time round. (A strong play—"Oedipus Rex," for example—becomes even stronger when one knows, long before the characters themselves do, exactly what is going to happen to them.) It is a very skillful score, with a very skillful libretto, by John S. Bowman, and Mr. Darling's direction was expert. Two admirable young casts—Shauna Holiman, Tim Campbell, and Scott Neumann; Leanne McGiffin, Gary Jordan, and Kenneth Hamilton—found different emphases in their double roles. "The

Face," which lasts about half an hour, has already been taken up elsewhere. It's a good piece.

GARLAND ANDERSON'S "Soyazhe," a new one-act opera on an Indian subject, which was played in the Opera House on a double bill with Menotti's "The Medium," I thought rather dull; the heroine's main aria was declaimed on a monotone. An act of Richard Cumming's "The Picnic," given a workshop production, I thought conventional. "The Merry Widow" was much as usual—has there been a stylish, elegant production in our day?—except that, for once, it looked pretty, in Art Nouveau designs by John Conklin. H. Wesley Balk had staged "The Barber" as if he thought it a lame opera needing a good deal of help from the director if it was to get by. "Ecco ridente" was a pantomime septet accompanied by the tenor. "Largo al factotum" was a busy crowd scene. Rosina had to share "Una voce poco fa" with Dr. Bartolo and the two servants. Evelyn Petros, the Rosina, was attractive; here is a mezzo made for Rossini—Rosina, Cenerentola, Isolier, and, in time, Isabella—for her voice is dark yet lustrous, fluent and captivating in the way it moves, a delight to listen to. The way she began her verse of "Fredda ed immobile" sent a thrill of pleasure through me. How she continued it I don't know, for Mr. Balk had prescribed some horseplay for Don Basilio and Dr. Bartolo, and the house rang with guffaws. Rossini and his singers were not well served.

Outstanding among the band of apprentice artists was Thomas Woodman, a twenty-one-year-old baritone, a student at the Hartt College of Music. I heard him in several of the shows and in several exuberant late-night arias. If all goes well—and there seems to be no reason why it shouldn't, for nature has given him an uncommonly powerful and beautiful voice, a frame to support it, energy, and nice musical instincts—he is set to be the next in the great line of big American baritones.

—ANDREW PORTER

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WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times*]

The halo is so tenuous it cannot be seen with the naked eye and may not be visible to earth-bound telescopes, Professor Savage said. It was discovered by the International Ultraviolent Explorer, a space observatory administered by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

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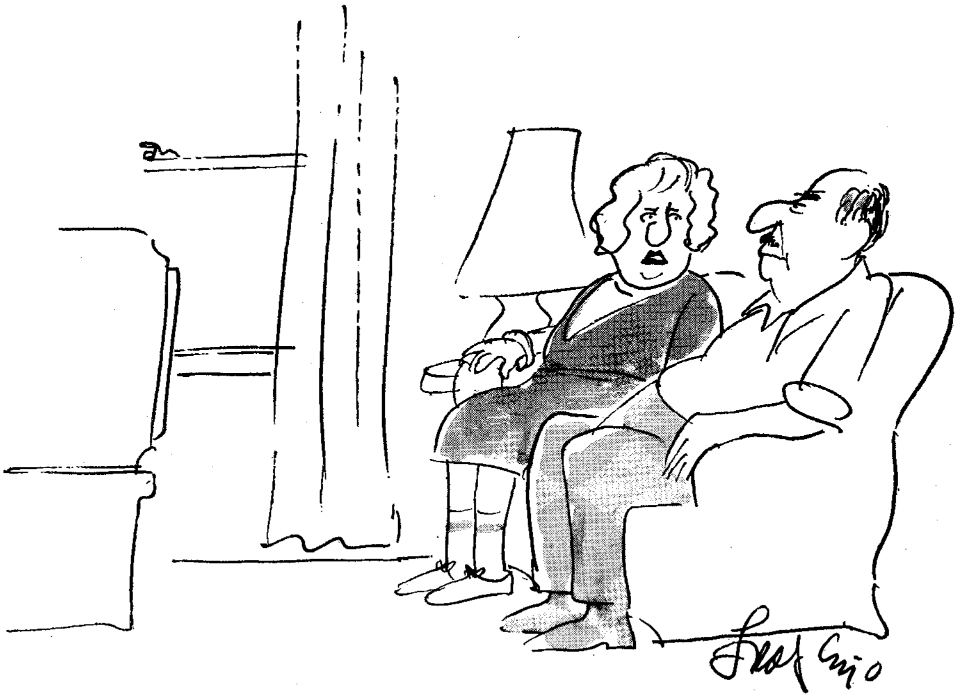
AROUND CITY HALL

GUNS OF AUGUST

DURING the recent debates over the Carter Administration's energy policy, which continue in Congress more than two years after the President called for a great national effort that would be the moral equivalent of war, Representative Thomas Downey, of New York's Suffolk County, charged that the Administration program to decontrol oil prices would favor the South and the West and was "a declaration of war against the Northeast." Manhattan Representative Theodore Weiss argued that the President's gasoline-allocation plan was insufficiently favorable to New York taxi-drivers, and would hurt the nation's poor, with whom Carter was said also to be at war. After the mass resignations in Washington on July 17th, the scene at the White House was described as "Armageddon," and since the President appeared to have crossed the line from governing the country to concentrating on his reëlection, at least two capital commentators mentioned the Rubicon. Whatever had become of the moral equivalent of war, its rhetorical equivalent was flourishing. Things are surely no less serious now than they were in 1897, when William James, calling for a more resolute approach to the non-military challenges of American life, first used the stately moral-equivalent-of-war phrase. Stateliness is now harder to get away with, however. In 1897, no one hooted that the acronym for the phrase was MEOW, conjuring up visions of nothing more majestic than a catfight. Contrary to smoke-filled-room farces about last hurrahs, municipal politics is not always conducted on the catfight level, but in this city, at any rate, rhetorical equivalents of war invoked during local hostilities tend to be less classical than clinical—in the emergency-room, or M*A*S*H, sense. "Blood will flow in the streets" cried Lillian Roberts, the associate director of District Council 37, which is the largest union of city employees, after the Koch administration announced last spring that, for budgetary reasons, it would have to close some of the seventeen municipal hospitals. "The blood will be on his hands," Mayor Koch said a few weeks before his election, in November of 1977, referring to Governor Hugh Carey's support for Westway, the proposed six-lane highway along the Hudson River in lower Manhattan; three months after Koch was sworn in, he joined Carey in endorsing the controversial highway, and presumably if it is ever built the blood will also be on his hands. Early this summer, Koch's deputy mayor for finance, Philip Toia, announced that the city's fiscal battles were not yet won but "the economic hemorrhaging has been stopped."

Toia was one of the casualties in this month's bureaucratic upheaval at City Hall, which followed that in Washington by two weeks. On August 2nd, the Mayor demoted two of his seven deputy mayors and fired—or, to put it more politely, announced the sudden impending departure of—three others. Those who were to leave his administration entirely were Toia, Deputy Mayor for Policy Herman Badillo, and Deputy Mayor for Intergovernmental Relations Phillip Trimble. The demotions—the *Times* called them "a gratuitous insult in return for solid service"—were those of Deputy Mayor for Administration Ronay Menschel, whom Koch described as "probably my closest friend in government," and Deputy Mayor for Criminal Justice Herbert Sturz. They were reduced in rank to, respectively, executive administrator and coördinator of criminal justice. When a city councilman who hadn't heard the news of what was immediately termed the Thursday Afternoon Massacre telephoned a colleague that day to say that he would be late for a committee meeting, the response was "Watch your step coming in. There's blood all over the Rotunda."



"I remember opening the can, and I remember washing the pot, but I don't remember eating the chili."

The messy spectacle at City Hall should probably have come as no real surprise, in view of the Mayor's approving comments on the similar events in Washington. "The people of the country want to see initiative and leadership," said Koch, who endorsed Carter for reëlection early this summer. What others were referring to as a purge of the Cabinet members, he added, would "psychologically help" the country and the President. Other local officials, worried about the effect the cast changes in Washington might have on the special federal funding that the city constantly seeks, were less congratulatory than the Mayor, but the reaction to them in the city in no way resembled the emotional dishevelment that, according to press accounts, prevailed for a time in the nation's capital. The theory of the White House staff that few Americans outside Washington knew or cared who, for example, was Secretary of Transportation seemed to hold in the case of the average New Yorker. To far more local citizens than the number who hung on the details of the Washington tergiversations, the big shakeup story of the summer was still the decision of George Steinbrenner, the Yankees' owner, to bring back Billy Martin as the Yankees' manager, replacing Bob Lemon, whose replacement of Martin had been the big shakeup story of the summer of 1978. When Martin re-

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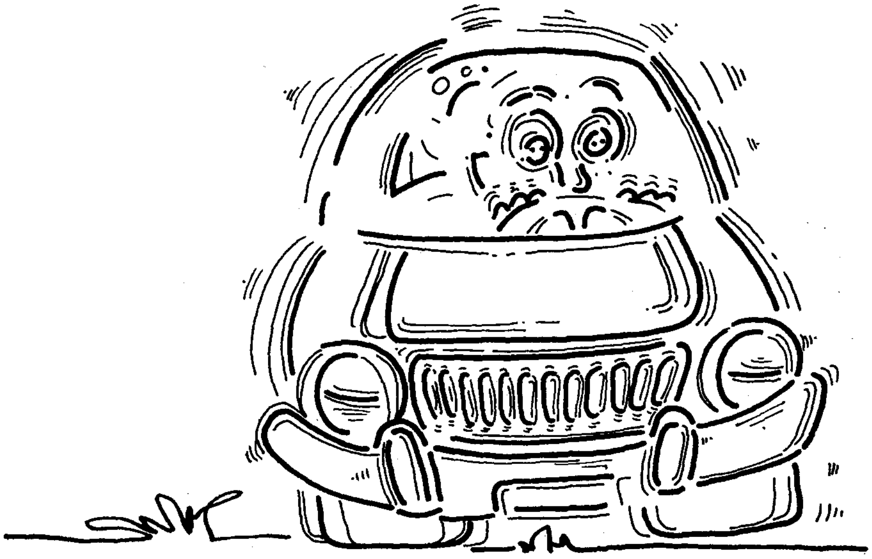

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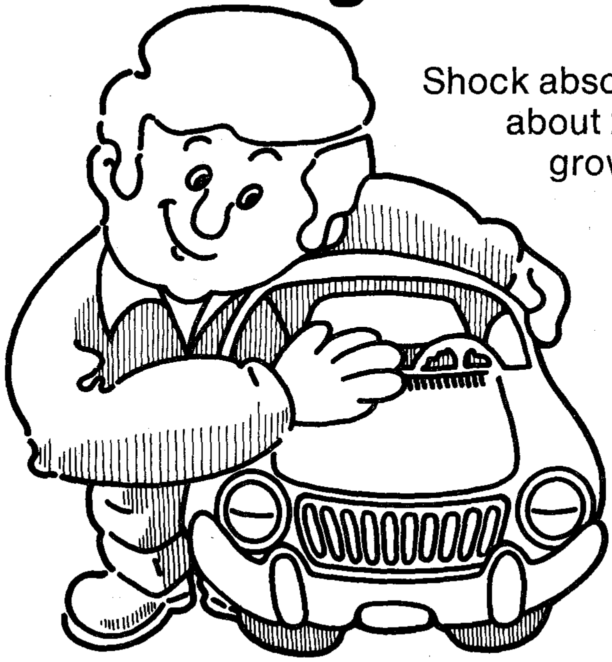

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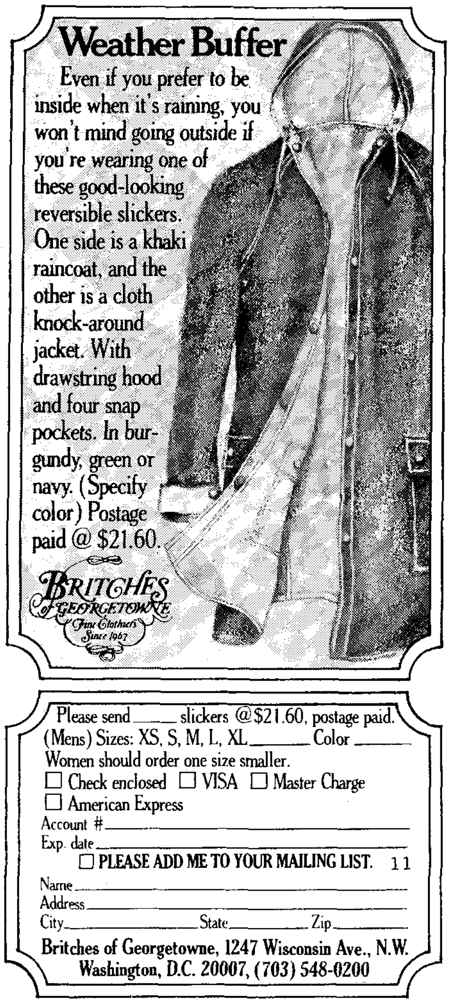
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turned to town in triumph, late this June, eighty reporters and photographers were at LaGuardia Airport to greet him—certainly a far larger crowd than would have turned out for a Secretary of Transportation, old or new. Noting that one Washington commentator's report on the Administration changes had begun, "There is a deep sadness in Washington this week," and that others had described the capital as profoundly shaken, gravely worried, alarmed, and in various other degrees of distress, Mike Royko wrote in his Chicago *Sun-Times* column, "It may be that the answer to Washington's emotional turmoil is a baseball team." In that case, he said, politicians in the capital would be occupying themselves with "sensible concerns," such as "Will Dave Kingman's knee hold up?" and "Will Reggie Jackson murder Billy Martin?" New York, he might have added, could tell them something about deep sadness this summer, with the Mets in the cellar of their division and the Yankees way down in the standings after their back-to-back world championships. In past years, the editors of the Washington *Post* have been known to try to compensate emotionally for their city's deprived state by laying into a designated enemy team—most often the New York Yankees—as fervently as if its offenses had been committed against the old Washington Senators. Last year, when the Cincinnati Reds' Pete Rose had his long streak of games in which he hit safely, ending with No. 44, a *Post* editorial said, "We can be grateful . . . that Mr. Rose isn't a Yankee, trying to sustain his march while Billy Martin bawled into microphones in the background or threw a punch at Reggie Jackson under the mad eyes of George Steinbrenner." By coincidence, the chance that Washington might have something to take its mind off Cabinet debacles improved considerably early this month, when Edward Bennett Williams, the Washington attorney, bought the Baltimore Orioles. With the threat of a possible change of venue for the winning Orioles—which Williams did not deny was a possibility—the deep sadness shifted to Baltimore. In an *Evening Sun* article, Gwinn Owens accused Washington of forever taking things away from his city. "We have the Orioles," he wrote, describing them as "a source of . . . joy" and "the catalyst that somehow makes Baltimoreans of us all." He asked, "Why should you, who have gotten so much for so little of your own effort, want to take our team away from us?" The article ran a few days before a *Post* editorial that could be described as shameless. Conceding that Baltimoreans would regard a transfer of the Orioles to Washington as "grand larceny," the *Post* said, "A charge of grand larceny would be a small price to pay to get the lights on and the baseballs flying again" in its city. Demonstrating that Royko wasn't the only journalist to see a useful connection between politics and baseball, the *Post* concluded, "Washington feels about baseball the way Charles Colson said he felt about the reëlection of Richard Nixon: If you have to run over your grandmother—well, some things are just very important."

NEW YORK'S major concern over last month's Cabinet shifts in Washington was the possibility that those in the new lineup would not share the Carter Administration's professed commitment to programs that would better the lot of urban Americans—particularly those in older cities in the Northeast. It was thought ominous here that the first two resignations Carter accepted were those of Joseph Califano, the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, who is an Italian-American originally from Brooklyn, and W. Michael Blumenthal, the Secretary of the Treasury, who came to this country as a young man after fleeing from Nazi Germany—a background with which many New Yorkers feel a special rapport. Blumenthal personally shepherded through Congress the federal-loan-guarantee legislation that has given the city its present relative financial stability, and after the firing Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan called him "one of the most loyal allies New York City will ever have." There was brief speculation that Blumenthal's successor might be Felix Rohatyn, who not only is a New Yorker but, as the head of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, helped devise the loan-guarantee program. However, the post went instead to Federal Reserve Chairman G. William Miller, a former Texan.

Also unsuccessful in the end was a concerted effort by local politicians, union officials, and civic leaders to persuade the President to give a Cabinet appointment to Herman Badillo, who had the unhappy experience of being rejected by two levels of government within a few days. Badillo has been the local Puerto Rican hero—tall, smart, articulate, and affluent enough to have a place on Cape Cod and to live in leafy Riverdale rather than in the increasingly desolate South Bronx district that, as the first Puerto Rican member of Con-

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gress, he represented for seven years. Twenty months ago, he gave up what in press accounts of this month's big turnover at City Hall was usually described as a safe congressional seat to join the Koch administration as the city's first Puerto Rican deputy mayor. He came in as deputy mayor for management; last January his title was changed to deputy mayor for policy. " 'Policy' covers everything or nothing," Badillo told reporters at the time. In fact, his whole City Hall experience was a dispiriting one. His major interest during his first year or so there was the one-billion-eight-hundred-million-dollar urban-renewal project in the South Bronx which city officials believed the Carter Administration had agreed to. Eventually, Carter and his staff began to act less enthusiastic about committing such a large share of its urban-renewal resources to one area of one New York City borough, and the members of the local Board of Estimate, who come from all five boroughs, had similar doubts about such use of the city money that would be involved. Last February, they voted down a preliminary housing project, at Charlotte Street, which Badillo had regarded as a symbol of the huge endeavor. Any compromise program was certain to be greatly reduced in scale, and Badillo announced bitterly that he would have nothing further to do with it. Koch had supported the visionary South Bronx undertaking all the way, and their relations remained civil, but the Mayor seemed not to know what use to make of Badillo's considerable talents. Badillo's greatest service turned out to be his holding of a high-sounding title at the Koch City Hall. This circumstance made it difficult for Puerto Rican leaders, who believe that the Mayor has been even more insensitive to their interests than to those of the blacks, to join with local blacks in opposing what Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant leaders regularly refer to as Koch's "war" against minorities. "They're holding Herman hostage," one prominent local Puerto Rican complained this summer. Apparently, Koch decided to take his chances on the possible mobilization of a black-Hispanic entente against him when he included Badillo this month among the deputy mayors he could dispense with.

"The best way out would have been to receive a Cabinet appointment," Badillo said of the City Hall dilemma that ended with his announced departure. The local drive to win such an appointment for him—and at the same time, as it was explained to the White House, help the Administration make points with Hispanic groups all around the country, who are no happier with Carter than Hispanics here are with Koch—concentrated first on the July vacancy at the head of the Department of Housing and Urban Development, and when that failed on the post of Secretary of Transportation. These were the last two appointments announced in Carter's Cabinet shuffle, and, like the first two men the President dismissed, those involved were an urban-minded Catholic and an urban-minded Jew: Moon Landrieu, the former mayor of New Orleans, and Neil Goldschmidt, the mayor of Portland, Oregon. It was some comfort to those here who had been worried that the realigned Administration would show less interest in the nation's cities that by making these two appointments Carter had doubled the number of mayors who had ever served in Presidential Cabinets. The two earlier mayors were Anthony Celebrezze, onetime mayor of Cleveland, who was John F. Kennedy's Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, and Detroit Mayor Frank Murphy, who was Franklin Roosevelt's Attorney General. The geographical implications of the two new appointments suggested, however, that the Carter Administration's concern with the problems of cities, like so much else on its agenda, might now be slanted toward the South and the West. As a further indication of this trend, when Carter did bring a Hispanic into his White House circle this month, it was not a New York Puerto Rican but a Chicano leader from Los Angeles—Esteban Torres, who was named as the Administration's special assistant for Hispanic affairs.

If there is any validity to the theory—heard in Washington after the recent firings—that the men Carter had dismissed could conceivably become a troublesome element in his political future, the Mayor of New York should have a far harder political time ahead of him. There is little sign of any such inconvenient development for Koch, though; indeed, his favorable rating in local polls is about as high as the unfavorable rating of the President. Yet, even before this month's shakeup, those whose appointments Koch announced with much fanfare and whom he then forced out for one reason or another in his first nineteen months in office would make a formidably numerous force if they ever joined together in disloyal opposition. In 1978, they included a deputy mayor for economic

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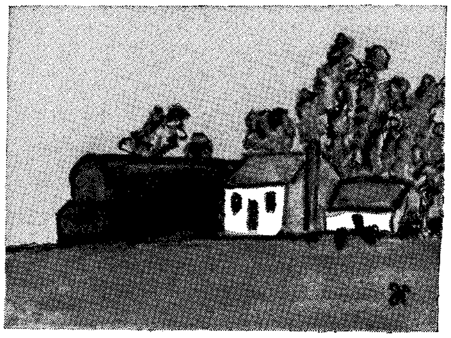
development; the head of the Human Rights Commission; a sanitation commissioner; first the chairman and then the president of the billion-dollar Health and Hospitals Corporation; the commissioner of the billion-dollar General Services Department; and the director of the Office of Municipal Labor Relations. In March of this year, Koch fired Bernard Rome, his campaign treasurer in the 1977 mayoral race, whom he had made chairman of the Off-Track Betting Corporation, and that same month he forced the resignation of Blanche Bernstein as the head of the Human Resources Administration, which presides over the disbursal of the city's nearly four-billion-dollar annual welfare budget. In a case similar to that of Anthony Russo, the director of municipal labor relations, who first learned of his firing in the press, a leak from the Mayor's office allowed Miss Bernstein to read in the *Times* that she was on her way out before she knew she was going. Dismissals of high-level appointees had apparently become so routine that the abrupt disappearance from local government of Jeremiah Walsh, Koch's fifty-four-thousand-dollar-a-year director of construction for the city, which also happened in March, wasn't even announced. When George Arzt, of the New York *Post*, discovered Walsh's absence, Koch said that he would not describe the ouster as a firing. "There have been personnel changes," he told Arzt. On July 31st, two days before the most recent and extensive City Hall changes, Koch removed Dr. Michael Baden as chief medical examiner. The Mayor had named him to the post on August 1, 1978, but under civil-service rules the appointment was probationary for a year. Having been removed the day the year was up, Baden consulted a lawyer for advice on whether to fight Koch's action. His choice was Edward Costikyan—proof that there is form in politics as in other aspects of life, for Costikyan was, in a sense, the very first appointee to be forced out of the Koch administration. In 1977, Costikyan was briefly a mayoral candidate himself. After he withdrew from the race, he spent most of the next few months campaigning at Koch's side. As Koch's election became increasingly likely, the mayor-presumptive said that he would not start choosing other members of his administration but that, of course, Costikyan would be among them and would have the title of first deputy mayor. The day after the election, Koch named Costikyan to that post. Costikyan, having been a member of the commission that devised the new City Charter, which went into effect in 1977, believed strongly in the need for such a chief of staff at City Hall, so that the mayor, busy with all his other duties, wouldn't have over eighty city commissioners reporting directly to him. Soon, however, Koch found that candidates he had in mind for his six other deputy mayors—Badillo among them—wouldn't consent to be ranked a step below Costikyan. Koch then said that he didn't believe in the concept of a first deputy mayor, and that there would be none at his City Hall. Costikyan angrily withdrew from the administration. After consulting with Costikyan this month, the decision of Baden was to fight the dismissal by Koch, and the ousted chief medical examiner announced that he would sue the city and the Mayor for violations of various civil-service rules. A committee was set up by friends of Baden's to raise fifty thousand dollars for his legal fight. Significantly, perhaps, it included Axel Schupf, whom Koch had appointed chairman of the Health and Hospitals Corporation in April of 1978 and fired that September.

"My special expertise is being able to get people to work together and carry out my policy," Koch said before he took office, but when the changes announced on August 2nd are fully carried out at City Hall all seven of the deputy mayors who were sworn in with him in January of 1978 will have left their posts. Two of the original seven—Basil Paterson, who was deputy mayor for labor relations and is now secretary of state in Albany, and David Brown, who was deputy mayor for policy—departed last December of their own accord, nine months after the firing of Deputy Mayor for Economic Development Robert Milano. Two of the three replacements remained after this month's dismissals: Deputy Mayor for Economic Development and Policy Peter Solomon, who has said that he may leave by the end of the year, and Deputy Mayor for Human Services Haskell Ward. Ward, who is black, may have been allowed to stay because local black leaders have been clamoring for his removal; he came to City Hall



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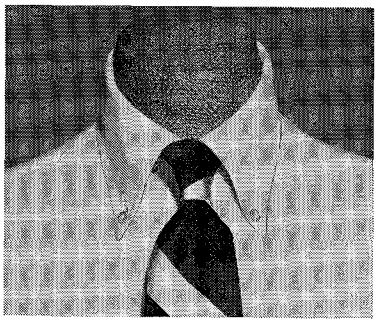

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by way of the Ford Foundation and the State Department, and has no ties to New York's black community. Possibly, Koch decided that it would not be a sign of initiative and leadership if he were to go along with their suggestion.

This massacre was closer to home than that in Washington, but it brought no great dismay here, either. The names of none of the unhappy deputy mayors except Badillo were familiar. Indeed, because of the dispute over Westway and the frequent hearings on the city's mass-transit needs, the deputy mayors' names were probably much less well known here than that of the President's Secretary of Transportation. The *News* appreciates a mayoral show of strength, particularly when it is accompanied by a supposed cut in costs (Koch had announced that the shakeup would save the city money, because he would not replace all the deputy mayors, each of whom makes fifty-seven thousand five hundred dollars a year, as does a United States senator), and the paper congratulated him. The *Times*, which has been friendly to Koch since he took office, was less well pleased with him on this occasion; it described him as "flexing his muscles and slapping his lectern" as he showed his colleagues the door. The editors were particularly fretful about an appointment that Koch had announced at the same press conference—that of Nathan Leventhal, the head of the city's Housing Preservation and Development Department, as deputy mayor for operations. Two weeks earlier, President Carter, in designating Hamilton Jordan as his chief of staff, had seemed to concede that he had made a mistake in not having that role filled at the White House from the beginning. Koch, who rarely admits mistakes, announced that although Leventhal would be in charge of the city's daily operations, and all eighty-three commissioners would report to him, they would also report to Koch. Koch declared that he would be the mayor *and* the first deputy mayor—reinforcing the impression, the *Times* commented, "that it is very difficult for him to learn from experience."

THE timing of the recent City Hall revisionism probably seemed logical to the Mayor, if not to those whose lives were most affected by it: in the last weeks of summer, vacation schedules, heat waves, and baseball distract attention from any awkwardness in City Hall's Blue Room; and three of his 1978 dismissals occurred in late August and early September. Koch ac-

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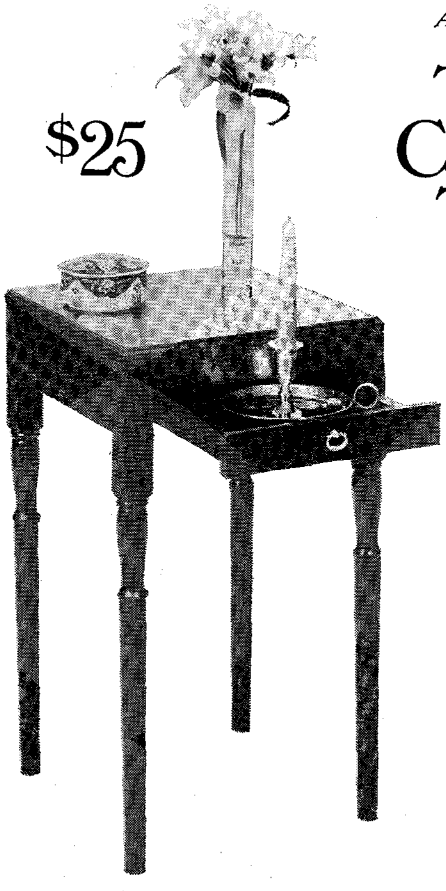

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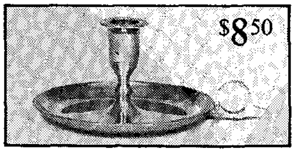

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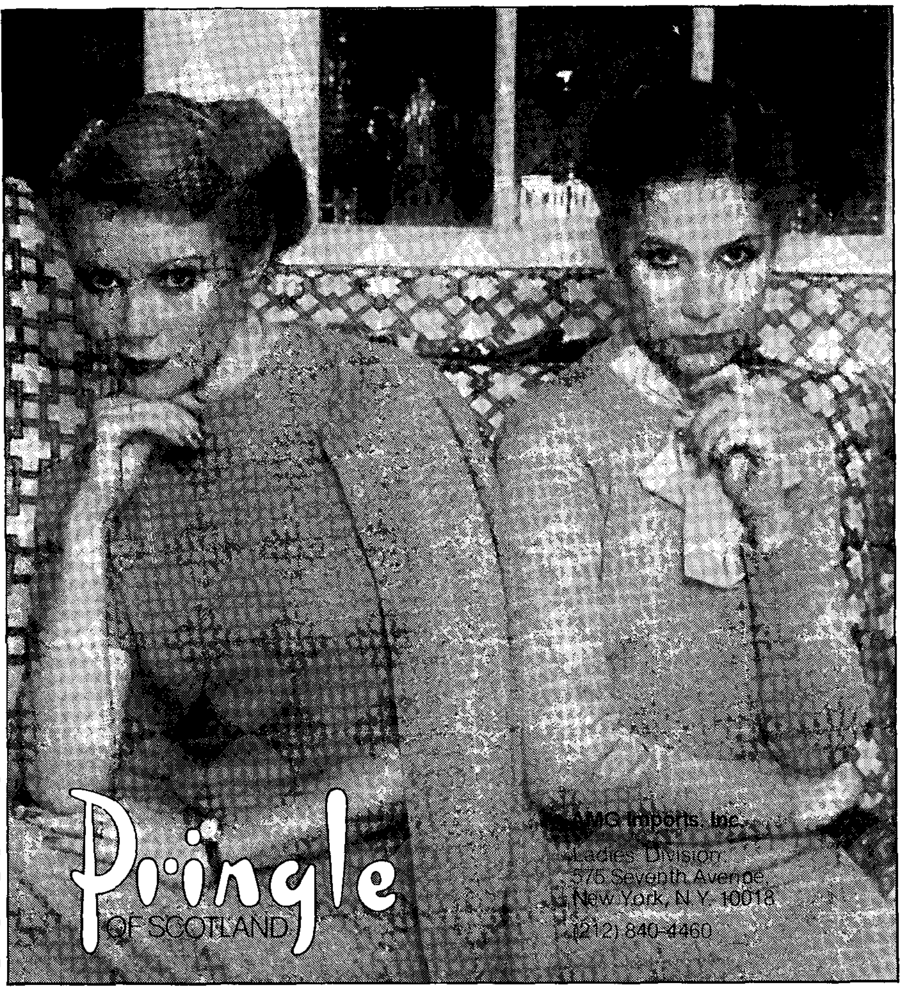
counted for this year's bad day for deputy mayors by saying that "the structure which was necessary to meet the problems which confronted our city in January, 1978, should be modified to deal with the challenges of 1980 and 1981." Many of the problems that now confront the city are not much different from those which confronted it when Mayor Beame left office: unemployment is over ten per cent, as it was then; the murder rate is running at the same four-a-day clip; and just last month federal officials were disputing rosy financial figures put out by the city, as they had done in the Beame era. In mentioning the challenges of 1981, Koch may not have been referring to his campaign for reëlection that year, but, in contrast with Carter, he did say forthrightly that the shifts were "more a political change" to "dramatize a need to recapture public support"—although no one had noticed that he had lost it.

In another contrast with Washington, no questions of loyalty were raised here; if anything, Badillo's followers felt that he had been too loyal. Koch had decided that no one knew who was supposed to do what at City Hall, and had concluded that it must be because he had too many deputy mayors. A fair question was why he had felt the need for seven in the first place. Beame started out with three, and although he had six by the end of his term, one of these was a dollar-a-year man. Robert Wagner and John Lindsay, who preceded Beame, had made do with one or two through nearly the whole of their combined twenty years of office. According to most accounts, late last month Koch consulted his good friend David Margolis, the president of Colt Industries, which still makes handguns, among other products. Margolis's advice was to approach the problem as if the city were a business: those who were expendable would simply be told to go. According to the *Times*, Deputy Mayor Solomon, who was not on the expendable list, and who has a background in business, proposed that the Mayor follow business practice and suggest to the individual targets for dismissal that they "were not realizing their ambitions by remaining in those jobs." Following his experience with government during the fiscal crisis, Felix Rohatyn said that he had found politics to be "the cruellest human endeavor short of cannibalism." The business world has its own, more bloodless, style. After August 2nd, Koch tried to suggest that the deputy mayors who were leaving had jumped instead of having been pushed. Most of them did not support this version, including Deputy Mayor Trimble, whose association with Koch goes back to the mid-nineteen-sixties, and who is his next-door neighbor in the Greenwich Village building where the Mayor keeps a rent-controlled apartment, in addition to his official Gracie Mansion quarters, in order, he has said, "to stay close to the people." Trimble said that he was surprised at being asked to leave, since on July 13th "the Mayor . . . told me he hoped I would stay on indefinitely." And former Deputy Mayor Menschel commented, "The Mayor told me he felt this change would be good for me. I can't say I understand that entirely."

THERE was a chance that vibrations from the shifts in Washington could cause some political regrouping here as rumors spread that Califano might join the dozen or more politicians of both parties who are contemplating their prospects of succeeding Jacob Javits in next year's election for United States senator. (So far, the seventy-five-year-old Javits has given every indication that he plans to succeed himself.) At the farewell party for Califano in Washington, it was suggested that he should start brushing up on his Brooklyn accent. There has never been an Italian-American senator from New York—a fact that is often pointed out by Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi, who would like to make this kind of ethnic history himself. The high value now being put on the Italian-American vote is said to have caused Carter to follow his cashiering of Califano with the almost immediate appointment of Benjamin Civiletti as Attorney General. The man just nominated as highest legal officer of the nation—and Biaggi, too—then went along when Carter made a non-campaign visit this month to an Italian-American convention in Baltimore, during which he seemed to promise his new friends there special consideration in the handing out of federal judgeships. This performance led the Washington *Post*—which, of course, hadn't meant to be taken seriously when it argued the same week that there was nothing wrong with criminal conduct against one's grandmother or anyone else if the cause was important enough—to denounce the President as "a crummy ethnic politician." Despite the Presidential promises, the tour did not go particularly well. Possibly, all Baltimoreans, their minds on the Orioles, are wary of any visitors from Washington bearing gifts. Featured at the Califano farewell party that week was a singing group whose big hit was a version of "That's Amore" that dwelt on all the dirty tricks a President might pull as he talked about how much he loved everybody. Included among the choristers were Representatives Leon Panetta, of California, and Martin Russo, of Illinois, and also Downey, of New York, who, as more and more Italian-Americans move into Suffolk County, has taken to pointing out that although his father is Irish his mother was Italian and he was born in an Italian section of Ozone Park, Queens. Before Badillo left the House of Representatives, even he had begun to lay claim to this constituency: he had started attending the weekly get-togethers of Italian-American congressmen, explaining that he had discovered that some of his forebears came to Puerto Rico from Northern Italy.

In his August 2nd announcement about the separation of the deputy mayors from his administration, Koch said that Badillo would now "be free to pursue elective office should that be what he decides to do." As Koch well knew, there is no elective post that Badillo can plausibly run for in the near future. The only race this year is for borough president of the Bronx—an office that Badillo held back in the late nineteen-sixties. Nor can he very well double back in another direction and reclaim his seat in the Twenty-first Congressional District. It is now occupied by another Puerto Rican, Robert Garcia, whom Badillo helped elect. Moreover, after the redistricting that must follow the 1980 census it not only will not be a safe seat but may not be a seat at all. By recent Bureau of Census estimates, the Twenty-first has lost thirty-nine per cent of its population during the nineteen-seventies—the greatest population decrease of any district in the nation. As for next year's United States Senate election, New York voters, who have never elected an Italian-American to that body, are almost certainly not ready to choose a Puerto Rican—not even a part-Italian Puerto Rican. There are municipal elections in 1981, but if Badillo were to run for mayor again, it would be his fourth try; he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1969, 1973, and 1977. In the 1977 primary, he came in sixth in a field of seven. ("If only his name had been Horowitz!" was the primary-night comment of his wife, Irma, who is Jewish.) Badillo, who is both a lawyer and a certified public accountant, has said that he may run for the job of city comptroller in 1981, but for a restless politician two years is a long



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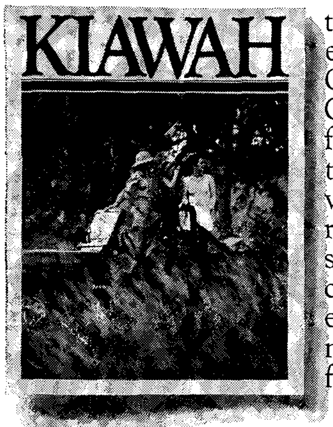

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time in limbo. He could become the loose cannon on the local political scene that former United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young now threatens to become nationally and internationally.

It soon became clear that Badillo would not be leaving City Hall quietly. A day after the Mayor's big announcement, it was reported that Koch intended to name as his new deputy mayor for policy Robert Wagner, Jr., the son of the onetime mayor, who is a former Manhattan city councilman, and who has been serving as Koch's chairman of the City Planning Commission. In a television interview, Badillo charged that he had been driven out of City Hall to make room for Koch's good friend Wagner, and deplored the Mayor's practice of surrounding himself with "Manhattan people," in the way that Jimmy Carter heavily relies on his friends from Georgia. These Manhattan people, such as Wagner, Badillo said, favored letting the four other boroughs deteriorate into one vast slum while they turned Manhattan into "a fantasyland." The claim that he surrounds himself with fellow-residents of Manhattan is not an easy one for the Mayor to counter. When City Hall is cleared out in accordance with his August 2nd decree, and if Wagner, as predicted, joins up, all four deputy mayors will be from Manhattan. As it happens, three of the four—Solomon is the exception—are unmarried, as are the Mayor, City Council President Carol Bellamy, who would succeed Koch if there were a vacancy, and Andrew Stein, the borough president of Manhattan. Manhattan is, of course, the center of the New York singles scene. According to the latest census figures, the percentage of Americans who are unmarried is sharply on the rise. Officeholders who do not have to go home at any particular time, or even go home at all, are in a position to benefit the public by devoting their full time to government—and, of course, to politics. Still, there have been complaints that the prevalence of the single state at the Koch City Hall has on occasion led his administration to take an unduly detached attitude toward problems—such as getting children to school during last spring's long school-bus strike—that face New Yorkers, in Manhattan as well as the other boroughs, who have given hostages to fortune.

THE reason Koch was convinced that none of the Washington Cabinet changes could reduce the level of federal funding for New York, he said recently, was that "the President makes the policy and he and the Mayor of the City of New York have a terrific, warm relationship," and that "I can't believe anyone will come between us." Although the two men do now get on quite well, most of the public references to their warm relationship come from Koch. So far, the President has shown toward him nothing like the open affection he displayed toward Beame, who in 1976 was also a Carter supporter, when such support from the mayor of a big city was critical. Early this month, although the former mayor has almost entirely dropped out of sight in his home town and controls no political divisions, he and Mrs. Beame were invited to dinner in Carter's private White House quarters. Still, the rapport that has been established between Koch and Carter is a remarkable achievement for the present mayor, considering the poor way their relationship began. In October of 1977, during the last few weeks before the mayoral election, Koch, possibly making a pitch for more Jewish votes (two of his three opponents were Jewish), denounced the President's endorsement of a document referring to "the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people" as the equivalent of calling for the dissolution of Israel—a charge that is particularly hard for an American Democratic politician to survive. Carter's description this month of the Palestinians' fight for their rights as being much like the civil-rights battle in this country does not sound so different, and, of course, it greatly angered Jewish (and some black) groups both here and around the country. This time, however, the Palestinians were not allowed to come between Koch and his warm relationship with the President. The Mayor defended Carter. His interests are different now. He explained recently, "I'm helping the President when he's at an all-time low," and added that he expected Carter to help the city in return. Koch predicted, "He'll look back and say, 'You know, when I was out there in the wilderness . . . and they were all running away from me, the Mayor of the City of New York was by my side.' "

LAST week, the Mayor, like his friend the President, faced a crisis caused by his highest-ranking black appointee. Headlines reported that Deputy Mayor Ward was prepared to resign over Koch's plan to close municipal hospitals—a measure local minority groups considered one more incursion in the Mayor's war against them.

There was another City Hall problem as well. Because the dates of departure had been left vague in the Mayor's August 2nd announcement (although his meaning was definite), some of the deputy mayors who had been declared surplus and many members of their combined staffs of seventy or so did not immediately leave City Hall, and yet the power was now elsewhere. They were forgotten but not gone as the new, streamlined, businesslike Koch operation moved to take over. Possibly just to keep everyone on his toes, on August 9th the Mayor accepted the sudden, requested resignation of William Ciuros, his commissioner of correction. In City Hall corridors, the survivors of the month's events wore the intent, alarmed look of those listening for more guns of August.

—Andy Logan

•

BACK

This light is more than the light
that gets into the wind and makes it

depths and warm places—great pits
where the light comes and goes,

freeing itself from the river that
runs between charred prairie flowers

and wild vines when autumn fires have
swept the land black and the only green

grows dully on islands. This light is
a child I wonder if I'll meet again

before it is too late. A child
who walks among skies of enormous blue

engined by the bursts of great stars.
He has taken a number of different

names. In his early world I wonder
if I'll find him sad, or smiling

inside a glass dome that settles over
everything as the sun fuses itself

into a quartz crystal, and birds,
as if carved from the branches they

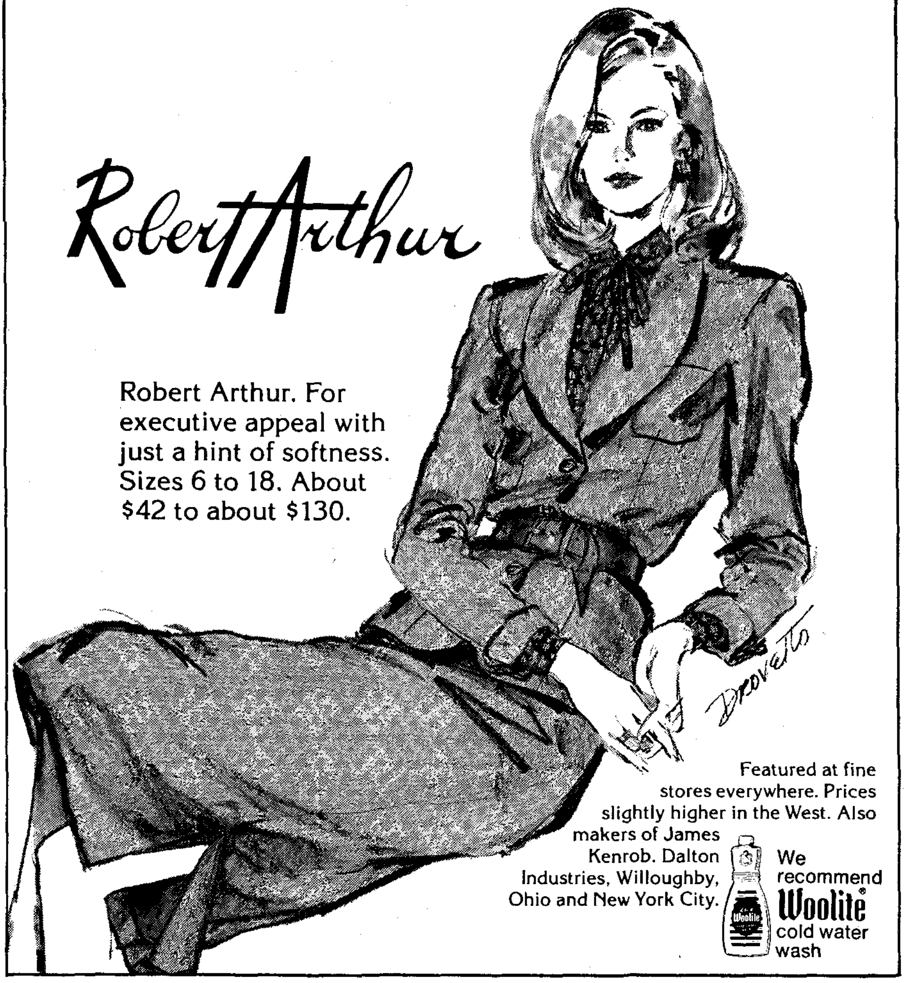
perch on, retrace the same songs
again and again, each time somehow

different. There is a mirror the child
has hung in the woods. I would like

to walk toward it, right through
the depth, and keep going

forward, going, in fact, back.

—Brian Swann



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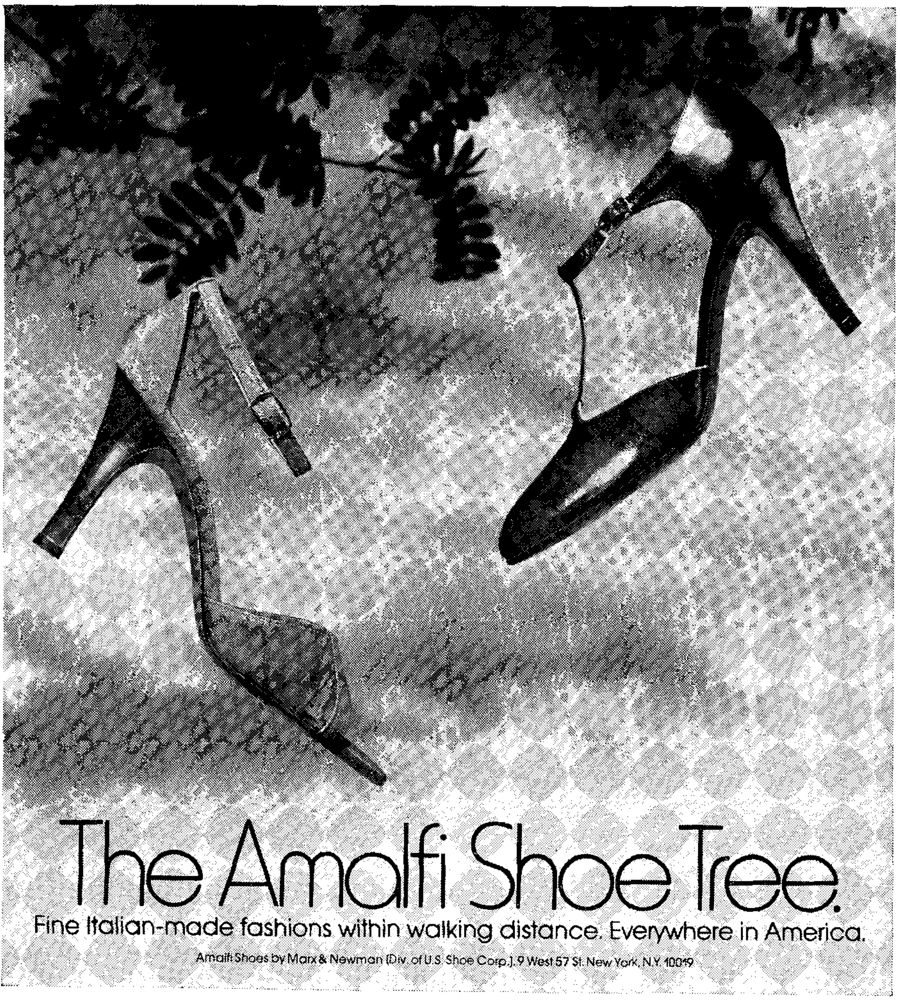
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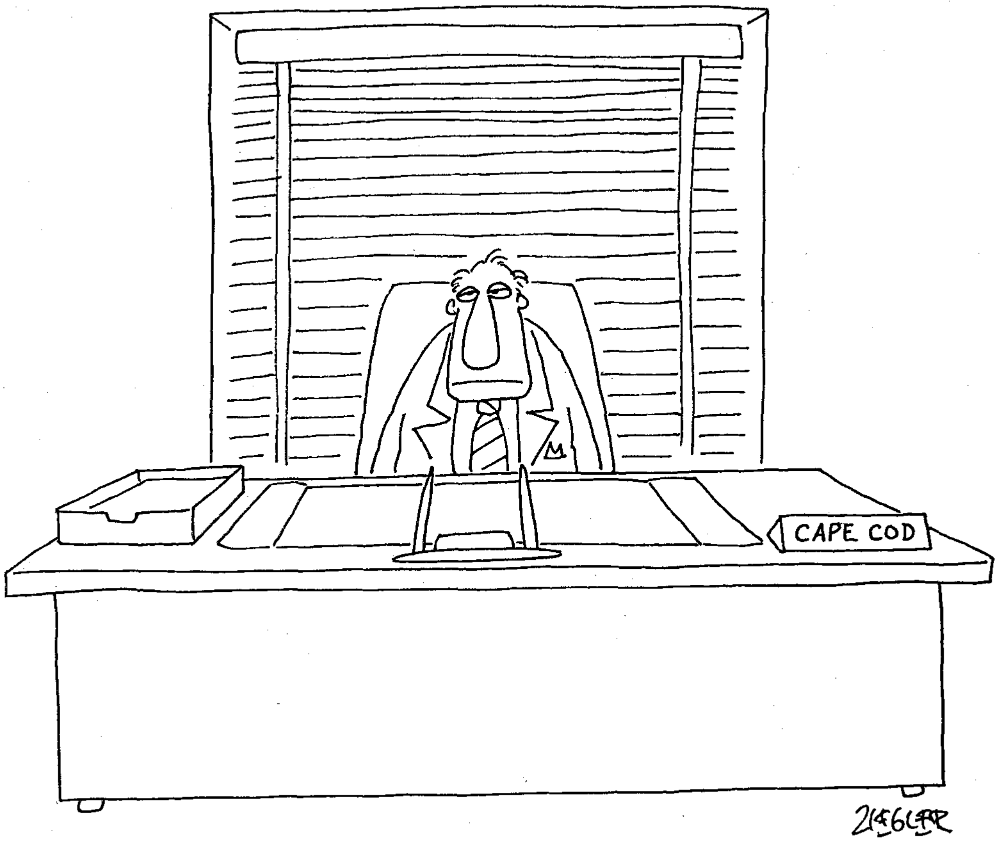
BOOKS

Unreflecting Egoism

WE are not doing well at all, the historian Christopher Lasch tells us in his latest book, "The Culture of Narcissism" (Norton; $11.95). He links his psychological title to a sociological subtitle: "American Life in an Age of Diminishing Expectations." He wants to show us how the latter is connected to the development of the former. He is a strong-minded cultural theorist, eager to reveal us to ourselves—an ironic effort, he must know, because if many of us have turned into the narcissists he describes, then it is narcissism itself, and not the desire for psychological insight, that will prompt an excited rush on our part to glimpse even this severely disapproving picture of our mental habits. His argument draws its ammunition from a growing psychoanalytic literature, which, in turn, is a response to the everyday clinical work of psychiatrists, who have for years recognized the usefulness and importance of the concept of narcissism. As early as 1914, Freud observed that certain patients, much hurt in various ways at an early age, had essentially given up as far as love for others was concerned.

A child who is often rebuffed or who has to face constant irrational shifts in the emotional behavior of a mother or a father may learn to be exceedingly guarded toward people. The child also feels sorely aggrieved, hence resentful. Since the outside world is so untrustworthy, so unreliable (seductively there one moment, achingly absent the next), the child falls back on himself or herself with a certain vengeance. Rather than take emotional risks and quite possibly end up losing, the mind concludes that it would do best to stick with itself, so to speak. The result is what George Eliot called "unreflecting egoism"—a driven kind of self-centeredness that dominates a person's mental life. Today's psychiatrists refer to "the narcissistic character disorder"—the affliction of one whose central, controlling ways of getting on give evidence of a strong avoidance of lasting attachments to other people, accompanied often by a hunger for just such human bonds, and, in the realm of feeling, by an anger (whose severity may not be recognized) at one's fate. There may be, too, a hard-to-shake sadness and a feeling of emptiness, of being lost, with no real hope of being found—by anyone.

Of course, we have all had our psychologically doubtful and threatening moments—in infancy, later childhood, youth, and beyond. Everyone has learned to fall back on his or her own resources, ideas, daydreams. Few of us have failed to experience moments when just about no one seems worth counting on—except the self, as a body that needs care, a mind that needs its satisfactions. As is always the case in psychiatry, the issue is quantitative—the extent of a particular person's self-preoccupation, and the effect it has on the way he or she lives. But Lasch insists that the issue today is also historical and cultural. He wants to make a connection between what he calls "the clinical aspects of the narcissistic syndrome" and "certain characteristic patterns of contemporary culture, such as the intense fear of old age and death, altered sense of time, fascination with celebrity, fear of competition, decline of the play spirit, deteriorating relations between men and women." His book is really a collection of essays meant to show that the so-called rugged individualism of the American past has given way to a collective narcissism, which suits the purposes of an economic system geared not simply to its own growth (as was the case in the past) but to a cultivated consumerism.



Energy-Efficient Vacation

The first, and most devastating, critique is devoted to "the awareness movement." By now, we are rather accustomed to the dreary social stupidity generated by that movement, but the author is a historian, and he wants us to look back a little and be reminded of what went on recently in the name of "personal liberation." He goes directly to the sources—those who took part in the events of the last decade or so and decided to describe what they experienced. Here is Jerry Rubin talking about a stretch of twentieth-century time: "In five years, from 1971 to 1975, I directly experienced est, gestalt therapy, bioenergetics, rolfing, massage, jogging, health foods, tai chi, Esalen, hypnotism, modern dance, meditation, Silva Mind Control, Arica, acupuncture, sex therapy, Reichian therapy, and More House—a smorgasbord course in New Consciousness." I suppose such a list will make some laugh, and with good reason. But what kind of craziness, what kind of inner emptiness, what kind of blinded, rudderless personal condition has prompted many of us to join one, then another, then still another of these movements? They are, needless to say, quasi-religious in nature: an effort on

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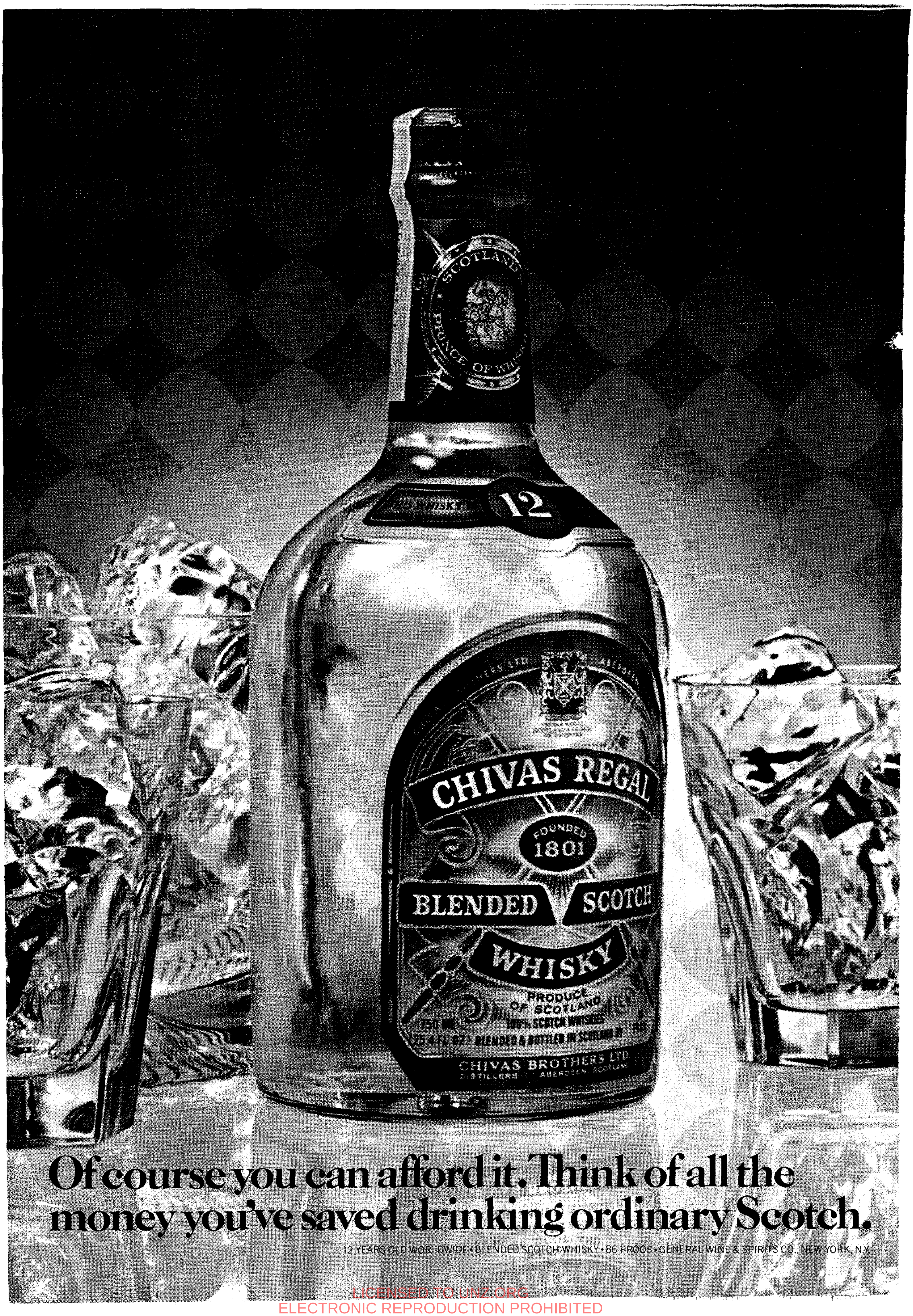
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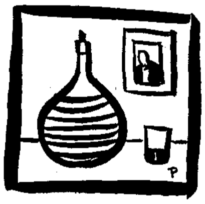
the part of the lost to find something half believable and at least a tiny bit transcendent. But the thrust of all those activities is eminently, if not obscenely, narcissistic—a glorification of the mind and body of the individual member or participant, for whom, most likely, God is dead and patriotism a joke. Once, most Americans committed themselves without qualification to religious passion; in some parts of the world people still do. In the early years of this century, the nation-state received the devotion formerly reserved for God. But in our time the flag, the military, the political leadership of countries such as ours have excited the loyalty and enthusiasm of fewer and fewer citizens. What is left for them but themselves? Their narcissism, it can be argued, is a response to grim memories and terrible prospects. As Lasch puts it, "the Nazi holocaust, the threat of nuclear annihilation, the depletion of natural resources, well-founded predictions of ecological disaster have fulfilled poetic prophecy, giving concrete historical substance to the nightmare, or death wish, that avant-garde artists were the first to express."

Under such circumstances, why look back or think very far ahead? That is the question many men and women have asked; it represents a "waning of the sense of historical time," as the author calls this aspect of contemporary self-absorption. We want for the here and now "satisfying interpersonal relationships," "group skills." We want to own what is trendy to wear, to sit or sleep on; we aim to do what is chic, or go "where the action is." When a sense of the past or the future is either attenuated or lost, what is left but an endless series of fads? For every one of them, moreover, there seems to be a book that can command the dollars of thousands: "I'm OK—You're OK," "Looking Out for #1," "Your Erroneous Zones," "Pulling Your Own Strings," "Power!," "Success!," "How to Be Your Own Best Friend," and many others. There are even some that are saturated with undisguised pornography or sadism. All are banal, and are sold to the reader as an aid to his or her self-promotion and self-enhancement. The encouragement of greedy, combative self-assertion appeals, perhaps, to those who can no longer go to a frontier and explore it, conquer it, and plunder it, and who (after Vietnam and Watergate) can't work themselves up to nationalist truculence or self-righteousness. Why not learn how to win more limited victories, over anyone who happens to come in sight or get in the way?



Psychoanalysts have wisely hesitated to make sweeping sociological statements on the basis of their direct observations in the doctor's office or in mental hospitals. But they do acknowledge that "changes in cultural patterns can affect family structure," and it is Lasch's chosen task to show how today's American culture does precisely that—intrudes upon the manner in which we act as parents, thereby decisively influencing the way our children grow up. In chapters on our schools, our sports, our treatment of the elderly, and our various secular "experts," he argues that we have been taught the importance of conformity—hence the importance of "adjustment," and the acquiescence that characterizes much of our educational and working lives. Once, there were families in which children saw their parents work and saw what that work meant—crops planted and harvested, or products made. But with industrialization home life and work became separated, and the nature of the latter is such that few people get any real sense of achievement from it. Assembly lines and vast bureaucratic offices are often places of confinement, boredom, and despair—time clocked in. Meanwhile, children have to be taught that such is their future life. Parents who are not exactly sure what they dare to want for themselves or their children (besides the various objects incessantly paraded before them with wicked cleverness on the television screen or in newspapers and magazines) turn eagerly to psychologists and psychiatrists, members of the so-called "helping professions," for advice; and they get it, in profusion. Even as parents have left the home to work in factories and offices, their children have had to come to quick terms with the outside world, because of the significant surrender of parental authority over them.

The author refers at one point to "the evil of psychologizing," but he must be one of very few who have the detachment and moral self-assurance to use such a phrase. Millions of us are caught up in the pretentious jargon of child-rearing guides, manuals, books. All that talk of "parenting." All those psychological explanations, not only naïve and sometimes absurd but ephemeral as well—replaced by new guides or contradictory ones: psychology as an instance of consumerism. Is it the first five years that really count, or the first three? And how you handle your child

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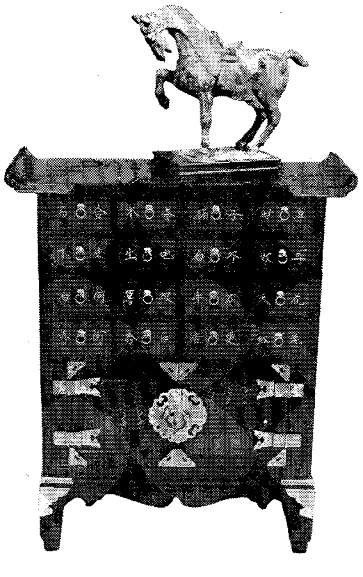

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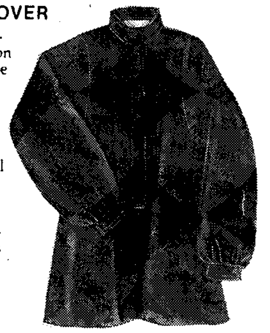

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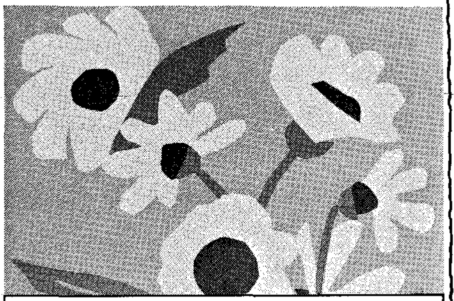

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immediately after he or she is born? In one terse, sad quotation from a scholarly paper by Gilbert J. Rose, Lasch indicates what too many of us assume: "The naïve idea that sickness accounts for badness and that badness necessarily results from being misunderstood is the prejudice of a therapeutic morality." We want to "analyze" everything, including our children's behavior, and at the same time we have convinced ourselves that we lack the authority to take a firm stand on much of anything—with respect to their lives or our own. A large crew of hustlers has gleefully moved into this moral vacuum, talking "child development" and "human motivation." Why do parents rush toward these people, eager for their every pronouncement? What are the implicit promises made, if only one will obey all the rules handed down? We are obsessed with "techniques" in the home, as parents, for the same reason that we turn to the counsel of industrial sociologists, practitioners of "personal management," and "guidance counsellors." All these "experts" are disguised moralists, who want to give us answers and more answers, to put us in our place: Do this, don't do that, lest you be judged "maladjusted," "sick," or "abnormal." The covert nature of their preaching (backed up by considerable political and economic authority) is a measure of how uncomfortable we have learned to be with an open acknowledgment of any moral—*never mind spiritual*—concerns we may yet have, despite the age and its culture.

A number of writers, Lasch points out, have referred to "the decline of the superego." But he wisely emphasizes that it is not enough to stop there, or even to add, as he does, a cultural amplification—the obvious connection between psychological permissiveness and the hedonistic consumerism of advanced capitalist societies. To be sure, today's self-styled experts in "child care" don't encourage us to bring up *thoroughly* disciplined, proudly independent, morally concerned young men and women. ("Moral," for many, means "moralistic.") But Lasch goes on (backed, I would add, by plenty of evidence that has appeared in the literature of child psychiatry):

> The parents' failure to serve as models of disciplined self-restraint or to restrain the child does not mean that the child grows up without a superego. On the contrary, it encourages the development of a harsh and punitive superego based largely on archaic images of the parents, fused with grandiose self-images.

Put differently, if children don't learn how to control themselves as they

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grow up they will forever be at the mercy of the worries, fears, angers, and desires that characterize early life. Hence the outbursts of wanton, senseless cruelty; the various binges of gratification (food, liquor, drugs, gadgets, travel); the spells of ferocious self-criticism that take the form of apathy, inertia, or the blues; a spurt of activity—motorcycles, cars—that is suicidal, and sometimes homicidal, in nature; the self-abasement that expresses itself not only in some of the cults we have recently had cause to notice but in the phenomenon of celebrity, which Lasch examines rather closely.

Who are these "stars" (not only, nowadays, entertainers but athletes, politicians, and even scholars, writers, and artists), and what does the adoring response of their followers tell us about ourselves? If the famous are caught up in the narcissism that this book analyzes, so are the various crowds that attend them with such abdication of personal responsibility and such apostolic fervor. Among those who regard religion as a joke, as inconsequential, or as a mere ritual, and who have come to view many institutions as corrupt or exploitative, there can be, ironically, a flight to individuals: a suspension of skepticism with regard to them, an outright worship of them. A mind deprived of one kind of discipline will somehow find another. We revert to a childlike narcissism; celebrities become the heroes that boys and girls dream of being, of knowing, of following in causes or cheering on various playing fields. We model ourselves desperately after other people because we haven't really been taught to accept the limitations of life—not when advertisers offer us the moon and one or two of us actually get there, whereupon we conclude that in no time at all the rest of us will be following suit. It is a grandiosity that serves the interests of those who have things to sell. But it is a grandiosity that, finally, becomes infectious, and takes us all in—doctors who promise to "conquer" old age, engineers whose technology will supposedly subdue all of nature, and writers of futuristic stories, novels, screenplays, and essays who spin fantasies and more fantasies. Fantasies about what? About people sprung loose from themselves, on earth and in space—people who have become godlike. It is what Freud, in a paper ("On Narcissism"), once described with reference to the family:

> The child shall have a better time than his parents; he shall not be subject to the necessities which they have recog-

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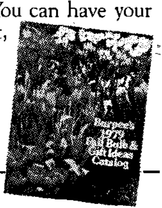

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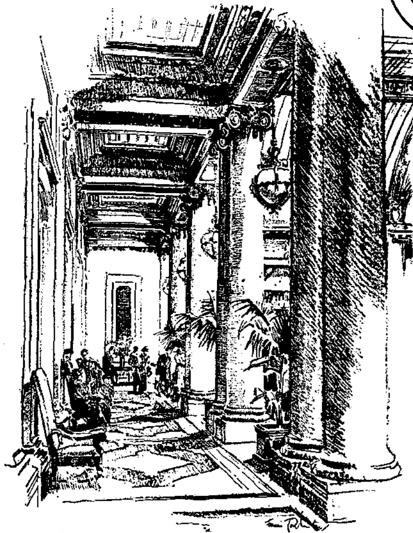

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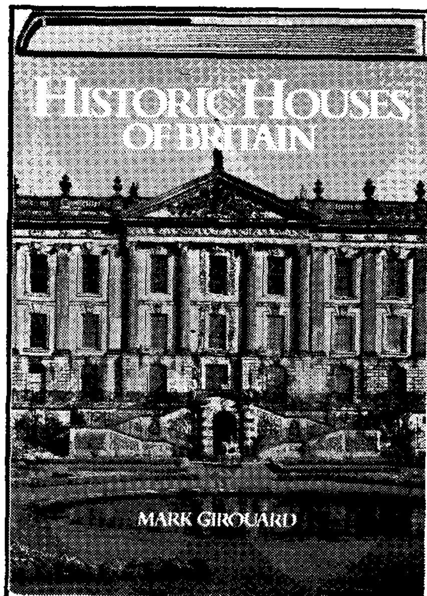

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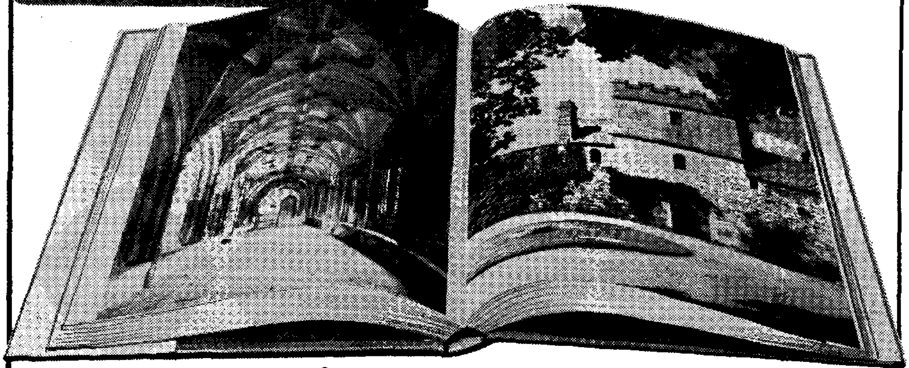

WILLIAM MORROW

nized as paramount in life. Illness, death, renunciation of enjoyment, restrictions on his own will, shall not touch him; the laws of nature and of society shall be abrogated in his favor; and he shall once more really be the centre and core of creation—"His Majesty the Baby," as we once fancied ourselves.

The trouble is, as this book convincingly demonstrates, such innocent and passing parental fantasies, as they once were, have become articles of faith for many of us. We possess no larger, compelling vision that is worth any commitment of energy and time. We are not inclined to settle for anything less than everything—all at once and at this very moment. What was once called "reality" has become for us a mere barrier, surely one day to be penetrated. We are good at getting things but unable to know where to start when it comes to facing the issues Freud referred to—the finite, complex nature of life itself. We shun the elderly, reminders of our own mortality. We worship super-athletes, promoted by endless and sometimes corrupt schemes. We cultivate postures—ironic cynicism, skeptical distance—meant to keep us from the inevitable difficulties of human involvement. We play it cool, play it fast, and, in the clutch, place our faith in lotions and powders and soaps and dyes and surgical procedures so that we can stay—we hope, we pray—in the game as long as possible, playing at life, because from the outside (society) we have every encouragement to do so and from the inside (family life) we have also learned that such a way of getting along is desirable.

Christopher Lasch has given us a short jeremiad. Perhaps, in his urge to bring us to our senses, he has overstated his case and forgotten to mention some of the nonsense that *other* ages found congenial to their purposes. Certainly he has no answers for our situation. He distrusts many who have answers. His viewpoint is that of one who has looked back hard and looked around keenly. In a summary statement, he observes that "in its pathological form, narcissism originates as a defense against feelings of helpless dependency in early life, which it tries to counter with 'blind optimism' and grandiose illusions of personal self-sufficiency." He adds this:

> Since modern society prolongs the experience of dependence into adult life, it encourages milder forms of narcissism in people who might otherwise come to terms with the inescapable limits on their personal freedom and power—limits inherent in the human condition—by developing competence as workers and

parents. But at the same time that our society makes it more and more difficult to find satisfaction in love and work, it surrounds the individual with manufactured fantasies of total gratification.

That is a serious bind to be caught in, and one wonders how we will ever get out of it—short of a drastic reshaping of our society, and of ourselves as citizens of it. Meanwhile, our predicament would seem to resemble that of another civilization under extreme duress. When Aristophanes surveyed the Greek states caught up in the terrible destructiveness—personal, social, political—of the Peloponnesian War, he remarked, "Whirl is King, having driven out Zeus." It may give us some pleasure and yet be a blow to our narcissism as readers, writers, and social critics to know that in this "age of diminishing expectations" our doom is not as "different" as we like to think. The playwright's description still rings true, and the historical parallel is hardly reassuring. Even a widespread awareness of it would no doubt do nothing to lessen the narcissism among us.

—Robert Coles

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Sam Chard, by Don Bannister (Knopf; $8.95). A series of vignettes, each as short and brutal as the lives it depicts, about a Yorkshire mining town in the early nineteen-forties and its one outstanding citizen. Everyone agrees that Sam Chard is an exceptional man, although most of his daily acts of kindness have no audience: his assistance to a boy doing a backbreaking gardening chore; his rescue of a catch of fish crowded inside a small jar; his settlement of a tiff between two young marble collectors at a moment when he has terrible troubles of his own on his mind. What people need, and respect, him for is his skill in settling financial and domestic crises (despite his own poverty and his reputation as a ladies' man), and his competence and courage in the mines. Sam is also a dauntless union man, and the mine officials soon make him pay for his efforts in that capacity. A brilliant piece of storytelling, alternating between dialogue rendered in dark and bitter dialect and a cool, measured narrative, that is as vivid as Zola's "Germinal," but without Zola's hyperbole.

Goodbye Un-America, by James Aldridge (Little, Brown; $8.95). An Englishman living in the South

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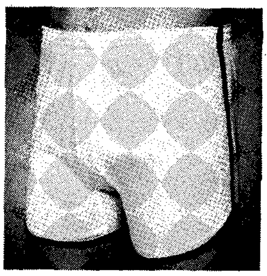

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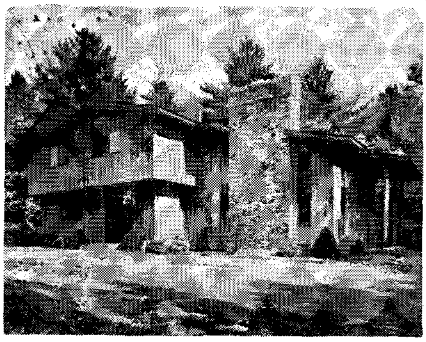
of France tells the story of three Americans, friends of his at *Time* in the forties. They are a skeptical scion of a prominent New England family, who predicts that the Constitution will soon prove to have little connection with the aspirations of modern Americans; an ambitious son of Eastern European immigrants, who likes to think that he embodies the pioneer spirit but who is really one of the conservative new breed that the New Englander is talking about; and a sly husband-hunter who plays around with all three men before hooking the New Englander. The immigrants' son gets his revenge when a Senate witch-hunting subcommittee summons him to the stand; he testifies against the New Englander, forcing him to flee the country, and winning his wife in the process. All this is background to the novel's central action: a showdown in France, several years later, at which the Englishman serves as a reluctant witness. Why the patriotic traitor has come to ask the prophetic exile for absolution and whether he will get it remain in question to the last. Such a melodrama might succeed if its ironies were muted, but they are blaring, and irritation, by the end, is the reader's only surviving sensation.

GENERAL

PREHISTORIC AVEBURY, by Aubrey Burl (Yale; $19.95). Avebury, in the chalk downs of Wiltshire, west and a little south of London, is the site of the remains of an elaborate series of stone circles, something on the order of Stonehenge but older by at least five hundred years. The formations cover some twenty-eight acres, and recent carbon dating indicates that they were built around 2600 B.C. In this fascinating study, an admirable balance of scholarship and literary skill, Mr. Burl, Principal Lecturer in Prehistory at Hull College of Higher Education, traces the history of an awareness of Avebury (John Aubrey, the author of "Brief Lives," examined Avebury in the middle-seventeenth century and proclaimed that it "did as much excell Stoneheng, as a Cathedral does a Parish church"); details the haphazard excavations in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the more sophisticated investigations since the Second World War; touches on the numerous (and often crackpot) theories of the circles' function; and, perhaps most interestingly, attempts



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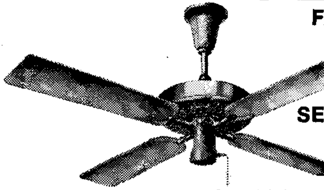

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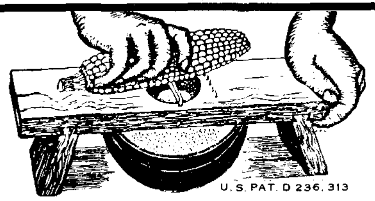

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to reconstruct the daily life of the ancient Britons to whose incredible labors and surpassing ingenuity the stones stand as an enigmatic monument. Illustrated with maps, diagrams, drawings, and many photographs, some of them in color.

CONSUELO: PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN HEIRESS, by James Brough (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $14.95). A biography of Consuelo Vanderbilt (1877-1964), an American millionairess raised in the Gilded Age and sacrificed to the social ambitions of her mother, who married her off to the Duke of Marlborough knowing that she loved another man and knowing that the Duke was marrying her for money. The couple were miserable. They separated after eleven years, and were divorced after twenty-six. Consuelo was too shy to do anything shocking—she was briefly a patron of the Fabians—but she did much that was good, and she won the esteem, friendship, and admiration of a generation of notables, including Winston Churchill. She was uncomplaining about her handicap—she became deaf at the age of twenty-eight—and stalwart throughout her breakneck flight from Normandy to Lisbon to escape the Nazis in 1940. She found contentment in her second marriage, to Jacques Balsan, but even so (is it the author's doing, or the change in mores?) Consuelo's life appears pathetic: she was a genuine poor little rich girl.

THE FOREST, by Roger Caras (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $8.95). In this thoughtful celebration of the integrity of the natural world, Mr. Caras fits together the many components of an elaborate mosaic that exemplifies the interdependence of life on earth. His setting is an upland forest in the Pacific Northwest, more particularly a conifer grove there, and even more particularly a huge and ancient western hemlock that a golden eagle has chosen as her observation post. Needless to say, the scene is far from the meddling hand of man. We are shown the endless and intricate parade of predatory creatures in the tree, on the tree, and under the tree: microscopic cryptozoa, earthworms, moles, beetles, wasps, butterflies, spiders, shrews, sparrow hawks, woodpeckers, rattlesnakes, king snakes, black bears, wolves, foxes, bobcats, squirrels, rabbits, fishers, weasels, each of which is dependent on some form of life for food, and each of which (ex-

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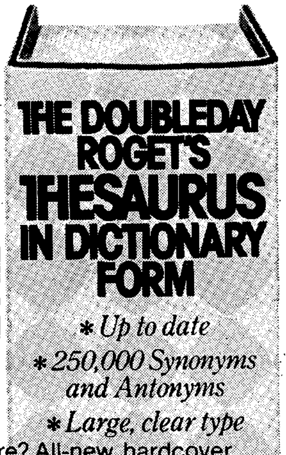

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cept for the bear) is preyed upon by another form of life. The result is gripping narrative, strengthened by good, understandable science. Illustrated with line drawings and decorations by Norman Arlott.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

GRAVE ERROR, by Stephen Greenleaf (Dial; $8.95). Dashiell Hammett invented it, Raymond Chandler refined it, Ross Macdonald deepened it, and now, in another generational jump, Stephen Greenleaf seems to be trying to give a further twist and polish to the classic California private-eye novel. He has certainly learned the form. A detective (unmarried, alcoholic, downbeat, tough, but with a redeeming taste for Mozart) is hired by the sexy wife of a rich and influential San Franciscan to look into the man's recent mysterious absence from home, and one look leads to another, and another takes us to the edge of a sordid abyss. The detective tells the story in the usual breezy, cynical, sentimental manner, enlivened by the usual hit-or-miss figures of speech ("real as an abscessed tooth" . . . "the smell of cordite hung in the room like a broken chandelier" . . . "I just sat there, listening to my heart perform its Sisyphean toil inside my chest"). And beyond the scheming and the gunplay there is an attempt to express the morality of a place or a time or a class. But there is more on display here than mere expert imitation. Mr. Greenleaf is a real writer with a real talent.

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Pursuant to Article IV, Section 14, of the Constitution of Texas, I hereby veto House Bill 1096, because of the following objections:

This bill makes the same amendments to the Controlled Substances Act which have already been accomplished in Senate Bill 322 which I will sign. Therefore to avoid duplicity, I veto House Bill 1096.—*Proclamation issued by Governor William Clements of Texas.*

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•

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Morning sightseeing in Takamatsu visiting historically famous Yashima Plateau for a panoramic view of the Inland Sea and an aquarium of unique marine life. Enjoy beautiful Japanese landscaped Ritsurin Park, once the villa of a futile lord.—*Travcoa brochure.*

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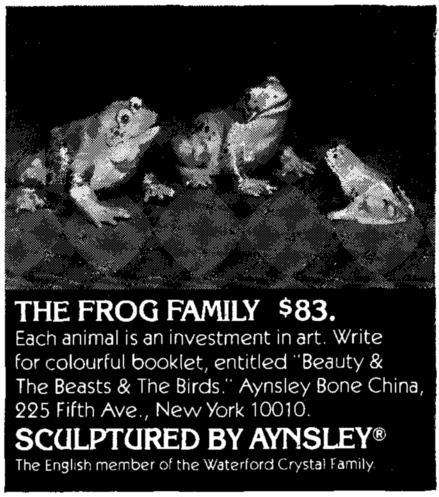

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Peter and Sheridan Danforth on the Danforths' third visit to Bermuda.

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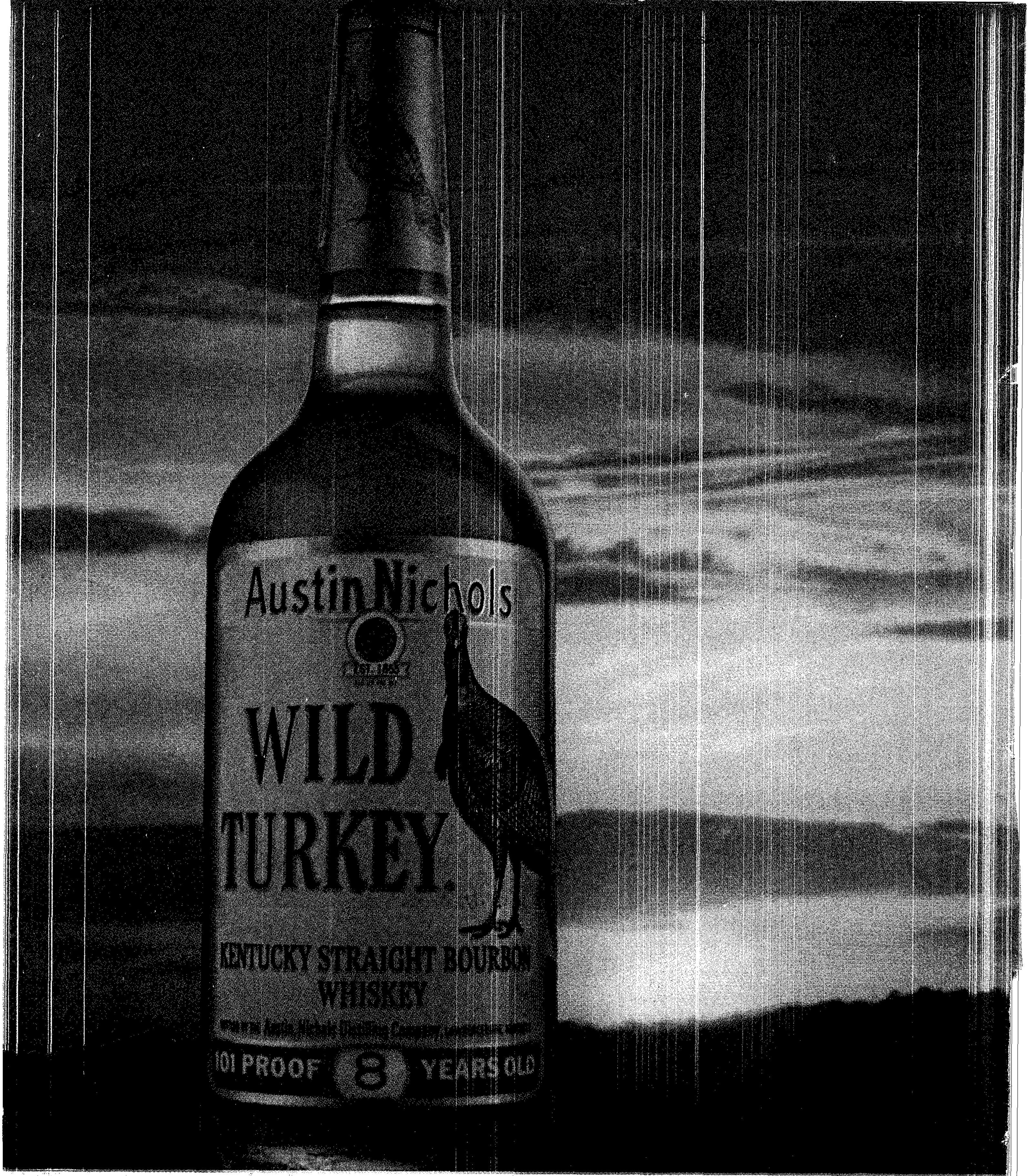
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